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THE
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THE

A R T

OF

SPEAKING

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THE
A R T
OF
S P E A K I N G.
CONTAINING

- I. An **ESSAY**; in which are given Rules for expressing properly the principal Passions and Humours, which occur in Reading, or public Speaking; and
- II. **LESSONS** taken from the Antients and Moderns (with Additions and Alterations, where thought useful) exhibiting a Variety of Matter for Practice; the emphatical Words printed in Italics; with Notes of Direction referring to the **ESSAY**.

To which are added,

A **TABLE** of the **LESSONS**; and an **INDEX** of the various **PASSIONS** and **HUMOURS** in the **ESSAY** and **LESSONS**.

Neque vero mihi quidquam præstabilius videtur, quam posse dicendo tenere hominum coetus, mentes allicere, voluntates impellere quo velit, unde autem velit deducere. CIC.

The **THIRD EDITION**.

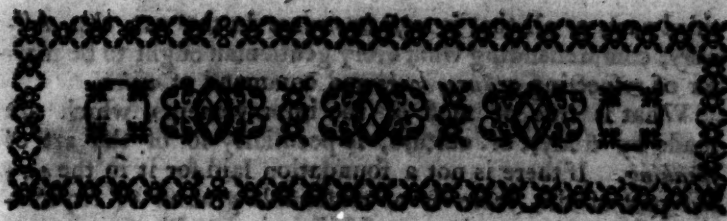
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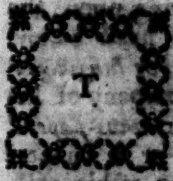
M.DC. LXXII.

C





AN
 ESSAY
 ON THE
 ART of SPEAKING.



THAT *oratory* is an art of great consequence, will hardly be questioned in our times, unless it be by those (if any are so ignorant) who do not know, that it has been taught, and studied, in all countries, where learning has gained any ground, ever since the days of Aristotle. That the *manner*, or *address*, of a speaker, is of the utmost importance, and that a *just* and *pleasing* manner in delivering either one's own compositions, or those of others, is difficult of acquisition, and but too much neglected amongst us, seems unquestionable from the *deficiencies* we so commonly observe in the *address* of our public speakers, much more than in the *matter* uttered by them, and from the little *effect* produced by their labours.

Of the *learning* necessary for furnishing *matter*, and of the art of *arranging* it properly; of *invention*, *composition*, and *style*, various writers among the Greeks, Romans, French, Italians, and English, have treated very copiously. It is not my design to trouble the world with any thing on these branches of oratory. I shall confine myself merely to what the prince of orators pronounced to be the first, second, and

third part, or all that is *most important* in the art, viz. *delivery*, comprehending what every gentleman ought to be master of respecting *gesture, looks* and command of *voice*.

What is true of most of the improvements, which are made by study, or culture, is peculiarly so of the art of *speaking*. If there is not a foundation laid for it in the *earlier* part of life, there is no reasonable ground of expectation, that any great degree of skill in it should ever be attained. As it depends upon, and consists in *practice*, more than theory, it requires the earlier initiation: that practice may have its full scope, before the time of life arrives, in which there may be occasion for public exhibition. Mankind must *speak* from the beginning, therefore ought, from the beginning, to be taught to *speak rightly*; else they may acquire a habit of *speaking wrong*. And whoever knows the *difficulty* of breaking through bad *habits*, will avoid that labour by *prevention*. There is a great difference between *speaking* and *writing*. Some, nay most of mankind, are never to be *writers*. All are *speakers*. Young persons ought not to be put upon writing (from their *own funds*, I mean) till they have furnished their minds with *thoughts*, that is, till they have got funds: but they cannot be kept from speaking.

Suppose a youth to have no prospect either of sitting in parliament, of pleading at the *bar*, of appearing upon the *stage*, or in the *pulpit*; does it follow, that he need bestow *no pains* in learning to speak properly his *native language*? Will he never have occasion to read, in a company of his friends, a copy of *verses*, a *passage* of a *book*, or *news-paper*? Must he never read a discourse of Tillotson, or a chapter of the Whole Duty of Man, for the instruction of his children and servants? Cicero justly observes, that address in speaking is *highly ornamental, as well as useful, even in private life* *. The *limbs* are parts of the body much less noble than the *tongue*; Yet no gentleman grudges a considerable expence of time and money to have his ion taught to use *them* properly. Which is very commendable. And is there no attention to be paid to the use of the *tongue*, the *glory* of man?

Supposing a person to be ever so sincere and zealous a lover of *virtue*, and of his *country*; without a competent skill and address in *speaking*, he can only *sit still*, and see them *wronged*, without having it in his *power* to prevent; or redress, the evil. Let an artful and eloquent statesman harangue

range the house of commons upon a point of the utmost consequence to the public good. He has it greatly in his power to *mislead* the judgment of the house. And he, who *sees through* the delusion, if he be awkward in delivering himself, can do *nothing* toward *preventing* the ruinous schemes, proposed by the other, from being carried into execution, but give his *single vote* against them, without so much as explaining to the house his *reasons* for doing so. The case is the same in other smaller assemblies and meetings, in which volubility of tongue, and steadiness of countenance, often carry it against solid reasons, and important considerations.

To offer a help toward the improvement of youth in the useful and ornamental accomplishment of speaking properly their mother-tongue, is the design of this publication; to set about which I have been the more excited by experiencing, in my own practice, a *want* of such a collection, as the following. What I proposed to myself at first, was only to put together a competent *variety* of *passages* out of some of the best writers in prose and verse, for exercising youth in adapting their general manner of delivery to the *spirit* or *humour* of the various matter they may have occasion to pronounce. Such a collection, I thought, might be acceptable to the public, in consideration of its furnishing at an *easy expense*, a general *variety* of examples for *practice*, chosen and pointed out, without trouble to masters. A design, which, as far as I know, has not before been executed*. On farther consideration, it occurred to me, that it might render such a publication more useful, if I prefixed some general observations on the method of teaching pronunciation, and put the emphatical words in italics, and marginal notes shewing the various *humours*, or *passions*, in the several examples, as they change from one to another, in the course of the speeches. All masters of places of education are not, I fear, sufficiently aware of the extent of this part of their duty; nor of the number of particulars to be attended to, which render it so *difficult* to bring a young person to deliver, in a completely proper manner, a speech containing a considerable

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variety

* The PRECEPTOR, a work in two volumes 8vo, has some lessons for practice; but not the *variety* of humours, or passions, which my design takes in; nor the notes of *direction* for expressing them properly. Besides that the PRECEPTOR is a book of price, and fitter for the master's use, than the pupil's; so that I do not think it answers the purpose I had in view in this publication. If it did, I should have used it. Otherwise I think it a useful book, and am glad to find, that it is well received.

variety of different humours, or passions. So that *some masters*, as well as *all pupils*, may find their account in using this collection, till a better be published.

Whoever imagines the English tongue unfit for *oratory*, has not a just notion of it. That, by reason of the disproportion between its vowels and consonants, it is not quite so tractable as the Italian, and consequently, not so easily applied to *any* *trav*, or to *plaintive* music, is not denied. But it goes better to *musical* music, than the Italian. And in oratory, and poetry, there is no tongue, antient, or modern, capable of expressing a greater variety of humours, or passions, by its *sounds* (I am not speaking of its copiousness, as to *proseology*) than the English. The Greek, among the antient, and the Turkish and Spanish; among the modern languages, have a *loftier* sound, though the *gutturals* in them, of which the English is free (for it is probable, that the antient Greeks pronounced the letter χ gutturally) are, to most ears, disagreeable. But there is not in those languages, the variety of sound which the English affords. They never quit their stiff *pomp*, which, on some occasions, is *unnatural*. Nor is there, as far as I know, any language more *copious*, than the English; an eminent advantage for *oratory*. And if we must fall out with our mother-tongue, on account of some hard and *un-liquid* syllables in it, how shall we bear the celebrated *Roman* language itself, in every sentence of which we find such sounds as *tot, quot, sub, ad, sed, est, ut, et, nec, id, at, it, fit, sunt, dat, dant, det, dent, dabat, dabant, daret, darent, hic, hæc, hoc, fit, fuit, erat, erunt, fert, duc, fac, dic, and so on.*

It is greatly to our shame, that, while *we* do so little for the improvement of our language, and of our manner of speaking it in public, the *French* should take so much pains in both these respects, though *their* language is very much *inferiör* to *ours*, both as to emphasis and copiousness.

It is true, there is not now the same *secular* demand for eloquence, as under the popular governments of antient times, when twenty talents (several thousands of pounds) was the fee for one speech §; when the *tongue* of an orator could do more than the *sceptre* of a monarch, or the *sword* of a warrior; and when superior skill in the art of haranguing was the certain means for elevating him, who possessed it, to the highest honours in the state. Even in our own country, this is partly the case; for the instances of *bad speakers*.

§ Pliny says, Isocrates was paid that sum for one oration.

Speakers rising to eminent stations in the government, are rare. But it must be owned, our politics now turn upon *other things*, than in the times when Greek and Roman eloquence flourished. Nor are *we*, accordingly, like to bestow the pains, which *they* did, for consummating ourselves in the art of Speaking. We shall hardly, in our ages, hear of a person's shutting himself up for many months in a cell underground, to study and practise elocution uninterrupted: or declaiming on the sea-shore, to accustom himself to harangue an enraged multitude without fear; or under the points of drawn swords fixed over his shoulders, to cure himself of a bad habit of shrugging them up; which, with other particulars, are the labours recorded to have been undertaken by Demosthenes, in order to perfect himself, in spite of his natural disadvantages, of which he had many, in the art of elocution. What is to be gained by skill in the art of speaking may not now be sufficient to reward the indefatigable diligence used by a Demosthenes, a Pericles, and Æschines, a Demetrius Phalereus, an Isocrates, a Cæsar, a Cicero, a M. Antony, an Hortensius, a Julius, an Augustus, and the rest. Yet it is still of important *advantage* for all that part of youth, whose station places them within the reach of a *polite education*, to be qualified for acquitting themselves with reputation, when called to speak in public. In *parliament*, at the *bar* in the *pulpit*, at *meetings* of merchants, in *committees* for managing public affairs, in large societies, and on such like occasions, a competent address and readiness, not only in finding matter, but in *expressing* and *arguing* it effectually, is what, I doubt not, many a gentleman would willingly acquire at the expence of half his other improvements.

The reader will naturally reflect here upon *one* important use for good speaking, which, was *unknown* to the ancients, viz. for the *ministerial* function. I therefore have said above, pag. 4. that we have not the same *secular* demand for elocution, as the ancients; meaning, by reservation, that *we* have a *moral*, or *spiritual* use for it, which *they* had not.

And no small matter of grief it is to think, that, of the three learned professions, *real merit* is there the *most* *ineffectual* toward *raising* its possessor, where it ought to be *most*; which must greatly damp *emulation* and *diligence*. An *able* physician, or lawyer, hardly fails of success in life. But a clergyman may unite the *learning* of a Cudworth with the *eloquence* of a Tillotson, and the *delivery* of an Atterbury; but, if he cannot make out a *connection* with some *great man*, and it is too well known by what means *they* are most com-

monly gained; he must content himself to be buried in a country curacy, or vicarage at most, for life.

If nature unassisted could form the eminent speaker, where were the use of *art* or *culture*; which yet no one pretends to question? Art is but *nature improved upon and refined*. And before improvement is applied, genius is but a mass of ore in the mine, without lustre, and without value, because *unknown and untought of*. The antients used to procure for their youth, masters of pronunciation from the theatres †, and had them taught gesture and attitude by the palæstrita. These last taught what is, among us, done by the dancing-master. And, as to the former, no man ought to presume to set himself at the head of a place of education, who is not in some degree capable of teaching pronunciation. However, I could wish, that gentlemen, who have made themselves perfect masters of pronunciation and delivery, would undertake to teach this branch at places of education, in the same manner as masters of music, drawing, dancing, and fencing, are used to do.

It is well when a youth has no natural *defect*, or *impediment*, in his speech. And, I should, by no means, advise, that he, who has, be brought up to a profession *requiring* elocution. But there are instances enough of natural defects surmounted, and eminent speakers formed by indefatigable diligence, in spite of them. Demosthenes could not, when he begun to study rhetoric, pronounce the first letter of the name of his art. And Cicero was long-necked, and narrow-chested. But diligent and faithful labour, in what one is in earnest about, surmounts all difficulties. Yet we are commonly enough disgusted by public speakers lisping, and stammering, and speaking through the nose, and pronouncing the letter R with the throat, instead of the tongue, and the letter S like Th, and screaming above, or croaking below all natural pitch of human voice; some mumbling, as if they were conjuring up spirits; others bawling, as loud as the vociferous venders of provisions in London streets; some tumbling out the words so precipitately, that no ear can catch them; others dragging them out so slowly, that it is as tedious to listen to them, as to count a great clock; some have got a habit of shrugging up their shoulders; others of see-sawing with their bodies, some backward and forward, others from side to side; some raise their eyebrows at every third word; some open their mouths frightfully; others keep their teeth so close together, that one would think their jaws were set; some shrivel all their features together into the

middle of their faces ; some push out their lips, as if they were mocking the audience ; others hem at every pause ; and others smack with their lips, and roll their tongues about in their mouths, as if they laboured under a continual thirst. All which bad habits they ought to have been broke of in *early youth*, or put into ways of life, in which they would have, at least, offended fewer persons.

It is through neglect in the *early* part of life, and bad habits taking place, that there is not a public speaker among twenty, who knows what to do with his *eyes*. To see the venerable man, who is to be the mouth of a whole people confessing their offences to their Creator and Judge, bring out these awful words, " Almighty, and most merciful Father, &c." with his eyes over his *shoulder*, to see who is just gone into the pew at his elbow ; to observe this, one would imagine there was an absolute want of all feeling of devotion. But it may be, all the while, owing to nothing but awkwardness ; and the good man looks about him the whole time, he is going on with the service, merely to keep himself in countenance, not knowing, else, where to put his eyes.

Even the players, who excel, beyond comparison, all other speakers in this country, in what regards decorum, are, some of them, often guilty of monstrous improprieties as to the management of their eyes. To direct them full at the audience, when they are speaking a *soliloquy*, or an *aside-speech*, is unsufferable. For they ought not to seem so much as to think of an audience, or of any person's looking upon them, at any time ; especially on those occasions ; those speeches being only thinking aloud, and expressing what the actor should be supposed to wish concealed. Nor do they always keep their eyes fixed upon those they speak to, even in impassioned dialogue. Whether it is from heedlessness, or that they are more out of countenance by looking one another stedfastly in the face, I know not : but they do often ramble about with their eyes in a very unmeaning, and unnatural manner.

A natural genius for delivery supposes an ear ; though it does not always suppose a musical ear. I have never heard poetry, particularly that of Milton, better spoken, than by a gentleman, who yet had so little discernment in music, that, he has often told me, the grinding of knives entertained him as much as Handel's organ.

B 4

As

* Yet Quintilian would have his orator by all means study music.
S. viii.

As soon as a child can read, without *spelling*, the words in a common English book, as the *SPECTATOR*, he ought to be taught the use of the *stop*, and accustomed, from the beginning, to pay the *same* regard to them, as to the *words*. The common rule, for holding them out to their just length, is too exact for *practice*, viz. that a comma is to hold the length of a syllable, a semicolon of two, a colon of three, and a period of four. In some cases, there is *no stop* to be made at a comma, as they are often put merely to render the *sense clear*; as those, which, by Mr. Ward, and many other learned editors of books, are put before every *relative*. It likewise often happens, that the strain of the matter shews a propriety, or beauty, in holding the pause *beyond the proper length* of the stop; particularly when any thing remarkably *striking* has been uttered; by which means the hearers have time to ruminate upon it, before the matter, which follows, can put it out of their thoughts. Of this, instances will occur in the following lessons.

Young readers are apt to get into a *rehearsing* kind of *monotony*; of which it is very difficult to break them. Monotony is holding one *uniform* humming sound through the whole discourse, without rising or falling. Cant, is, in speaking, as psalmody and ballad in music, a strain consisting of a few notes *rising and falling* without variation, like a peal of bells, let the matter change how it will. The chaunt, with which the prose psalms are half-sung, half-said, in cathedrals, is the same kind of absurdity. All these are unnatural, because the continually varying strain of the matter necessarily requires a continually varying series of *sounds* to express it. Whereas chaunting in cathedrals, psalmody in parish-churches, ballad music put to a number of verses, differing in thoughts and images, and cant, or monotony, in expressing the various matter of a discourse, do not in the least *honour* the matter they are applied to; but, on the contrary, confound it.

Young people must be taught to let their voice *fall* at the *ends* of sentences; and to read without any particular whine, cant, or drawl, and with the *natural* inflections of voice, which they use in *speaking*. For *reading* is nothing but *speaking* what one sees in a book, as if he were expressing his *own* sentiments, as they rise in his mind. And no person reads well, till he comes to speak what he sees in the book before him in the same *natural* manner as he speaks the thoughts, which arise in his *own* mind. And hence it is, that

that no one can read properly what he does not understand. Which leads me to observe, that there are many books much fitter for improving children in reading, than most parts of scripture, especially of the Old Testament. Because the words of our English Bible are, many of them, *obsolete*; the *phraseology*, as of all bare translations, *stiff*; the *subjects* not familiar to young persons, and the characters *grove* and *formal*. *Fables* and *tales*, founded upon good morals, and select parts of *history* and *biography*, and familiar *dialogues*; are more *pleasing* and *suitable* to children under seven and eight years of age. And such familiar reading, as coming near to their own *chat*, is most likely to keep them from, or cure them of a *canting*, *whining*, *drawling*, or *un-animated* manner.

They must be taught, that, in questions, the voice is often to *rise* toward the end of the sentence, *contrary* to the manner of pronouncing most other sorts of matter; because the *emphatical* word, or that, upon which the *stress* of the question lies, is often the *last* in the sentence, Exampl. "Can any good come out of *Nazareth*?" Here the *emphatical* word is *Nazareth*; therefore the word *Nazareth* is to be pronounced in a higher note, than any other part of the sentence. But in pronouncing the following, "By what *authority* dost thou these things; and *who* gave thee this *authority*?" the *emphatical* words are *authority* and *who*; because what the Jews asked our Saviour was, by what *power*, or *authority*, he did his wonderful works; and *how* he came by that power. And in all questions, the *emphasis* must, according to the intention of the speaker, be put upon that word, which signifies the point, about which he enquires. Exampl. "Is it true, that you have seen a noble lord from the court to-day, who has told you bad news?" If the enquirer wants only to know, whether *myself*, or some other person, has seen the supposed great man; he will put the *emphasis* upon *you*. If he knows, that I have seen somebody from court, and only wants to know, whether I have seen a *great man*, who may be supposed to *know*, what *inferior* persons about the court *do not*, he will put the *emphasis* upon *noble lord*. If he wants to know, only whether the great man came *directly* from court, so that his intelligence may be depended upon, he will put the *emphasis* upon *court*. If he wants only to know, whether I have seen him *to-day*, or *yesterday*, he will put the *emphasis* upon *to-day*. If he *knows*, that I have seen a great man from court, to-day, and only wants to know, whether he has told me any *news*, he will put the *emphasis* upon *news*. If he knows all the rest,

and wants only to know, whether the news, I heard, was *bad*; he will put the emphasis upon the word *bad*.

The matter contained in a *parenthesis*, or between *commas* instead of a *parenthesis*, which authors and editors often use, and between *brackets*, [] is to be pronounced with a *lower* voice, and *quicker* than the rest, and with a short *stop* at the beginning, and end; that the hearer may perceive where the strain of the discourse *breaks off*, and where it is *resumed*; as, "When, therefore, the Lord knew, that the Pharisees " had heard, that Jesus made, and baptized *more* disciples " than *John* (though Jesus *himself* did not baptize, but " his *disciples*) he departed from Judea, and returned to " Galilee *."

A youth should not only be accustomed to read to the master, while the general business of the school is going on, so that none, but the master, and those of his own class, can hear him; but likewise to read, or speak, by *himself*, while all the *rest* hear. This will give him *courage*, and accustom him to pronounce *distinctly*, so that every syllable shall be heard (though not every syllable alike *loud*, and with the same *emphasis*) through the whole room. For it is one part of the judgment of a public speaker, to *accommodate* his voice to the *place*, he speaks in, in such a manner as to *fill* it, and, at the same time not *run* the hearers. It is matter of no small difficulty to bring *young* readers to speak *slow* enough. There is little danger of their speaking *too slow*. Though *that* is a *fault*, as well as the contrary. For the hearers cannot but be disgusted and tired with listening much longer than is necessary, and losing precious time.

In every sentence, there is some *word*, perhaps *several*, which are to be pronounced with a *stronger* accent, or emphasis, than the others. Time was, when the emphatical word, or words, in every sentence, were printed in *Italics*. And a great advantage it was toward *understanding* the *sense* of the author, especially, where there was a thread of *reasoning* carried on. But we are now grown so nice, that we have found, the intermixture of two characters *deforms* the page, and gives it a speckled appearance. As if it were not of infinitely more consequence to make sure of *edifying* the reader, than of *pleasing* his eye. But to return to *emphasis*, there is nothing more pedantic than *too much* laid upon *trifling* matter. Men of learning, especially physicians, and divines, are apt to get into a fulsome, bombastic way of uttering

* John iv. 1, 2, 3.

uttering themselves on all occasions, as if they were *dilatating*, when perhaps the business is of no greater consequence, than

What's a clock ? Or how's the wind ?

Whose coach is that we've left behind ?

SWIFT.

Nor can any error be more ridiculous, than some that have been occasioned by an emphasis placed *wrong*. Such was that of a clergyman's curate, who, having occasion to read in the church our Saviour's saying to the disciples, Luke xxiv. 25. "*O fools, and slow of heart*" [that is, *backward*] "to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me !" placed the emphasis upon the word *believe*; as if Christ had called them fools for *believing*. Upon the rector's finding fault; when he read it next, he placed the emphasis upon *all*; as if it had been foolish in the disciples to believe *all*. The rector again blaming this manner of placing the emphasis, the good curate accented the word *prophets*. As if the *prophets* had been persons in *no respect* worthy of *belief*.

A total want of *energy* in expressing *pathetic* language is equally blameable. I have often been amazed how public speakers could bring out the *strong* and *pathetic* expressions, they have occasion to utter, in so *cold* and *un-animated* a manner. I happened lately to hear the tenth chapter of Joshua read in a church in the country. It contains the history of the miraculous conquest of the five kings, who arose against the people of Israel. The clergyman bears a very good character in the neighbourhood. I was therefore grieved to hear him read so *striking* a piece of scripture-history in a manner so *un-animated*, that it was fit to lull the whole parish to *sleep*. Particularly I shall never forget his manner of expressing the twenty-second verse, which is the Jewish general's order to bring out the captive kings to *slaughter*. "Open the mouth of the cave, and bring out those five kings to me out of the cave;" which he uttered in the very manner, he would have expressed himself, if he had said to his boy, "Open my chamber door, and bring me my slippers from under the bed."

CICERO * very judiciously directs, that a public speaker *remits*, from time to time, somewhat of the *vehemence* of his action,

* DE ORAT. L. III, p. 144. Tom. I, "Habeat tamen illa in dicendo,"

action, and not utter every passage with *all the force he can*; to set off, the more strongly, the *more emphatical parts*; as the painters, by means of shades properly placed, make the figures stand off bolder. For if the speaker has uttered a *weaker passage with all the energy he is master of*, what is he to do, when he comes to the *most pathetic parts*?

The *ease*, with which a speaker goes through a long discourse, and his *success* with his audience, depend much upon his *setting out in a proper key**, and at a due pitch of *loudness*. If he begins in too *high* a tone, or sets out too *loud*, how is he afterwards to rise to a *higher note*, or swell his voice *louder*, as the more *pathetic strains* may require? The *command* of the voice, therefore, in this respect, is to be studied very *early*.

The force or *pathos*, with which a speech is to be delivered, is to *increase*, as the speech goes on. The speaker is to grow warm by *degrees*, as the chariot-wheel by its continued motion †; not to *begin* in a pathetic strain; because the *audience* are not prepared to go along with him.

False and *provincial accents* are to be guarded against, or corrected. The manner of pronouncing, which is usual among people of *education*, who are natives of the *metropolis*, is, in every country, the *standard*. For, what Horace ‡ says, of the *choice* of words, viz. that the *people*, by their *practice*, establish what is *right*, is equally true of the *pronunciation* of them.

Nature has given to every emotion of the mind its *proper* outward expression, in such manner, that what suits *one*, cannot, by any means, be accommodated to *another*. Children at three years of age express their *grief* in a tone of voice, and with an action totally *different*, from that, which they use to express their *anger*; and they utter their *joy* in a manner *different* from *both*. Nor do they ever, by mistake, apply *one* in place of *another*. From hence, that is, from *nature*, is to be deduced the whole *art* of speaking properly. What we mean does not so much depend upon the *words* we speak, as on our *manner* of speaking them; and accordingly, in

* The word *key* (taken from music) means that note, in the scale, which is the lowest of those that are used in a particular piece, and to which the others refer; and has nothing to do with loudness, or softness. For a piece of music may be sung or played louder or softer, whatever its key is.

† "Quid insuavius, &c. What is more offensive to the ear, than for a pleader to open his cause in a boisterous manner." AUCT. ADHER. L. III. N. XII.

‡ "Quem pœnas arbitrium est; et jus et norma loquendi."

Fig. ART. PAGE.

in life, the greatest attention is paid to *this*, as *expressive* of what our words often give no indication of. Thus nature fixes the outward *expression* of every intention or sentiment of the mind. Art only adds *gracefulness* to what nature leads to. As nature has determined, that man shall walk on his feet, not his hands; Art teaches him to walk gracefully.

Every part of the human frame contributes to express the passions and emotions of the mind, and to shew, in general, its present state. The head is sometimes *erected*, sometimes *hung down*, sometimes drawn suddenly back with an air of *disdain*, sometimes shews by a *nod*, a particular person, or object, gives *assent*, or *denial*, by different motions; *threatens* by one sort of movement, *approves* by another, and expresses *suspicion* by a third.

The arms are sometimes *both* thrown out, sometimes the *right* alone. Sometimes they are *lifted* up as high as the face, to express *wonder*, sometimes *held out* before the breast, to shew *fear*; *spread* forth with the hands open, to express *desire*, or *affection*; the hands *clapped* in *surprise*, and in sudden joy and grief; the *right* hand *clenched*, and the arms *brandished*, to *threaten*; the two arms *set a-kimbo*, to look *big*, and express *contempt* or *courage*. With the hands, as Quintilian * says, we *solicit*, we *refuse*, we *promise*, we *threaten*, we *dismiss*, we *invite*, we *intreat*, we express *aversion*, *fear*, *doubting*, *denial*, *asking*, *affirmation*, *negation*, *joy*, *grief*, *confession*, *penitence*. With the hands we *describe*, and paint out all circumstances of time, place, and manner of what we relate; we *excite* the passions of others, and *soothe* them, we *approve* and *disapprove*, *permit*, or *prohibit*, *admire*, or *despise*. The hands serve us instead of many sorts of words, and where the language of the tongue is unknown, that of the hands is understood, being *universal*, and common to all nations.

The legs *advance*, or *retreat*, to express *desire*, or *aversion*, *love*, or *hatred*, *courage*, or *fear*, and produce *exultation*, or leaping in sudden joy; and the *stamping* of the foot expresses *earnestness*, *anger*, and *threatening*.

Especially the face, being furnished with a variety of muscles, does more in expressing the passions of the mind, than the whole human frame besides. The change of colour (in white people) shews, by turns, *anger* by *redness*, and sometimes by *palleness*, *fear* likewise by *palleness*, and *shame* by *blushing*. Every feature contributes its part. The mouth, open, shews one state of the mind, shut, another; the *gnashing* of the teeth another. The forehead smooth, and eyebrows arched

and

* INET. ORAT. p 455. "Annon his poscimus," &c.

and easy, shew tranquility, or joy. *Mirth* opens the mouth toward the ears, *crisps* the nose, *half-shuts* the eyes and sometimes fills them with tears. The front wrinkled into frowns, and the eyebrows over-hanging the eyes, like clouds, fraught with tempest, shew a mind agitated with fury. Above all, the eye shews the very spirit in a visible form. In every different state of the mind, it assumes a different appearance. Joy brightens and opens it. Grief half-closes, and draws it in tears. Hatred and anger, flash from it like lightning. Love, darts from it in glances, like the orient beam. Jealousy and squinting envy, dart their contagious blasts from the eye. And devotion raises it to the skies, as if the soul of the holy man were going to take its flight to heaven.

The ancients * used some gestures which are unknown to us, as, to express grief, and other violent emotions of the mind, they used to strike their knees with the palms of their hands.

The force of attitude and looks alone appears in a wonderfully striking manner, in the works of the painter and statuary; who have the delicate art of making the flat canvas and rocky marble utter every passion of the human mind, and touch the soul of the spectator, as if the picture, or statue, spoke the pathetic language of Shakespear. It is no wonder, then, that masterly action joined with powerful elocution should be irresistible. And the variety of expression by looks and gestures, is so great, that, as is well known, a whole play can be represented without a word spoken.

The following are, I believe, the principal passions, humours, sentiments, and intentions, which are to be expressed by speech and action. And I hope it will be allowed by the reader, that it is nearly in the following manner, that nature expresses them.

Tranquility, or apathy, appears by the composure of the countenance, and general repose of the body and limbs, without the exertion of any one muscle. The countenance open; the forehead smooth; the eyebrows arched; the mouth just not shut; and the eyes passing with an easy motion from object to object, but not dwelling long upon any one.

Chearfulness adds a smile, opening the mouth a little more.

Mirth, or laughter, opens the mouth still more towards the ears; crisps the nose: lessens the aperture of the eyes, and sometimes fills them with tears; shakes and convulses the whole frame; giving considerable pain, which occasions holding the sides.

Railery.

Raillery, in sport, without real animosity, puts on the aspect of cheerfulness. The tone of voice is *sprightly*. With contempt, or disgust, it casts a look *asquint*, from time to time, at the object; and quits the *cheerful* aspect for one *mixed* between an affected *grin* and *sourness*. The upper lip is drawn up with an air of disdain. The arms are set *a-kimbo* on the hips; and the right hand now and then thrown out toward the object, as if one were going to strike another a slight back-hand blow. The pitch of the voice rather *loud*, the tone *arch* and *snoring*; the sentences short; the expressions satirical, with mock-praise intermixed. There are instances of raillery in scripture itself, as 1 Kings xviii. and Isa. xlv. And the excellent Tillotson has not scrupled to indulge a strain of that sort now and then, especially in exposing the mock solemnities of that most ludicrous (as well as odious) of all religions, popery. Nor should I think raillery unworthy the attention of the lawyer; as it may occasionally come in, not unusefully, in his pleadings, as well as any other stroke of ornament, or entertainment *.

Buffoonery assumes an arch, sly, leering gravity. Must not quit its serious aspect, though all should laugh to burst ribs of steel. This command of face is somewhat difficult; though not so hard, I should think, as to restrain the contrary sympathy, I mean of weeping with those who weep.

Joy, when sudden and violent, expresses itself by clapping of hands, and exultation, or leaping. The eyes are opened wide; perhaps filled with tears; often raised to heaven, especially by devout persons. The countenance is smiling, not composedly, but with features aggravated. The voice rises, from time to time, to very high notes.

Delight, or pleasure, as when one is entertained, or ravished with music, painting, oratory, or any such elegance, shews itself by the looks, gestures, and utterance of joy; but moderated.

Gravity, or seriousness, the mind fixed upon some important subject, draws down the eyebrows a little; casts down, or shuts, or raises the eyes to heaven; shuts the mouth, and pinches the lips close. The posture of the body and limbs is composed, and without much motion. The speech, if any, slow and solemn; the tone unvarying.

Enquiry, into an obscure subject, fixes the body in one posture, the head stooping, and the eye poring, the eyebrows drawn down.

Attention

- ————— ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.

Hor.

Attention to an esteemed, or superior character, has the same aspect; and requires *silence*; the eyes often *cast down* upon the ground; sometimes *fixed* on the face of the speaker; but not too *perfly*.

Modesty, or submission, bends the body forward; *lowls* the eyes to the breast, if not to the feet, of the superior character. The voice *low*; the tone *submissive*; and words *few*.

Perplexity, or anxiety, which is always attended with some degree of fear and uneasiness, *draws* all the parts of the body *together*; *gathers* up the arms upon the breast, unless one hand covers the eyes, or rubs the forehead; *draws down* the eyebrows; *hangs* the head upon the breast; *casts down* the eyes, shuts and pinches the eyelids close; *shuts* the mouth, and *pinches* the lips close, or *bites* them. Suddenly the whole body is vehemently agitated. The person *walks* about *busily*; *stops* abruptly. Then he *talks* to himself, or makes *grimaces*. If he speaks to another, his *pauses* are *very long*; the tone of his voice *unvarying*, and his sentences *broken*, expressing half, and keeping in half of what arises in his mind.

Vexation, occasioned by some real or imaginary misfortune, *agitates* the whole frame, and, besides expressing itself with the looks, gestures, restlessness, and tone of perplexity, it adds complaint, fretting, and lamenting.

Pity, a mixed passion of love and grief, looks down upon distress with *lifted hands*; eyebrows *drawn down*; mouth *open*; and features *drawn together*. Its expression, as to looks, and gesture, is the same with those of *suffering*, (see *Suffering*) but more moderate, as the painful feelings are only sympathetic, and therefore one *remove*, as it were, more distant from the soul, than what one feels in his own person.

Grief, sudden, and violent, expresses itself by *beating* the head; *groveling* on the ground; *tearing* of garments, hair, and flesh; *screaming* aloud, *weeping*, *stamping* with the feet, *lifting* the eyes, from time to time, to heaven; *hurrying* to and fro, *running* *disfracted*, or *fainting* away, sometimes *without recovery*. Sometimes violent grief produces a torpid sullen silence, resembling total apathy.

Melancholy, or fixed grief, is *gloomy*, *sedentary*, *motionless*. The lower jaw *falls*; the lips *pale*, the eyes are *cast down*, *half-shut*, eyelids swelled and red, or livid, *tears* trickling *silent*, and unwiped; with a total *inattention* to every thing that passes. Words, if any, *few*, and those *dragged out*, rather than *spoken*; the accents *weak*, and *interrupted*, sighs breaking into the middle of sentences and words.

Despair,

Despair, as in a condemned criminal, or one, who has lost all hope of salvation, *bends the eyebrows downward; clouds the forehead; rolls the eyes around frightfully; opens the mouth toward the ears; bites the lips; widens the nostrils; gnashes with the teeth*, like a fierce wild beast. The heart is too much *hardened to suffer tears to flow*; yet the *eyeballs will be red and inflamed like those of an animal in a rabid state*. The head is *hung down upon the breast*. The arms are *bended at the elbows: the fists clenched hard: the veins and muscles swelled; the skin livid; and the whole body strained and violently agitated; groans*, expressive of inward torture, more frequently uttered than words. If any words, they are few, and expressed with a *sullen, eager bitterness*; the tone of voice often *loud and furious*. As it often drives people to distraction, and self-murder, it can hardly be over-acted by one, who would represent it.

Fear, violent and sudden, *opens very wide the eyes and mouth; shortens the nose; draws down the eyebrows; gives the countenance an air of wildness; covers it with deadly paleness; draws back the elbows parallel with the sides; lifts the open hands, the fingers together, to the height of the breast, so that the palms face the dreadful object, as shields opposed against it*. One foot is drawn back behind the other, so that the body seems *springing from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for flight*. The heart *beats violently; the breath is fetched quick and short; the whole body is thrown into a general tremor*. The voice is *weak and trembling; the sentences are short, and the meaning confused and incoherent*. Imminent danger, real, or fancied, produces, in timorous persons, as women and children, violent *stirrings*, without any articulate sound of words; and sometimes irrecoverably *confounds the understanding; produces fainting*, which is sometimes followed by death.

Shame, or a sense of one's *appearing to a disadvantage, before one's fellow-creatures, turns away the face from the beholders; covers it with blushes; hangs the head; casts down the eyes, draws down the eyebrows; either strikes the person dumb, or, if he attempts to say any thing in his own defence, causes his tongue to falter, and confounds his utterance; and puts him upon making a thousand gestures and grimaces, to keep himself in countenance; all which only heighten the confusion of his appearance*.

Remorse, or a painful sense of guilt, *casts down the countenance; and clouds it with anxiety; hangs down the head; draws the eyebrows down upon the eyes. The right hand beats the breast. The teeth gnash with anguish. The whole*

body is strained and violently agitated. If this strong remorse is succeeded by the more gracious disposition of penitence, or contrition ; then the eyes are raised (but with great appearance of doubting and fear) to the throne of heavenly mercy ; and immediately cast down again to the earth. Then floods of tears are seen to flow. The knees are bended ; or the body prostrated on the ground. The arms are spread in a suppliant posture, and the voice of deprecation is uttered with sighs, groans, timidity, hesitation, and trembling.

Courage, steady, and cool, opens the countenance, gives the whole form an erect and graceful air. The accents are strong, full-mouthed and articulate, the voice firm and even.

Boasting, or affected courage, is loud, blustering, threatening. The eyes stare ; the eyebrows drawn down ; the face is red and bloated ; the mouth pouts out ; the voice hollow and thundering ; the arms are set a-kimbo ; the head often nodding in a menacing manner ; and the right fist, clenched, is brandished, from time to time, at the person threatened. The right foot is often stamped upon the ground, and the legs take such large strides, and the steps are so heavy, that the earth seems to tremble under them.

Pride assumes a lofty look, bordering upon the aspect and attitude of anger. The eyes open, but with the eyebrows considerably drawn down ; the mouth pouting out ; mostly shut, and the lips pinched close. The words walk out a-strut, with a slow, stiff, bombastic affectation of importance. The arms generally a-kimbo, and the legs at a distance from one another, taking large tragedy-strides.

Obstinacy adds to the aspect of pride, a dogged sourness, like that of malice. See Malice.

Authority opens the countenance ; but draws down the eyebrows a little, so far as to give the look of gravity. See Gravity.

Commanding requires an air a little more peremptory, with a look a little severe or stern. The hand is held out, and moved toward the person, to whom the order is given, with the palm upwards, and the head nods toward him.

Forbidding, on the contrary, draws the head backward, and pushes the hand from one with the palm downward, as if going to lay it upon the person, to hold him down immoveable, that he may not do what is forbidden him.

Affirming, especially with a judicial oath, is expressed by lifting the open right hand, and eyes, toward heaven ; or, if conscience is appealed to, by laying the right hand upon the breast.

Denying

Denying is expressed by *pushing* the open right hand from one; and *turning* the face the contrary way. See *Aversion*.

Differing in sentiment may be expressed as *refusing*. See *Refusing*.

Agreeing in opinion, or conviction, as *granting*. See *Granting*.

Exhorting, as by a general at the head of his army, requires a kind, *complacent* look; unless matter of *offence* has passed, as neglect of duty, or the like.

Judging demands a *grave, steady* look, with deep *attention*; the countenance altogether clear from any appearance of either *disgust* or *favour*. The accents *slow, distinct, emphatical*, accompanied with *little action*, and that *very grave*.

Reproving puts on a *stern aspect*, *roughens* the voice, and is accompanied with *gestures* not much different from those of *threatening*, but not so *lively*.

Acquitting is performed with a *benevolent, tranquil* countenance, and tone of *voice*; the right hand, if not both, *open, waved* gently toward the person acquitted, expressing *Dismission*. See *Dismissing*.

Condemning assumes a *severe* look, but mixed with *pity*. The sentence is to be expressed as with *reluctance*.

Teaching, explaining, inculcating, or giving orders to an inferior, requires an air of *superiority* to be assumed. The features are to be composed to an *authoritative gravity*. The eye *steady, and open*, the eyebrow a little drawn down over it; but not so much as to look *surly* or *dogmatical*. The tone of voice varying according as the *emphasis* requires, of which a good deal is necessary in expressing matter of this sort. The pitch of the voice to be *strong and clear*; the articulation *distinct*; the utterance *slow*, and the manner *peremptory*. This is the proper manner of pronouncing the *commandments* in the communion office. But (I am sorry to say it) they are too commonly spoken in the same manner as the *prayers*, than which nothing can be more unnatural.

Pardoning differs from *acquitting*, in that the latter means *clearing* a person after trial, of *guilt*; whereas the former supposes *guilt*, and signifies merely delivering the guilty person from *punishment*. *Pardoning* requires some degree of *severity* of aspect and tone of voice, because the pardoned person is not an object of entire *unmixed* approbation; otherwise its expression is much the same as *granting*. See *Granting*.

Arguing requires a *cool, sedate, attentive aspect*, and a *clear, slow, emphatical* accent, with much *demonstration* by the hand. It differs from *teaching* (see *Teaching*) in that the look of *authority* is not wanting in *arguing*.

Dismissing, with *approbation*, is done with a *kind aspect* and *tone of voice*; the *right hand open*, gently *waved* toward the person. With *displeasure*, besides the look and tone of voice which suits displeasure, the *hand* is *hastily thrown out* toward the person dismissed, the *back part* toward him, the *countenance* at the same time turned *away* from him.

Refusing, when accompanied with *displeasure*, is expressed nearly in the *same way*. Without *displeasure* it is done with a *visible reluctance*, which occasions the bringing out the words *slowly*, with such a *shake of the head*, and *shrug of the shoulders*, as is natural upon hearing of somewhat, which gives us *concern*.

Granting, when done with *unreserved good-will*, is accompanied with a *benevolent aspect*, and *tone of voice*; the *right hand pressed* to the *left breast*, to signify, how *heartily* the favour is granted, and the benefactor's joy in conferring it.

Dependence. See *Modesty*.

Veneration, or worshipping, comprehends several articles, as *ascription*, *confession*, *remorse*, *intercession*, *thanksgiving*, *deprecation*, *petition*, &c. *Ascription* of honour and praise to the peerless and supreme Majesty of heaven, and *confession*, and *deprecation*, are to be uttered with all that *humility of looks and gesture*, which can exhibit the most profound *self-abasement* and *annihilation*, before One, whose *superiority* is *infinite*. The *head* is a little *raised*, but with the most apparent *timidity*, and *dread*; the *eye* is *lifted*; but immediately cast *down* again, or *closed* for a moment; the *eyebrows* are drawn *down* in the most respectful manner; the *features*, and the whole *body* and *limbs*, are all composed to the most profound *gravity*; one posture continuing, without considerable *change*, during the whole performance of the duty. The *knees bended*, or the whole *body prostrate*, or if the posture be standing, which scripture † does not disallow, bending *forward*, as ready to prostrate itself. The *arms spread out*, but *modestly*, as high as the *breast*; the *hands open*. The *tone of the voice* will be *submissive*, *timid*, *equal*, *trembling*, *weak*, *suppliant*. The *words* will be brought out with a *visible anxiety* and *diffidence* approaching to *hesitation*; *few*, and *slow*; nothing of vain *repetition* †, *haranguing*, *flowers of rhetoric*, or affected *figures of speech*; all *simplicity*, *humility*, and *lowliness*, such as becomes a *reptile* of the dust, when presuming to address Him, whose *greatness* is tremendous beyond all *created conception*. In *intercession* for our fellow-creatures, which is prescribed in scripture ‖, and in *thanksgiving*, the countenance will naturally

† Mark xi. 25. † Mat. vi. 7. ‖ Mat. v. 44. Luke vi. 28.

rally assume a *small degree of cheerfulness* beyond what it was clothed with in *confession of sin*, and *deprecation of punishment*. But all affected ornament of *speech*, or *gesture* in devotion, deserves the severest censure, as being somewhat much worse than absurd.

Respect for a superior puts on the looks and gesture of *modesty*. See *Modesty*.

Hope brightens the countenance ; arches the eyebrows ; gives the eyes an eager, wishful look ; opens the mouth to half a smile ; bends the body a little forward, the feet equal ; spreads the arms, with the hands open, as to receive the object of its longings. The tone of the voice is eager, and unevenly, inclining to that of joy ; but curbed by a degree of doubt and anxiety. *Desire* differs from *hope*, as to expression, in this particular, that there is more appearance of doubt and anxiety in the former, than the latter. For it is one thing to desire what is agreeable, and another to have a prospect of actually obtaining it.

Desire expresses itself by bending the body forward, and stretching the arms toward the object, as to grasp it. The countenance smiling, but eager and wishful ; the eyes wide open, and eyebrows raised ; the mouth open ; the tone of voice suppliant, but lively and cheerful, unless there be distress as well as desire ; the expressions fluent and copious ; if no words are used, sighs instead of them ; but this is chiefly in distress.

Love, (successful) lights upon the countenance into smiles. The forehead is smoothed, and enlarged ; the eyebrows are arched ; the mouth a little open, and smiling ; the eyes languishing, and half-shut, dote upon the beloved object. The countenance assumes the eager and wishful look of desire, (see *Desire* above) but mixed with an air of satisfaction, and repose. The accents are soft, and winning ; the tone of voice persuasive, flattering, pathetic, various, musical, rapturous, as in joy. (See *Joy*.) The attitude much the same with that of desire. Sometimes both hands pressed eagerly to the bosom. *Love*, unsuccessful, adds an air of anxiety, and melancholy. See *Perplexity*, and *Melancholy*.

Giving, *inviting*, *soliciting*, and such like actions, which suppose some degree of affection, real, or pretended, are accompanied with much the same looks and gestures as express love ; but more moderate.

Wonder, or amazement, (without any other interesting passion, as love, esteem, &c.) opens the eyes, and makes them appear very prominent ; sometimes raises them to the skies ; but oftener, and more expressively, fixes them on the object,

if the cause of the passion be a *present* and *visible* object, with the look, all except the wildness, of *fear*. (See *Fear*.) If the *hands* hold any thing, at the time, when the object of wonder appears, they immediately let it *drop*, unconscious; and the whole *body* *fixes* in the *contracted*, *slooping* posture of *amazement*; the *mouth* *open*; the *hands* *held up open*, nearly in the attitude of *fear*. (See *Fear*.) The *first* access of this passion *stops* all utterance. But it makes amends afterwards by a copious *flow* of *words* and *exclamations*.

Admiration, a mixed passion, consisting of *wonder*, with *love* or *esteem*, takes away the *familiar* gesture, and expression of *simple love*. (See *Love*.) Keeps the *respectful* look, and *attitude*. (See *Modesty*, and *Veneration*.) The *eyes* are *opened* wide, and now and then *raised* toward heaven. The *mouth* is *opened*. The *hands* are *lifted up*. The *tone* of the voice *rapturous*. This passion expresses itself *copiously*, making great use of the figure *hyperbole*.

Gratitude puts on an aspect full of *complacency*. (See *Love*.) If the object of it is a character greatly *superior*, it expresses much *submission*. (See *Modesty*.) The *right hand* pressed upon the *breast* accompanies, very properly, the expression of a *sincere* and *heart* sensibility of obligation.

Curiosity, as of a busy-body, *opens* the *eyes*, and *mouth*, *lengthens* the *neck*, *bends* the *body* forward, and *fixes* it in *one* posture, with the *hands* nearly in that of *admiration*. See *Admiration*. See also *Desire*, *Attention*, *Hope*, *Enquiry*, and *Perplexity*.

Persuasion puts on the looks of moderate *love*. (See *Love*.) Its accents are *soft*, *flattering*, *emphatical* and *articulate*.

Tempting, or *whetted*, expresses itself much in the same way; only carrying the *sawing* part to *excess*.

Promising is expressed with *benevolent* looks, the nod of consent, and the open *hands* gently *moved* towards the person, to whom the promise is made; the *palms* *upwards*. The *sincerity* of the promiser may be expressed by laying the *right hand* gently on the *breast*.

Affectation displays itself in a thousand *different* gestures, motions, *airs*, and *looks*, according to the *character*, which the person affects. Affectation of *learning* gives a *stiff formality* to the whole person. The *words* come *stalking* out with the *pace* of a *funeral procession*; and every sentence has the *solemnity* of an oracle. Affectation of *piety* turns up the *goggling whites* of the *eyes* to heaven, as if the person were in a *trance*, and *fixes* them in that posture so long that the brain of the beholder grows giddy. Then comes up, deep-grumbling, a *holy groan* from the lower parts of the thorax; but

but so tremendous in sound, and so long protracted, that you expect to see a goblin rise, like an exhalation through the solid earth. Then he begins to *rock* from side to side, or backward and forward, like an aged pine on the side of a hill, when a brisk wind blows. The hands are clasped together, and often lifted, and the head often shaken with foolish vehemence. The tone of the voice is canting, or sing-song lullaby, not much distant from an Irish howl; and the words godly doggrel. Affectation of *beauty*, and killing, puts a fine woman by turns into all sorts of *forms*, *appearances*, and *attitudes*, but *amiable* ones. She undoes, by art, or rather by awkwardness (for true art conceals itself) all that nature had done for her. Nature formed her almost an *angel*, and she, with infinite pains, makes herself a *monkey*. Therefore this species of affectation is easily imitated, or taken off. Make as many, and as *ugly grimaces*, *motions*, and *gestures*, as can be made; and take care that *nature* never peep out; and you represent coquetish *affectation* to the life.

Sloth appears by *yawning*, *dosing*, *snoring*, the *head* *dangling* sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other, the *arms* and *legs* *stretched* out, and every *sinew* of the body *unstrung*, the *eyes* *heavy*, or *closed*; the *words*, if any, *crawl* out of the mouth, but *half-formed*, scarce audible to any ear, and *broken off* in the middle by powerful *sleep*.

People, who walk in their sleep, (of which our inimitable *Shakespeare* has, in his tragedy of *MACBETH*, drawn out a fine scene) are said to have their eyes open; though they are not, the more for that, conscious of any thing, but the dream, which has got possession of their imagination. I never saw one of those persons; therefore cannot describe their manner from nature; but I suppose their speech is pretty much like that of persons dreaming, *inarticulate*, *incoherent*, and very *different*, in its tone, from what it is, when *waking*.

Intoxication shews itself by the *eyes* *half-shut*, *sleepy*, *stupid*, *inflamed*. An *idiot* *smile*, a ridiculous *surlinefs*, or affected *bravado*, disgraces the *bloated* countenance. The *mouth* *open* tumbles out nonsense in heaps, without *articulation* enough for any ear to take it in, and unworthy of attention, if it could be taken in. The *head* seems too *heavy* for the neck. The *arms* *dangle* from the shoulders, as if they were almost cut away, and hung by shreds. The *legs* *totter* and *bend* at the knees, as ready to *sink* under the *weight* of the reeling body. And a general *incapacity*, *corporeal* and *mental*, exhibits *human* nature sunk below the *brutal*.

Anger, (violent) or rage, expresses itself with *rapidity*, *interruption*, *noise*, *harshness*, and *irapidation*. The *neck* *stretched*

out; the *head* forward, often *nodding* and *shaken* in a *menacing* manner, against the object of the passion. The *eyes* red, *inflamed*, *staring*, *rolling*, and *sparkling*; the *eyebrows* drawn down over them, and the *forehead* wrinkled into clouds. The *nostrils* stretched wide; every *vein* swelled; every *muscle* strained; the *breast* heaving, and the *breath* fetched hard. The *mouth* open, and drawn on each side toward the *ears*, shewing the *teeth*, in a *gnashing* posture. The *face* bloated, pale, red, or, sometimes almost black. The *feet* *stamping*; the *right arm* often *thrown out*, and *menacing* with the *clenched fist* shaken, and a general and violent *agitation* of the whole *body*.

Peewisiness, or ill-nature, is a lower degree of anger; and is therefore expressed in the above manner, only more moderate; with *half-sentences*, and *broken speeches*, uttered hastily; the *upper lip* drawn up *disdainfully*; the *eyes* *asquint* upon the object of displeasure.

Malice, or *spite*, *sets* the *jaws*, or *gnashes* with the *teeth*; sends *blasting flashes* from the *eyes*; draws the *mouth* toward the *ears*; *clenches* both *fists*, and *bends* the *elbows* in a *straining* manner. The *tone* of *voice*, and *expression* are much the same with that of *anger*; but the *pitch* not so loud.

Envy is a little more moderate in its gestures, than *malice*; but the same in kind.

Revenge expresses itself as *malice*.

Cruelty. See *Anger*, *Aversion*, *Malice*, and the other irascible passions.

Complaining, as when one is under violent bodily pain, *distorts* the *features*; almost *closes* the *eyes*; sometimes *raises* them *wisshfully*; *opens* the *mouth*; *gnashes* with the *teeth*; *draws* up the *upper lip*; *draws* down the *head* upon the *breast*, and the whole *body* together. The *arms* are violently *bent* at the *elbows*, and the *fists* strongly *clenched*. The *voice* is uttered in *groans*, *lamentations*, and violent *screams*. Extreme *torture* produces *fainting*, and *death*.

Fatigue, from severe labour, gives a general *languor* to the whole *body*. The *countenance* is *dejected*. (See *Grief*.) The *arms* hang listless; the *body*, if sitting, or lying along be not the posture, *stoops*, as in old age. (See *Dotage*.) The *legs*, if walking, are *dragged* heavily along, and seem at every step ready to *bend* under the weight of the *body*. The *voice* is *weak*, and the *words* hardly enough *articulated* to be understood.

Aversion, or hatred, expressed to, or of any person, or thing, that is odious to the speaker, occasions his drawing back, as *avoiding* the *approach* of what he hates; the *hands*,
at

at the same time, thrown *out spread*, as if to keep it off. The *face* turned *away* from that side toward which the hands are thrown out; the *eyes* looking *angrily* and *askint* the same way the hands are directed; the *eyebrows* drawn *downward*; the upper *lip* disdainfully drawn *up*; but the teeth set. The *pitch* of the voice *loud*; the *tone* *chiding, unequal, surly, vehement*. The *sentences* *short, and abrupt*.

Commendation, or approbation, from a superior, puts on the aspect of *love* (excluding *Desire*, and *Respect*) and expresses itself in a *mild tone* of voice; the *arms* gently *spread*; the *palms* of the *hands* toward the person approved. *Exhorting*, or *encouraging*, as of an army by a general, is expressed with some part of the looks and action of *courage*.

Jealousy would be likely to be well expressed by one, who had often seen prisoners tortured in the dungeons of the *inquisition*, or who had seen what the dungeons of the *inquisition* are the best earthly emblem of; I mean *Hell*. For next to being in the *pope's*, or in *Satan's* prison, is the torture of him who is possessed with the spirit of *jealousy*. Being a mixture of passions directly contrary to one another, the person, whose soul is the seat of such confusion and tumult, must be in as much greater misery than *Prometheus*, with the vulture tearing his liver, as the pains of the *mind* are greater than those of the *body*. Jealousy is a ferment of *love, hatred, hope, fear, shame, anxiety, suspicion, grief, pity, envy, pride, rage, cruelty, vengeance, madness*, and if there be any other tormenting passion, which can agitate the human mind. Therefore to express *jealousy* well, requires that one know how to represent justly all these *passions* by turns (See *Love, Hatred, &c.*) and often several of them *together*. *Jealousy* shews itself by *restlessness, peevishness, thoughtfulness, anxiety, absence of mind*. Sometimes it bursts out in *piteous complaint, and weeping*; then a gleam of *hope*, that all is yet well, lights up the countenance into a momentary smile. Immediately the face clouded with a general *gloom*, shews the mind *overcast* again with horrid *suspensions*, and frightful *imaginings*. Then the *arms* are folded upon the *breast*; the *fists* violently *clenched*; the *rolling, bloody eyes* dart *fury*. He *hurries* to and fro; he has no more *rest*, than a ship in a troubled sea, the sport of winds and waves. Again he *composes* himself a little to reflect on the *charms* of the suspected person. She appears to his imagination like the *sweetness* of the rising *dawn*. Then his monster-breeding fancy represents her as *false*, as she is *fair*. Then he *roars* out as one on the *rack*, when the cruel engine rends every joint, and every sinew bursts. Then he throws himself on the *ground*.
He

He beats his head against the pavement. Then he springs up, and with the look and action of a fury bursting hot from the abyss, he snatches the instrument of death, and, after ripping up the bosom of the loved, suspected, hated, lamented, fair one, he stabs himself to the heart, and exhibits a striking proof, how terrible a creature a puny mortal is, when agitated by an infernal passion.

Dotage, or infirm old age, shews itself by *talkativeness*, *boasting* of the past, *hollowness* of eyes and cheeks, *dimness* of sight, *deafness*, *tremor* of voice, the accents, through default of teeth, scarce intelligible; *hams weak*, *knees tottering*, *head paralytic*, *hollow coughing*, frequent *expectoration*, *breathless wheezing*, *laborious groaning*, the *body stooping* under the insupportable load of years, which soon will crush it into the dust, from whence it had its origin.

Folly, that is, of a natural idiot, gives the face an habitual thoughtless, brainless grin. The eyes dance from object to object, without ever fixing steddily upon any one. A thousand different and incoherent passions, looks, gestures, speeches, and absurdities, are played off every moment.

Distraction opens the eyes to a frightful wideness; rolls them hastily and wildly from object to object: distorts every feature; gnashes with the teeth; agitates all the parts of the body; rolls in the dust; foams at the mouth; utters, with hideous bellowings, execrations, blasphemies, and all that is fierce and outrageous; rushes furiously on all who approach; and, if not restrained, tears its own flesh, and destroys itself.

Sickness has infirmity and feebleness in every motion and utterance. The eyes dim, and almost closed; cheeks pale and hollow; the jaw fallen; the head hung down; as if too heavy to be supported by the neck. A general inertia prevails. The voice trembling; the utterance through the nose; every sentence accompanied with a groan; the hand shaking, and the knees tottering under the body; or the body stretched helpless on the bed.

Fainting produces a sudden relaxation of all that holds the human frame together, every sinew and ligament unstrung. The colour flies from the vermilion cheek; the sparkling eye grows dim. Down the body drops, as helpless, and as senseless, as a mass of clay, to which, by its colour and appearance it seems hastening to resolve itself. Which leads me to conclude with

Death, the awful end of all flesh; which exhibits nothing in appearance different from what I have been just describing; for fainting continued ends in death; a subject almost too serious to be made a matter of artificial imitation.

Lower

Lower degrees of every passion are to be expressed by more moderate exertions of *voice* and *gesture*, as every public speaker's discretion will suggest to him.

Mixed passions, or emotions of the mind, require a *mixed* expression. *Pity*, for example, is composed of *grief* and *love*. It is therefore evident, that a correct speaker must, by his looks and gestures, and by the tone and pitch of his voice, express both *grief* and *love*, in expressing *pity*, and so of the rest.

There may be *other* humours or passions, beside these, which a reader, or speaker, may have occasion to express. But these are the *principal*. And, if there be any *others*, they will occur among the following *examples* for practice taken from various authors, and *rules* will be given for expressing them. And though it may be alleged, that *some* of these passions, or humours, are such, as hardly ever come in the way of the speaker at the *bar*, in the *pulpit*, or either house of *parliament*, it does not therefore follow, that the labour of studying and practising the proper ways of expressing them is *useless*. On the contrary, every speaker will find his account in *enlarging* his sphere of *practice*. A gentleman may not have occasion every day, to *dance a minuet*: but he has occasion to go into company every day: and he will go into a room with much the better grace for his having learned to *dance* in the most *elegant* manner. The *orator* may not have actual occasion to express *anger*, *jealousy*, *malice*, and some few others of the more *violent* passions, for which I have here given rules. But he will, by applying his organs of elocution to express *them*, acquire a masterly *ease* and *fluency*, in expressing those he has actually *occasion* to express.

It is to be remembered, that the *action*, in expressing the various humours and passions, for which I have here given rules, is to be suited to the *age*, *sex*, *condition*, and *circumstances* of the character. Violent *anger*, or *rage*, for example, is to be expressed with great agitation (see *Anger*) but the rage of an infirm *old man*, of a *woman*, and of a *youth*, are all different from one another, and from that of a man in the *flower* of his age, as every speaker's discretion will suggest. A *hero* may shew *fear*, or *sensibility* of *pain*: but not in the same *manner* as a *girl* would express those sensations. Grief may be expressed by a person reading a melancholy story, or description, in a room. It may be acted upon the stage. It may be dwelt upon by the pleader at the bar; or it may have a place in a sermon. The passion

is still grief. But the manner of expressing it will be different in each of the speakers, if they have judgment.

A *correct* speaker does not make a *movement* of limb, or feature, for which he has not a *reason*. If he addresses *heaven*, he looks *upward*. If he speaks to his *fellow-creatures*, he looks *round upon them*. The *spirit* of what he says, or is said to him, appears in his *look*. If he expresses *amazement*, or would excite it, he *lifts up his hands and eyes*. If he *invites* to virtue and happiness, he *spreads his arms*, and looks *benevolence*. If he *threatens* the vengeance of heaven against vice, he *bends his eyebrow into wrath*, and *menaces* with his arm and *countenance*. He does not *needlelessly* *saw the air* with his arm, nor *stab* himself with his *finger*. He does not clap his right *hand* upon his *breast*, unless he has occasion to speak of *himself*, or to introduce *conscience*, or somewhat *sentimental*. He does not start *back*, unless he wants to express *horror* or *aversion*. He does not come *forward*, but when he has occasion to *solicit*. He does not *raise* his voice, but to express somewhat peculiarly *emphatical*. He does not *lower* it, but to *contrast* the *raising* of it. His *eyes*, by turns, according to the *humour* of the matter he has to express, *sparkle* fury; *brighten* into joy; *glance* disdain; *melt* into grief; *frown* disgust and hatred; *languish* into love; or *glare* distraction.

But to apply *properly*, and in a masterly manner, the almost endlessly various external expressions of the different passions and emotions of the mind, for which nature has so curiously fitted the human frame—*hic labor*—*here* is the *difficulty*. Accordingly a consummate public *speaker* is truly a *phenix*. But much *less* than all this, is, generally speaking, sufficient for most occasions.

There is an *error*, which is too inconsiderately received by many judicious persons, *viz.* that a public speaker's shewing himself to be in *earnest*, will alone secure him of duly *affecting* his audience. Were this true, the enthusiastic *rant* of the *fanatic*, who is often very much in *earnest*, ought to *please* the *judicious*; in whom, on the contrary, we know, it excites, only *laughter*, or *pity*. It is granted, that *nature* is the rule by which we are to *speak*, and to *judge* of propriety in *speaking*. And every public *speaker*, who faithfully, and in a masterly manner, *follows* that universal guide, commands *attention* and *approbation*. But a speaker may, either through incurable natural *deficiency*, or by deviating into some incorrigible *absurdity* of manner, express the *real* and the *warm* sentiments of his *heart*, in such an *awkward* way, as shall effectually *defeat* his whole design upon those who hear him,

and render *himself* the object of their ridicule. It is not enough as Quintilian * says, to be a *human creature*, to make a *good speaker*. As, on one hand, it is *not true*, that a *speaker's* shewing himself in *earnest* is alone *sufficient*, so on the other, is it certain, that if he does *not seem* to be in *earnest* †, he cannot but *fail* of his design.

There is a true *sublime* in *delivery*, as in the other imitative arts; in the *manner* as well as in the *matter*, of what an orator delivers. As in *poetry*, *painting*, *sculpture*, *music*, and the other elegancies, the true *sublime* consists in a set of *masterly*, *large*, and *noble* strokes of art, superior to florid *little-ness*; so it is in *delivery*. The *accents* are to be *clear* and *articulate*; every *syllable* standing off from that which is next to it, so that they might be *numbered* as they proceed. The *inflections* of the voice are to be so distinctly *suit*ed to the *matter*, that the *humour* or *passions* might be *known* by the *sound* of the *voice* only, where there could not be one *word* heard. And the *variations* are to be, like the full swelling folds of the *drapery* in a fine picture, or statue, *bold*, and *free*, and *forcible*.

True eloquence does not wait for cool *approbation*. Like irresistible *beauty*, it *transports*, it *ravishes*, it *commands* the *admiration* of all, who are within its reach. If it allows *time* to *criticise*, it is not *genuine*. It ought to *hurry* us out of ourselves, to *engage* and *swallow* up our whole *attention*; to *drive* every thing out of our *minds*, besides the *subject* it would hold forth, and the *point*, it wants to *carry*. The hearer finds himself as *unable* to resist it, as to blow out a *conflagration* with the *breath* of his *mouth*, or to *stop* the stream of a river with his *hand*. His *passions* are no longer *his own*. The orator has taken *possession* of them; and with superior power, *works* them to whatever he *pleases*.

There is no *earthly object* capable of making such *various*, and such *forcible* impressions upon the human mind, as a consummate *speaker*. In viewing the *artificial creations*, which flow from the pencil of a Raphael, the critical *eye* is indeed delighted to a high pitch, and, the delight is *rational*, because it flows from sources, *unknown* to beings *below* the *rational sphere*. But the ear remains wholly *un-engaged*, and *un-entertained*.

In

* INST. ORAT. p. 442.

§ — Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Prius ipsi tibi.

Hor.

In listening to the raptures of Corelli, Geminiani, and Handel, the flood of pleasure which pours upon the ear, is almost too much for human nature. And music applied to express the sublimities of poetry, as in the oratorio of Samson, and the Allegro and Penforoso, yields a pleasure so truly rational, that a Plato, or a Socrates, need not be ashamed to declare their sensibility of it. But here again, the eye has not its gratification. For the opera (in which action is joined with music, in order to entertain the eye at the same time with the ear) I must beg leave, with all due submission to the taste of the great, to consider as a forced conjunction of two things, which nature does not allow to go together. For it never will be other than unnatural, to see heroes fighting, commanding, threatening, lamenting, and making love in the warblings of an Italian song.

It is only the elegant speaker, who can at once regale the eye with the view of its most amiable object, the human form in all its glory; the ear with the original of all music, the understanding with its proper and natural food, the knowledge of important truth; and the imagination with all that, in nature, or in art, is beautiful, sublime, or wonderful. For the orator's field is the universe, and his subjects are all that is known of God, and his works; of superior natures, good and evil, and their works; and of terrestrials, and theirs.

In a consummate speaker, whatever there is of corporeal dignity, or beauty, the majesty of the human face divine, the grace of action, the piercing glance, or gentle languish, or fiery flash of the eye; whatever of lively passion, or striking emotion of mind, whatever of fine imagination, of wise reflection, or irresistible reasoning; whatever of excellent in human nature, all that the hand of the Creator has impressed, of his own image upon the noblest creature we are acquainted with, all this appears in the consummate speaker to the highest advantage. And whoever is proof against such a display of all that is noble in human nature, must have neither eye, nor ear, nor passion, nor imagination, nor taste, nor understanding.

Though it may be alleged, that a great deal of gesture, or action, at the bar, or in the pulpit, especially the latter, is not wanted, nor is quite in character; it is yet certain, that there is no part of the man, that has not its proper attitude. The eyes are not to be rolled along the ceiling, as if the speaker thought himself in duty bound to take care how the flies behave themselves. Nor are they to be constantly cast down upon the ground, as if he were before his judge receiving sentence of death. Nor to be fixed upon one point, as if he

saw

saw a ghost. The *arms* of the *preacher* are not to be *uselessly thrown out*, as if he were drowning in the pulpit, or *brandished*, after the manner of the ancient *pugiles*, or boxers, exercising themselves by fighting with their own shadow, to prepare them for the Olympic contests. Nor, on the contrary, are his *hands* to be *pocketed up*, nor his *arms* to hang by his sides as lank as if they were both *withered*. The *head* is not to stand *fixed*, as if the speaker had a perpetual crick in his neck. Nor is it to *nod* at every third word, as if he were acting Jupiter, or his would-be-son Alexander*.

A judicious speaker is master of such a *variety* of decent and natural *motion*, and has such command of attitude, that he will not be long enough in *one posture* to offend the eye of the spectator. The *matter*, he has to pronounce, will suggest the propriety of *changing* from time to time, his *look*, his *posture*, his *motion*, and *tone* of voice, which if they were to continue too long the *same*, would become *tedious*, and *irksome* to the beholders. Yet he is not to be every moment *changing* posture, like a harlequin, nor *throwing* his *hands* about, as if he were shewing legerdemain tricks.

Above all things, the public speaker is *never* to forget the great rule, *ARS EST CELARE ARTEM*. It would be infinitely more pleasing to see him deliver himself with as little *motion*, and no better *attitude*, than those of an Egyptian mummy, than *distorting* himself into all the *violations* of *decorum*, which *affectation* produces. *Art*, *seen through*, is execrable.

Modesty ought ever to be *conspicuous* in the behaviour of all, who are obliged to exhibit themselves before the eye of the public. Whatever of *gesture*, or exertion of *voice*, such persons use, they ought to appear plainly to be *drawn* into them by the *importance*, *spirit*, or *humour*, of the *matter*. If the speaker uses any *arts* of *delivery*, which appear plainly to be *studied*; the effect will be, that his *awkward* attempt to work upon the passions of his hearers, by means, of which he is *not master*, will render him *odious* and *contemptible* to them. With what *stiff* and *pedantic solemnity* do some public speakers utter *thoughts*, so *trifling*, as to be *hardly worth uttering at all*! And what *unnatural* and *unsuitable tones* of voice, and *gesticulations*, do others apply, in delivering what, by their manner

* With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears;

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

Dryden's Ode.

manner of delivering, one would be apt to question, not only whether it is their *own* composition, but whether they really *understand* it.

The *clergy* have one considerable *apology* from the awkwardness of the *place* they speak from. A *pulpit* is, by its very *make*, necessarily *destructive* of all *grace* of *attitude*. What could even a *Tully* do in a *tub*, just *big enough* for him to *stand in* immersed up to the *arm-pits*, *pillowing* his *chin* upon its *cushion*, as *Milton* describes the *sun* upon the *orient wave*? But it is hardly to be expected, that this, or any other *impropriety* in *sacred matters*, of which there are many *greater*, should be *altered*. *Errors*, in *them*, become, by long *establishment*, *sacred* ||. And I doubt not, but some of the *narrower* part of the *clergy*, as well as of the *people*, would think any other form of a *pulpit*, than the *present*, though much *fitter* for *exhibiting* the *speaker* to an *advantage*, an *innovation* likely to prove *dangerous* to *religion*, and, which is worse, to the *church*.

Nor is it to be expected, that *decorum* of manner in *preaching* should be carried to any great perfection in *England*, while *reading* is thought to be *preaching*. If the *Greek* and *Roman* orators had *read* their sermons, the effect would have been, I suppose, pretty much the same as that which sermons produce among us. The hearers might have, many of them, *dropped asleep*. In some foreign countries, preachers are so much aware of the disadvantage of *reading*, that such, as have *weak memories*, have a *prompter* behind, in the *pulpit*, out of sight. However, it must be owned, that, if preachers would bestow a little pains in committing to *memory* the substance of their discourses, so as not to be *slaves* to written *notes*, and endeavour to gain a tolerable *readiness* at *extemporary amplification* (which at the *bar* is *indispensable*) their discourses might have *effect*, though the *eye* should now and then be *cast* upon the *notes*, if not in a *clumsy* manner, and with *hesitation*. *Quintilian* † *himself* will not object to *so much* use of notes, as I have here allowed; though he absolutely requires his orator to be possessed of a *memory* †.

To

|| See the writings of many of the *clergy themselves* to this purpose, as *Dr. Clarke*, *Hare*, *Headly*, *Whiston*, *Cleyton*, &c. the *CANDID DISQUISITIONS*, and the *CONFESSIONAL*.

† *Inst. Orat. L. x. C. vii.*

† *Dean Swift*, in his *LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN*, writes, on this subject, as follows.

“ I cannot but think, that what is *read*, differs as much from what is “ repeated *without book*, as a copy does from an original. At the same “ time

To hear a *judicious* and *elegant* discourse from the pulpit, which would, in *print*, make a noble figure, murdered by him, who had learning and taste to compose it, but, having been neglected as to one important part of his education, knows not how to deliver it otherwise than with a *tone* between *singing* and *saying*, or with a *nod* of his *head*, to enforce, as with a hammer, every emphatical word, or with the same unanimated *monotony*; in which he was used to repeat *Quæ* genus at Westminster school; what can be imagined more *lamentable*! Yet what more *common*! Were the educators of youth, intended for the ministry, of the opinion of the *prince of orators*, viz. that delivery is the *first*, *second*, and *third*, part of *oratory*, they would *spare* some time from the many *less necessary* parts of school learning to apply it to one so very *essential*; without which the weight of the most *sacred subject*, the greatest depth of *critical disquisition*, the most unexceptionable *reasoning*, the most accurate *arrangement of matter*, and the most striking *energy of style*, are all *lost* upon an audience; who sit *unaffected*, and depart *unimproved*. From hence it is, that, while places of public *worship* are almost *empty*; *theatres* are *crowded*. Yet in the *former* the most *interesting* subjects are treated. In the *latter* all is *fiction*. To the *former* all are invited without any *expence*. The *charge* and *trouble* of attending the *latter* are *considerable*. But it will not be otherwise, so long as the speakers in the *former* take no more pains to enforce their public instructions, than if they delivered *fictions*, and those in the *latter* bestow so much to make *fictions* seem *true*. It may be said, this observation has *often* been made *before*. The more is the *pity*. And it ought to be *often* made *again*, and to be *dwell'd upon*, till the fault is amended.

Did preachers labour to acquire a masterly *delivery*, places of public *instruction* would be *crowded*, as places of public *diversion* are now. *Rakes*, and *Infidels*, merely to shew their *taste*, would frequent them. Could *all* frequent them, and *none* profit?

"time I am fully sensible, what an extreme difficulty it would be upon
 "you to alter this; and that if you did, your sermons would be much
 "less valuable than otherwise, for want of time to improve and correct
 "them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this
 "matter."

He then goes on to advise, that he should write his sermons in a large fair hand, and read them over several times before delivering them, so as to be able, with the help of an eye cast down now and then upon the paper, to pronounce them with ease and force.

It is common to hear complaints, from the clergy, of the *inattention* of their hearers, even to *dozing*, and sometimes to *profound sleep*. But *where* does this complaint fall at last? Even upon the *preachers* themselves, who address their hearers with such *coldness* and *indifference*, as to leave them *nothing* to do, but to go to *sleep*. Let the preacher but *exert* himself properly, and he may *defy* his hearers to go to *sleep*, or withdraw their *attention* for a moment.

The clergy are likewise very full of their complaints of the little *effect*, their labours produce. *Infidelity* and *vices*, they cry, prevail more than ever. Churches are *poorly filled*. And those, who attend, for fashion's sake, are not much *better* than their *neighbours*.

But what is the *plain English* of this lamentable outcry? Why, truly, that they find people *loth* to go to the places of public instruction to be *disgusted* or *lulled to sleep*. And, that, when they *have them there*, they cannot *persuade* them to quit their vices and follies by *tolling* twenty minutes upon a velvet cushion, and *reading* to them a *learned discourse*. That they cannot *warm* them to the love of virtue by a *cold*, ill read, pulpit harangue. That they cannot win their *affections* whilst they *neglect* all the *natural* means for *working* upon the human *passions*. That they cannot *kindle* in them that *burning* zeal which suits the most *important* of all *interests*, by talking to them with the *coolness* of a set of *Stoic philosophers*, of the *terrors* of the Lord, of the *worm*, that *never dies*, and the *fire*, that is *not quenched*, and of future *glory*, *honour*, and *immortality*, of everlasting *kingdoms*, and heavenly *thrones*.

I know it is common for preachers to plead, in excuse of the *frigidity* of their manner, in addressing their audiences, their *modesty*, and fear of being accused of *affectation*. But, are these any *hindrance* to the elocution of the *actors*, or even of the *actresses*; who, by study, and practice, come to get the better of *timidity*, and to attain an elegant, and correct utterance (and are indeed, the *only speakers* we have in England) without any appearance of *affectation*; which would render them *unsufferable*. But do our *preachers*, in general, bestow any *thought*, or use any *means*, of any kind, for improving themselves in speaking? The younger part of the *players* *rehearse*, and *practise* over and over, many a time, and are long under the *tuition* of the principal actors, before they appear in public. But there are, I believe, no other public speakers among us, who take such *pains*; though they bestow great pains in improving themselves in *learning*; which *shews*, that the *neglect* of this accomplishment is more owing to

to the want of a due *sense* of its *usefulness*, than to any other cause. And yet, of the two, *learning* is much *less necessary* to a *preacher*, than skill in *persuading*. Quintilian * makes this latter the *supreme excellence* in his orator.

Let the reader only consider, that a *shoemaker*, or a *taylor*, is under a *master seven years*, at least, before he sets up for himself. But the *preacher* goes into the pulpit *at once*, without ever having had *one lesson*, or article of instruction in that part of his art, which is the *chief* and most weighty, and without which all his *other accomplishments* are worth *nothing*, toward gaining the *end of preaching*.

It may be alleged, that the *clergy* cannot be expected to be great *orators* for *fifty*, or a *hundred pounds* a year, which poor pittance is as much as many hundreds, I may say thousands, of them, have to maintain themselves and their families. The more is the pity.

But there are many *players* who do not get more than the lower clergy. And yet *they study hard*, for no greater encouragement, and actually acquire such skill in *working upon the passions* of mankind, that, for my part, if I wanted to have a composition of mine *well spoken*, I would put it into hands of a second-rate player, rather than of *any preacher* I ever heard.

What could be imagined more *elegant*, if *entertainment alone* were sought; what more *useful*, if the *good of mankind* were the object, than the sacred function of preaching, *properly performed*? Were the most *interesting* of subjects treated with proper perspicuity and adequate judgment, and well wrought discourses delivered to listening crowds with that *dignity* which becomes a teacher of Divine truth, and with that *energy*, which should shew, that the *preacher* spoke from his *own heart*, and meant to speak to the *hearts* of his hearers, what *effects* might not follow? Mankind are not *wood*, or *stone*. They are undoubtedly capable of being *roused* and *startled*. They may be *drawn*, and *allured*. The voice of an able preacher, thundering out the Divine *threatenings* against *vice*, would be in the ear of the *offender* as if he heard the sound of the last *trumpet* summoning the dead to judgment. And the *gentle call of mercy* encouraging the *terrified*, and almost *despairing penitent* to look up to his offended heavenly Father, would seem as the *song of angels*. A whole multitude might be *lifted* to the *skies*. The world of spirits might be opened to the eyes of their minds. The terrors of that punishment, which awaits *vice*; the glories of that state, to which

* Quint. INST. ORAT. L. vi. C. ii.

which virtue will, through Divine favour, raise the pious might be, by a powerful preacher, rendered *present* to their understandings, with such conviction, as would make indelible *impressions* upon their hearts, and work a substantial *reformation* in their lives *.

The convincing and irrefragable *proof*, that real and important *effects* might be produced by preachers, by a proper application of *oratory* to the purposes of instructing and amending mankind, is, That *oratory* has been, in all times, known *actually* to produce great alterations in mens ways of thinking and acting. And there is no denying *facts*. To bring instances of this in a copious manner, as the subject might deserve, would be to quote more history than could be comprehended in such a volume as this. Nor can any reader imagine, an art could have been, in all free governments, so laboriously cultivated by *statesmen*, had they not found it *useful* in the *state*. Do we not, in our own times, see the *effects* produced by it in the British *parliament*? But, if any one should allege, that there is *nothing* in the power of *preachers* by means of *oratory*; does it not follow, that then the *whole function* of *preaching* may as well be laid *aside*? For, if good speaking will have *no effect* upon mankind; surely *bad* will have *none*.

Reasoning *a priori*, one would conclude, that we should see both the study, and the effects of oratory, carried to a pitch *beyond* what they reached in the *antient* times of Hea-thenism. Have we not the advantage of those *noble models*, which the antients struck out by the mere force of natural unassisted genius? Ought we not to *exceed* those *models*? But do we *come up* to them? Have we not incomparably *clearer* views of *nature*, and of all *knowledge*, than the antients had? Have we not whole *sciences*, of which they knew *nothing*? The *Newtonian* philosophy alone! to what *sentiments* does it lift the mind! How do the ideas, it gives us, of *immensity* filled with *innumerable worlds* revolving round *innumerable suns*; those *worlds* themselves the centres of *others* secondary to them; all *attracting*; all *attracted*; *enlightening*, or *receiving light*; at *distances* unmeasurable, but all under *one law*! — how do these ideas tend to *raise* our *conceptions* of the *Author* of such a work! Ought not our *productions* to *exceed theirs*, who had no such helps to *enrich* and *enliven* their *imaginations*? But, above all, as much as the heavens are

* Quintilian (INST. ORAT. L. vi, C. ii.) makes the knowledge and command of the *pathetic*, the main instrument of *persuasion*, which, according to him, is the *great business* of the orator.

are higher than the earth, so much ought the views which *revelation* presents us with, to *ennoble* all our *productions* above those of the *antients*, on whom that glorious light never shone ! What had a *Demosthenes*, or a *Cicero*, to inspire so divine an ardor into their addresses to the people, compared with those *sublime doctrines*, which *angels* desire earnestly to pry * into ? If the poetical *description* of Jupiter shaking heaven with his nod, *warmed* the *imagination* of a Phidias, to such a pitch, as enabled him to produce the most majestic piece of statuary, that ever was beheld ; and if the *imagination* of the *author* † of that poetical description was exalted by the scenes he saw, and the learning he acquired by travelling into Egypt, and other parts ; how ought the genius of the *christian orator* to be elevated, how ought both his compositions, and his manner of delivering them, to shine *superior* to all that *antiquity* ever saw ; as he enjoys superior advantages for ennobling all his sentiments, and giving dignity and spirit to all he composes, and utters ! If we find a Plato, or a Cicero, whenever they touch upon the sublime doctrine of a *future state*, rise above themselves, warmed with — shall I say, the *prospect* ? no — with the *possibility*, or at most, with the *hope* of immortality ; how animated ought *our* descriptions to be, how forcible *our* manner of treating of what we pretend firmly to *believe* ; of what we know the Author of our religion confirmed by actually *rising* from the grave, triumphing gloriously over death, and *ascending* visibly to heaven !

Poor were the motives, and cold the encouragements, which *they* could offer, to excite their hearers to bravery and to virtue, compared with those which *we* have to propose. For, if they put them in mind of their country, their wives, their children, their aged and helpless parents ; if they called upon them to shew themselves worthy *descendants* of their illustrious *ancestors* ; if they roused their *shame*, or their sense of *honour* ; if they held forth the prize of deathless *fame* ; all these are as cogent arguments *now*, as they were *then*. What advantage our *christian* orators have over them, toward gaining their end of alarming, persuading, and reforming mankind, appears from considering how little chance *we* should have of producing any good effect upon a people strongly attached to pleasures, riches, and honours, by telling them, that, if they continued to pursue these their beloved objects by unlawful means, they might expect, after their

D 3

death,

* Gr. Εἰς δὲ τῶν θεῶν μυστήρια πολλοὶ παρανοοῦσι, 1 Pgt. l. 12.

† Hom. Vid. ll. i.

death, to be carried before Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, who would condemn their souls to Tartarus, where the soul of Ixion was tied upon a wheel, and whirled about without rest; where Prometheus had his liver gnawed by a vulture, which grew again, as fast as it was devoured; and where Danaus's fifty daughters had a set of barrels with holes in their bottoms, to keep continually full to the top; and where all wicked souls would be condemned to some such punishment; but, if, on the contrary, they would act the part of honest and worthy men, and exert themselves to the hazard, and, perhaps, loss of their lives in defence of the liberties of their country, their souls would be ordered, by the judges of the dead, to be placed in the Elysian fields, where were pleasant greens, and lucid streams, and fragrant groves; and where they should amuse themselves with the innocent pleasures, which delighted them while here. Had our *christian* orators *no better motives* to urge, than such as could be drawn from the consideration of certain *imaginary rewards* and *punishments* to be distributed in a certain *possible*, but *doubtful* future state, in some *unknown* subterranean region; it might be expected, that their zeal in urging them would be but *cold*, and the effects of their addresses to the people, *inconsiderable*. But the ancient orators had *no better motives*, from *futurity*, than *these* which I have mentioned, and those they could draw from *other* considerations were the same, which we may use *now*. What accounts should we have had of the power, with which they spoke, and of the *effects* of their speeches, if they had had the awful *subjects* to treat of, and the *advantages* for treating of them with effect, which *our* preachers have! O shame to modern times! A Pericles, or a Demosthenes, could *shake* all *Greece*, when they warned their countrymen against an *invasion*, or alarmed them about the danger of their *liberties*! Whilst we can hardly keep our hearers *awake*, when we stand forth to warn them, in the name of God, against the consequences of vice, ruinous to *individuals*, ruinous to *nations*; the cause not only of the subversion of states and kingdoms, when luxury, and corruption spread their fatal contagion, and leave a people the unthinking prey of tyranny and oppression; but of utter, irretrievable *destruction* of the *souls* and *bodies* of half a species* from the presence of God, and from the glory of his power, at that tremendous day, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, and when He shall sit upon

* "Strait is the gate, and narrow the way, that leadeth to life, and few there are who find it," Mat. vii, 13,

upon the throne of judgment, from whose face heaven and earth shall fly away * ; whose voice shall pronounce on the wicked the dreadful sentence, " Depart ye cursed ; " and whose breath shall blow up the unquenchable flame, in which rebellious angels and men shall be irrecoverably swallowed up and destroyed.

It may, perhaps, be objected here, that sacred *truth* needs no ornament to set it off, no art to enforce it. That the apostles were artless and illiterate men ; and yet they gained the great end of their mission, the conviction of multitudes, and establishment of their religion. That, therefore, there is no necessity for this attention to delivery, in order to qualify the preacher for his sacred office, or to render his labours successful.

To all this the answer is ready, viz. First, the apostles were not all artless and illiterate. St. Paul, the greatest and most general propagator of christianity, is an eminent exception. He could be no mean orator, who confounded the Jews at Damascus † ; made a prince, before whom he stood to be judged, confess, that he had almost persuaded him to become a convert to a religion every where spoken against § ; threw another into a fit of trembling as he sat upon his judgment-seat || ; made a defence before the learned court of Areopagus, which gained him for a convert a member of the court itself † ; struck a whole people with such admiration, that they took him for the god of eloquence †† ; and gained him a place in Longinus's ¶ list of famous orators. Would the cold-served-up monotony of our English sermon-readers have produced such effects as these ? But, farther, the apostles might very well spare human accomplishments ; having what was worth them all, viz. the Divine gift of working miracles ; which if our preachers had, I should not have much to say about their qualifying themselves in elocution. But, as it is, public instruction is the preacher's weapon, with which he is to combat infidelity and vice. And what avails a weapon without skill to wield it ?

D 4

Medicines

* Rev. xx. 11. † Acts ix. 22. § Acts xxvi. 28. xxviii. 22.

|| Acts xxiv. 25. † Acts xvii. 34. †† Acts xiv. 12.

¶ It was with no small pleasure, I lately met with a fragment of Longinus, which is preserved, as a testimony of that critic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuscript of the New Testament in the Vatican library. After that author has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the Grecians, he says, " Add to these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved." Spect. No. 633.

Medicines the most salutary to the body are taken with *reluctance*, if nauseous to the taste. However they are *taken*. But the more necessary physic for the *soul*, if it be not rendered somewhat *palatable*, will be absolutely *rejected*. For we are much less prudent in our care for the *most* valuable part of ourselves than for the *least*. Therefore the preacher ought, above all other public speakers, to labour to *enrich* and *adorn*, in the most masterly manner, his addresses to mankind; his views being the most *important*. What grand point has the *player* to gain? Why, to draw an audience to the theatre*. The *pleader* at the bar, if he lays before the judges and jury, the *true state* of the *case*, so as they may be most likely to see where the *right* of it lies, and a just decision may be given; has done his duty; and the affair in agitation is an *estate*, or, at most, a *life*, which will soon, by course of nature, be extinct. And of the *speaker* in either *house* of parliament, the very utmost, that can be said, is, that the *good* of his *country* may, in great measure, depend upon his *tongue*. But the infinitely important object of preaching is, the *reformation* of *mankind*, upon which depends their happiness in *this world*, and throughout the *whole* of their *being*. Of what consequence is it, then, that the art of preaching be carried to such *perfection*, that all may be drawn to places of public instruction, and that those, who attend them, may receive *benefit*? And if almost the *whole* of preaching be *delivery*; how necessary is the study of *delivery*? That *delivery* is incomparably the most *important* part in public instruction, is manifest from this, that very *indifferent matter* well *delivered* will make a *considerable impression* †; But *bad utterance* will *defeat* the whole effect of the *noblest composition* ever produced.

While *exorbitant appetite*, and *unruly passion* *within*, while *evil example*, with *alluring sollicitation*, *without* (to say nothing of the *craft* and *assaults* of the grand enemy of mankind)

* I deny not, that the theatre is capable of being made a school of virtue. But it must be put under regulations, other than we have ever yet seen it; and those too various to be specified here; so numerous are the particulars, which want reformation, much more being at present *wrong* than *right*.

† "A proof of the importance of delivery," (says Quintilian) "may be drawn from the additional force, which the actors give to what is writ by the best poets, so that what we hear pronounced by them gives infinitely more pleasure, than when we only read it." And again, "I think, I may affirm, that a very indifferent speech well set off by the speaker, shall have a greater effect, than the best, if destitute of that advantage." Quint. Inst. Orat. p. 441. "Documenta sunt vel scenici, &c."

kind) while these invite and ensnare the frail and thoughtless into guilt; shall *virtue* and *religion* hold forth no *charms* to engage votaries? *Pleasure* decks herself out with *rich attire*. *Soft* are her looks, and *melting* is the sweetness of her voice. And must *religion* present herself with every *disadvantage*? Must she appear quite *unadorned*? What *chance* can she then have in competition with an enemy so much *better* furnished with every necessary *invitation* and *allurement*? Alas! our preachers do not address *innocents* in *paradise*; but thoughtless and often *habituated sinners*. Mere cold *explaining* will have but little effect on such. Weak is the hold, which *reason* has on most men. Few of mankind have able *heads*. All have *hearts*; and all hearts may be *touched*, if the speaker is *master* of his art. The business is not so much, to *open* the *understanding*, as to *warm* the *heart*. There are few, who do not *know* their duty. To *allure* them to the *doing* of it, is the difficulty. Nor is this to be effected by cold *reasoning*. Accordingly, the *scripture-orators* are none of them cold. Their addresses are such as hardly any man can utter without warmth. "Hear, O heavens! Give ear, O earth! To thee, O man, I call; my voice is to the sons of men. As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but rather that he turn from his wickedness, and live. Turn ye, turn ye. Why will ye die? O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them, who are sent unto thee! How often would I have gathered thy children, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not. Hadst thou, in this thy day, known the things, which belong to thy peace! — But now they are hid from thine eyes."

It is true, the preacher is carefully to avoid *ostentation*; he is not to preach *himself*; but *Christ*. But at the same time he is to "stir up every *gift* that is in him; to cry *aloud*, and not to spare, to lift up his voice like a trumpet; to *reprove*, *correct*, and *instruct*; to be *instant* in season and out of season; to become (innocently) *all things* to all men," consequently to become an *orator*, if men are not to be affected by simple *unadorned* truth, however *weighty*.

What can the people think of the *sincerity* of the preacher, who is cold and languid in his public *instructions*, while he is as warm and zealous, as other men, in the defence of an inconsiderable part of his *property*? Would he plead as *calmly* for his *life*, as he does with his people in the cause of *virtue* and *religion*. *Coolness* in a matter of the last importance, and

and about which one is really in earnest, is so unnatural, as to be hardly practicable. Therefore Cicero * takes it for granted, that Callidus could not have addressed the senate in so indifferent, and unanimated a manner, if what he wanted to persuade them to believe had not been mere fiction. And, Demosthenes, when one came to him, begging, that he would plead his cause, against a person who had used him cruelly, of which usage he gave Demosthenes a very cold, and unanimated account; could not believe, that he had been so injured; till, upon his signifying his suspicion, the man was roused to some warmth; and then the orator was convinced, that his complaint was well founded, and immediately undertook his defence †.

If it should be said by preachers, "The people will be as much offended with us, if we overact our part, as they are now indifferent about attending our ministry; so that it will avail nothing to study a more lively delivery;" to this I must beg leave to answer, that there is no reason to fear anything from it. Because a manner of preaching may be used, which shall have ten times more life and vivacity in it, than the present, and yet (if it be not unnatural, or incorrect) be very safe from all danger of exceeding due bounds as to vivacity and force. And, farther, we do in fact observe, that no preacher is admired (I do not mean by the mob, but by people of education) whose delivery is dull and unanimated; let his matter be what it will.

Left any reader should think, I have been too severe upon the deficiencies of men of sacred characters, as to delivery, either in leading the devotions of the people, or in instructing them in their duty; I will add, by way of apology for what I have said, some passages, to the same purpose, from the SPECTATOR.

"S I R,

"The well reading of the common prayer is of so great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject. And what more worthy your observation, than this? A thing so public, and of so high consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care, that is taken of their reading while at school, where, when they

* Tu istuc, M. Callidi, nisi fingeres, sic ageres?

Cic. Brut. p. 181. Tom. i.

† Plut. in vit. Demosth.

“ they are got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or, at least, read to very little purpose, without any due observation made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading. By this means they have acquired such *ill habits*, as will not easily be removed.”

The writer of the letter then goes on to mention the advantage he himself found from being led in his devotions by an elegant performer of the service at St. James's Garlick-hill church.

“ My eyes and my thoughts” (says he) “ could not wander *as usual*; but were confined to my prayers. — The confession was read with such a resigned humility, the absolution with such a comfortable authority, the thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner *I never did before*. To remedy, therefore, the *grievance* above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent reader, upon the next, and every annual assembly of the clergy at Sion College, and all other conventions, should read prayers before them. For then those, that are *afraid of stretching their mouths*, and *spoiling their soft voices*, will *learn* to read with clearness, loudness, and *strength*. Others, who affect a *rakish negligent* air, by *folding their arms*, and *lolling upon their book*, will be *taught a decent behaviour*. Those who read so *fast*, as if *impatient* of their work, may *learn* to speak *deliberately*. There is another sort, whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to *no set measure*. These pronounce five or six words with great *deliberation*, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great *celerity*; the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter very low. Sometimes with one sort of tone, and immediately after with a different one. These gentlemen will *learn* of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery. And all, who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an *indifferency*, as if they did not *understand the language*, may be *informed* of the art of reading *movingly* and *servently*; how to place the *emphasis*, and give the proper *accent* to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a difference between reading a prayer, and a gazette. These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read Virgil, or Martial, with *as little taste*, as they do Divine service.”

Spect. No. 147.

And

And the same standard author, in his 407th paper, complains as follows.

" Our *preachers stand stock still* in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a *finger* to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking *statues* at our *bars*, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a *smooth, continued stream*, without those strainings of the *voice*, motions of the *body*, and majesty of the *band*, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in *cold blood*, and keep our *temper* in a discourse, which turns upon every thing that is *dear* to us —

" It is certain, that proper *gestures*, and vehement exertions of the *voice*, cannot be *too much studied* by a public orator. They are a kind of *comment* upon what he utters, and *enforce* every thing he says, with weak hearers" [and surely the *bulk* of hearers are *weak*] " better, than the strongest *argument* he can make use of. They keep the audience *awake*, and fix their *attention* to what is delivered to them; at the same time, that they shew, the speaker is in *earnest*, and *affected himself* with what he so passionately *recommends* to others —

" How *cold* and *dead* a figure in comparison of these two great men" [Demosthenes and Cicero] " does an orator often make at the British bar, holding up his head with the most *insipid serenity*, and stroaking the sides of a long wig, &c."

Dean Swift (who was no friend to *ever doing on the serious side*) advises his young clergyman as follows:

" I take it for granted, that you are already desirous to be seen in a pulpit. But, I hope, you will think it prudent to pass quarantine among the desolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at least learn to *read and speak*, before you venture to *expose* your parts in a city congregation. Not that these are better judges; but, because, if a man must needs expose his folly, it is more safe and discreet to do so before few witnesses, and in a scattered neighbourhood. And you will do well, if you can prevail with some intimate and judicious friend to be your constant hearer, and to beg of him to give you notice, with the utmost freedom, of whatever he finds amiss either in your voice or gesture. For want of such early warning, many clergymen continue defective, and sometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither is it rare to observe, among excellent and learned divines,

" a cer-

" a certain ungracious manner, or unhappy tone of voice,
 " which they have never been able to shake off." LETTER
 TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

Are the faults complained of by these authors, who wrote
 almost fifty years ago, *amended*, or *likely* to be amended? Let
 the answer to this question be collected from the following
 verses, by Dr. Byram, prefixed to *Fordyce's ART OF PREACH-*
ING, published a few years ago.

For, what's a sermon, good, or bad,
 If a man *reads* it like a lad?
 To hear some people, when they preach,
 How they run o'er all parts of speech,
 And neither *raise* a word, nor *sink*;
 Our learned bishops, one would think,
 Had taken *school-boys* from the rod,
 To make *embassadors* of God.

And afterwards,

In point of sermons, 'tis confess,
 Our English clergy make the best:
 But this appears, we must confess,
 Not from the *pulpit*, but the *press*.
 They manage, with disjointed skill,
 The *matter* well, the *manner* ill;
 And, what seems paradox at first,
 They *make* the best, and *preach* the worst.

If there is, as we have seen, so much room to lament the
 deficiencies of those who are to *lead* the *devotions* of congrega-
 tions, and to *instruct* them in their *duty*, and whose busi-
 ness it is to *win* them, by every *engaging* and *powerful art*,
 to the faithful performance of it; if there is so much reason
 to wish that those failures might be made up, and those er-
 rors amended, which are undoubtedly a great cause of the
reluctance we observe in many to attend, and their *coldness* and
indifferency in, places of public worship and instruction; if
 the *clergy* are so deficient in their public performances, what
 is left for me to say of those devotion-confounding, ear-
 splitting pests of our churches, I mean, the *parish-clerks*, and
parish-children? I would only ask, whether, if we had de-
 clared a final and irreconcilable hostility against common *de-*
cency, not to say *propriety*, and had set ourselves to find out
 the most effectual means possible for turning *worship* into *bur-*
lesque; I would ask, I say, whether, if this was our design,
 there

there could be a more certain way to gain it, than to place a set of people in every church, who should come in between every two sentences spoken by the minister, with a *squawl* as loud as the sound of ten trumpets, and totally discordant from one another, and from the key in which the minister speaks. If the minister speaks properly, why do not the clerk and the charity-children speak in concord with him? If the clerk speaks properly, why do not the minister and the children speak in the same key with him? Or if the children are right, why do not the minister and clerk scream as high, or, at least, take a concordant key with theirs? They cannot be all right, and all different, from one another. How much more rational would it be to spend the time, which is now so ridiculously thrown away in teaching the poor children to set the ears of the whole parish on edge, in making them understand thoroughly what they so often repeat by rote, without understanding, I mean the answers to those useful questions in their catechism, "What is your duty to God?" and, "What is your duty to your neighbour?" This would be of service to them all their lives; whereas the other answers no end, that has the least connexion with common-sense.

It is by keeping clear of every thing disagreeable or grating, and by consulting all that may please, entertain, and strike, that the sagacious Roman Catholics keep up, in their people, a delight in the public services of their foolish religion. If we were wise, and as much in earnest, as we ought, we should imitate them in this. But what avails it to attempt to oppose that which has power to make wrong right, and absurdity proper, I mean, the irresistible tyrant, Custom, whose dominion is in no nation more absolute (where there are so many so capable of judging) than in this our dear country.



LESSONS.

I. HISTORICAL NARRATION.

THE Trojans (^a if we may believe tradition) were the first founders of the Roman commonwealth; who under the conduct of *Aeneas*, having made their escape from their own ruined countrey, got to *Italy* and there for some time, lived a rambling and unsettled life, without any fixed place of abode, among the natives, an uncultivated people, who had neither law nor regular government, but were wholly free from all rule or restraint. This mixed multitude, however, crowding together into one city, though originally different in extraction

^a Narration requires very little of what is properly called *expression*, in pronouncing it. I have, however, ordered the *emphatical words* in this, and all the lessons, to be printed in *Italics*, for the reader's help. See in the *Essay*, *Narration*, and the other *passions* put upon the margin of the lessons.

^b Of the manner of pronouncing matter contained in a *Varenbefs*, see the *Essay*, p. 10.

tration, language, and customs, united into one body, in a surprisingly^c short space of time. And as their little state came to be improved by additional numbers, by policy, and by extent of territory, and seemed likely to make a figure among the nations; according to the common course of things, the appearance of prosperity drew upon them the envy of the neighbouring states; so that the princes and people who bordered upon them, begun to seek occasions of quarrelling with them. The alliances they could form, were but few: for most of the neighbouring states avoided embroiling themselves on their account. The Romans seeing, that they had nothing to trust to, but their own conduct, found it necessary^d to bestir themselves with great diligence, to make vigorous preparations, to excite one another, to face their enemies in the field, to hazard their lives in defence of their liberty, their country, and their families. And when, by their valour, they repulsed the enemy, they gave assistance to their allies, and gained friendships by oftengiving^e, and seldom demanding favours of that sort. They had, by this time, established a regular form of government,

^c A small elevation of the voice will be proper here, to express moderate wonder. See *Wonder*.

^d This sentence is to be spoke somewhat quicker than the rest, to express earnestness.

^e The words, *often giving*, and *seldom demanding*, being in antithesis to one another, must be expressed with such an emphasis, as may point out the antithesis, or opposition.

ment, to wit, the *monarchical*. And a *senate*, consisting of men *advanced in years*, and grown *wise by experience*, though *infirm of body*, consulted with their *kings* upon all *important matters*, and, on account of their *age*, and *care* of their country, were called *Fathers*. Afterwards, when *kingly power*, which was originally established for the *preservation of liberty*, and the *advantage of the state*, came to degenerate into *lawless tyranny*, they found it necessary to *alter the form of government*, and to put the *supreme power* into the hands of *two chief magistrates*, to be held for *one year only*; hoping, by *this contrivance*, to prevent the *bad effects* naturally arising from the *exorbitant licentiousness of princes*, and the *indefeasible tenure*, by which they generally imagine they hold their *sovereignty*, &c. [Sal. *BELL. CATILINAR.*]

The reader is, once for all, desired to take notice, that I have not scrupled to *alter* both the *sense* and the *words* in many, if not most, of the following passages, taken both from the *antients* and the *moderns*. For my design was to put together a set of lessons *useful for practice*, which did not restrict me to the *very words* of any author. I have endeavoured to make each lesson a *complete piece*; which obliged me to insert matter of my own. I have excluded *improper sentiments*, and have substituted *modern expressions*, for some *antiquated ones*, which I thought young people would be puzzled to understand; and I have inserted a few *fancies*, which occurred to me in copying out some of the passages, to render them more *diverting to youth*, whose *taste long experience* has given me some knowledge of.

NARRATION.

DOUBTING.

CONFIDENCE.

COURAGE.

DAMON and Pythias, of the *Pythagorean* sect in philosophy, lived in the time of *Dionysius* the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendship was so strong, that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two (for it is not known which) being condemned to death by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to settle his affairs, on condition, that the other should consent to be imprisoned in his stead, and put to death for him, if he did not return before the day of execution. The attention of every one, and especially of the tyrant himself, was excited to the highest pitch; as every body was curious to see what should be the event of so strange an affair. When the time was almost elapsed, and he, who was gone, did not appear, the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running so seemingly desperate a hazard, was universally blamed. But he still declared that he had not the least shadow of doubt in his mind, of his friend's fidelity. The event shewed how well he knew him. He came in due time, and surrendered himself to that fate, which he had no reason to think he should escape; and which he did not desire to escape by leaving his

his friend to suffer it in his place. Such fidelity softened even the savage heart of Dionysius himself. He pardoned the condemned. He gave the two friends to one another; and begged, that they would take himself in for a third. [Val. Max. Cc.]

III.

NARRATION.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, shewed how far he was from being happy, even whilst he abounded in riches, and all the pleasures, which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treasures, and the magnificence of his royal state, and affirming, that no monarch ever was greater, or happier, than he. "Have you a mind, Damocles," says the king, "to taste this happiness, and know, by experience, what my enjoyments are, of which you have so high an idea?" Damocles gladly accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered, that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a gilded couch placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and side-boards loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table; and to obey his commands with the greatest readiness, and the most profound submission. Neither oint-

NARRATION.

QUESTIONS.

FEAR.

TREPIDATION,
OR
HURRY.

NARRATION.

ments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himself among the gods. In the midst of all his happiness, he sees let down from the roof exactly over his neck, ^s as he lay indulging himself in state, a glittering sword hung by a single hair ^h. The sight of destruction thus threatening him from on high, soon put a stop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of the carved plate, gave him no longer any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous situation, and at last begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a dreadful kind of happiness. [Cic. Tusc. QUEST.]

IV.

NARRATION.

THE prætor had given up to the triumvir, a woman of some rank, condemned for a capital crime, to be executed in the prison. He, who

^s The antients, every body knows, lay on couches at table.

^h This may be spoken with as much of the action proper to fear (see *Fear*, in the *ESSAY*, pag. 17.) as can be conveniently applied.

who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison; carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any sustenance; concluding, that in a few days, the mother must, of course, perish for want, and that the severity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder, that the daughter still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend, how the latter should live so long. Watching, therefore, carefully, what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great astonishment, that the life of the mother had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day, to give her mother her breasts to suck. The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a daughter, the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life. And the ground, upon which the prison stood, was consecrated, and a temple to Filial Piety built upon it.

WONDER.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run; if it will put a daughter

DECLAMATION.

See *Admiration*, in the *ESSAY*, pag. 22.

PITY.

upon venturing, at the *peril* of her own life, to maintain her *imprisoned* and *condemned* mother in so unusual a manner. For what was ever heard of more *strange*, than a *mother sucking* the *breasts* of her own *daughter*? It might even seem so *unnatural*, as to render it doubtful, whether it might not be, in some sort, *wrong*; if it were not, that *duty to parents* is the *first law* of *nature*. [*Val. Max. Plin.*]

V.

HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION.

AVERSI-
ON.

WONDER.

LUCIUS CATILINE, by birth a *Patrician*, was, by nature, endowed with *superior advantages* both *bodily* and *mental*: but his *dispositions* were *corrupt* and *wicked*. From his youth, his *supreme delight* was in *violence*, * *slaughter*, *rapine*, and *intestine confusions*; and such works were the employment of his *earliest years*. His constitution qualified him for bearing *hunger*, *cold*, and *want of sleep*, to a degree *exceeding belief*. His mind was *daring*, *subtle*, *unsteady*. There was *no character* which he could not *assume* and *put off* at pleasure. *Rapacious* of what belonged to *others*; *prodigal* of *his own*; violently bent on whatever

* Enumeration requires a short *pause* between the particulars.

whatever became the object of his *pursuit*. He possessed a considerable share of *eloquence*; but little *solid knowledge*. His *insatiable temper* was ever pushing him to grasp at what was *immoderate, romantic*, and out of his *reach*.

About the time of the *disturbances* raised by Sylla, Catiline was seized with a *violent lust of power*; nor did he *at all hesitate* about the *means*, so he could but *attain his purpose* of raising himself to *supreme dominion*. His *restless spirit* was in a *continual ferment*, occasioned by the *confusion* of his own *private affairs*, and by the *horrors* of his *guilty conscience*; both which he had brought upon himself by living the life *above described*. He was encouraged in his ambitious projects by the *general corruption of manners*, which then prevailed amongst a people *infected with two vices*, not less *opposite* to one another in their *natures*, than *mischievous* in their *tendencies*, I mean, *luxury*, and *avarice*. [Sal. BELL. CATILINAR.]

NARRATION.

HORROR.

AVERSION.

VI.

ARGUING¹.

NO one, who has made the *smallest progress* in *mathematics*, can avoid observing, that *mathematical demonstrations* are accompanied with *such a kind of evidence*, as overcomes *obstinacy*.

E 4

insuperable

¹ See, in the ESSAY, the articles *Arguing, Teaching, &c.* pag. 19.

inferable by many *other* kinds of reasoning. Hence it is, that so many learned men have laboured to illustrate other sciences with *this* sort of evidence; and it is certain, that the study of mathematics has given light to sciences *very little* connected with them. But *what* will not wrong-headed men abuse! This advantage, which *mathematical reasoning* has, for discovering *truth*, has given occasion to *some* to reject *truth itself*, though supported by the most *unexceptionable arguments*. Contending, that nothing is to be taken for *truth*, but what is proved by *mathematical demonstration*, they, in many cases, take away *all criterion* of truth, while they boast, that they defend the only *infallible one*.

But how easy is it to shew the *absurdity* of such a way of philosophizing? Ask those gentlemen, whether they have any more *doubt*, that there were, in former times, such men, as *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, than whether *all the angles* of a plain triangle amount to the sum of *one hundred and eighty degrees*; they cannot pretend, that they believe the *latter* at all more firmly than the *former*. Yet they have *geometrical demonstration* for the *latter*, and nothing more than mere *moral evidence* for the *former*. Does not this shew, that many things are to be received, are *actually* received, even by *themselves*, for *truth*, for *certain truth*, which are not capable of *mathematical demonstration*?

There

There is, therefore, an evidence, *different* from *mathematical*, to which we *cannot* deny our *assent*; and it is called by latter philosophers, *moral evidence*, as the *persuasion* arising from it is called *moral certainty*; a certainty as *real*, and as much to be *depended upon*, as *mathematical*, though of a *different species*. Nor is there any more *difficulty* in conceiving how this may be, than in conceiving, that two buildings may be both *sufficiently substantial*, and, to all the intents and purposes of buildings, *equally so*, though one be of *marble*; and the other of *Portland stone*.

The object of mathematics is *quantity*. The geometrician measures *extension*; the mechanic compares *forces*. Divinity, ethics, ontology, and history, are naturally *incapable* of *mathematical disquisition*, or *demonstration*. Yet *moral subjects* are capable of being *enquired into*, and *truths* concerning them *determined in that way*, which is *proper* to them, as well as *mathematical in theirs*; in the same manner, as *money* is reckoned by *tale*, *bullion* by *weight*, and *liquors* by *measure*, &c. [Graves. Orat. conc. Evid. MATHEM. ELEM. NAT. PHIL.]

VII.

ARGUING.

THE regularity of the motions and revolutions of the heavens, the sun, the moon, and numberless stars^m; with the distinction, variety, beauty, and order of celestial objects; the slightest observation of which seems sufficient to convince every beholder, that they cannot be the effect of chance; these afford a proof of a Deity, which seems irrefragable. If he, who surveys an academy, a palace, or a court of justice, and observes regularity, order, and œconomy, prevailing in them, is immediately convinced, that this regularity must be the effect of authority, and discipline, supported by persons properly qualified; how much more reason has he who finds himself surrounded by so many and such stupendous bodies, performing their various motions and revolutions, without the least deviation from perfect regularity, through the innumerable ages of past duration; how much more reason has he to conclude, that such amazing revolutions are governed by superior wisdom and power!

WORDER.

Is

^m Every body knows, that all the antients from Aristotle's time, held the Ptolemaic system, viz. of the earth's being unmoveable in the centre of the universe, and the whole heavens turning round her.

Is it not therefore *astonishing*, that any man should ever have *dreamed* of the possibility, that a *beautiful* and *magnificent system* might arise from the *fortuitous concourse* of certain *bodies* carried towards one another by I know not what *imaginary impulse*! I see not, why he, who is capable of ascribing the production of a world to a cause *so inadequate*, may not expect, from the *fortuitous scattering about* of a set of letters of ivory, or metal, a *regular history* to appear. But, I believe, he who hopes to produce, in this way, *one single line*, will find himself *for ever disappointed*. If the casual concourse of atoms has produced a *whole universe*, how comes it, that we never find a *city*, a *temple*, or so much as a *portico*, which are all *less considerable works*, produced in the same manner? One would imagine, they, who *prate so absurdly* about the origination of the world, had *no eyes*, or had never *opened them* to view the *glories* of this *immense theatre*.

CON-
TEMPT.

The reasonings of *Aristotle*, on this point, are *excellent*. "Let us suppose, says he, certain persons to have been born, and to have lived to mature age, *under ground*, in habitations accommodated with all the conveniencies, and even magnificence of life, except the *sight* of this *upper world*. Let us suppose those persons to have heard by fame, of *superior beings*, and *wonderful effects* produced by *them*. Let the earth be imagined *suddenly to open*, and expose to the view of those

ARGUING.

WONDER.

DILIGENT.

those subterraneans, this *fair world*, which we inhabit. Let them be imagined to behold the *face* of the *earth* diversified with *bills* and *vales*, with *rivers* and *woods*; the *wide-extended ocean*; the *lofty sky*; and the *clouds* carried along by the *winds*. Let them behold the *sun*, and observe his *transcendent brightness* and *wonderful influence*, as he pours down the *flood of day* over the *whole earth*, from *east* to *west*. And when *night* covered the *world* with darkness, let them behold the heavens adorned with *innumerable stars*. Let them observe the various appearances of the *moon*, now *horned*, then *full*, then *decreasing*. Let them have leisure to mark the *rising* and *setting* of the *heavenly bodies*, and to understand that their *established courses* have been going on from *age* to *age*. When they have surveyed and considered all these things, *what could they conclude*, but that the *accounts* they had heard in their subterranean habitation, of the existence of *superior beings*, must be *true*, and that these *prodigious works* must be the effect of *their power*?"

Thus Aristotle. To which I will add, that it is only our being *accustomed* to the *continual view* of these *glorious objects*, that *prevents* our *admiring* them, and endeavouring to come to *right conclusions* concerning the *author* of them. As if *novelty* were a better reason for exciting our *enquiries*, than *beauty* and *magnificence*. [Cic. NAT. DEOR. Lib. II.]

VIII.

SNEER.

Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

FOR the *fable*. Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend, (for instance, *Geoffroy of Monmouth*, or *Dan Belianis of Greece*) those parts of the story, which afford most scope for *long descriptions*. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures into *one tale*. Then take a hero, whom you may choose for the sound of his *name*, and put him into the *midst* of these *adventures*. There let him work for *twelve books*; at the end of which you may take him out ready to *conquer*, or to *marry*: it being necessary, that the conclusion of an epic poem be *fortunate*.

TEACH-
ING.

For the *machines*. Take of *deities male and female* as many as you can *use*. Separate them into two *equal parts*, and keep *Jupiter* in the *middle*. Let *Juno* put him in a *ferment*, and *Venus* mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of *volatile Mercury*. If you have need of *devils*, draw them from *Milton*; and extract your *spirits* from

▪ The *gravity of look and manner* is to be kept up, as much in reading this, as if it were Aristotle's or Horace's serious *disquisitions* on the same subject.

from *Tasso*. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your wits, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will help you out of the scrape immediately. This is according to the direct prescription of *Horace* in his ART OF POETRY.

*Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.*

That is to say, *A poet has no occasion to be at a loss, when the gods are always ready at a call.*

For the descriptions, as a tempest, for instance. Take *Eurus*, *Zephyrus*, *Auster*, and *Boreas*, and cast them together in one verse. Add to these, of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudest you can get) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows, till they foam; and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing. For a battle. Pick half a dozen large handfuls, of images of your lions, bears, and other quarrelsome animals, from *Homer's Iliad*, with a spice or two from *Virgil*. If there remain an overplus, lay them by for a skirmish in an odd episode, or so. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle. For a burning town, if you choose to have one, old *Troy* is ready burnt to your hands, &c. [*Swift Vol. iv. p. 132.*]

IX.

REMONSTRANCE, and CONTEMPT of Pride.

DOES greatness secure persons of rank from **QUESTI-
ONING.** infirmities either of body, or mind? Will the head-ach, the gout, or fever, spare a prince any more than a subject? When old-age comes to lie heavy^o upon him, will his engineers relieve him of the load? ^{FEAR,} Can his guards and sentinels, by doubling and trebling their numbers, and their watchfulness, prevent the approach of death? <sup>CON-
TEMPT.</sup> Nay, if jealousy, or even ill-humour, disturb his happiness, will the cringes of his fawning attendants restore his tranquility? What comfort has he, in reflecting, (if he can make the reflection) while the colic, like Prometheus's vulture, tears his bowels, that he is under a canopy of crimson velvet fringed with gold? When the pangs of the gout, or stone, ^{ANGUISH} extort from him screams of agony, do the titles of Highness or Majesty come sweetly into his ear? If he is agitated^a with rage, does the sound of Serene, or Most Christian, prevent his staring, red- <sup>BOAST-
ING.</sup> dening,

^o The word *heavy* to be dragged out as expressing distress. See *Complaining*, pag. 24.

^p This sentence [*Can his guards, &c.*] to be spoken with fear. See *Fear*, pag. 17.

^a If he is agitated, &c. to be spoken full-mouthed, as boasting. See *Boasting*, pag. 18.

CON-
TEMPT.

dening, and gnashing with his teeth, like a mad-man? Would not a twinge of the tooth-ach, or an affront from an inferior, make the mighty *Cæsar* forget, that he was emperor of the world? [MONTAIGNE.]

HORRORS of War.

TREPIDATION.

PERPLEXITY.

TREPIDATION.

HORROR.

NOW had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms in haste,
Troy rouz'd as soon; for on that dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusty plain;
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
' And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd,
To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,
Host against host their shadowy legions drew;
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew;
Victors and vanquisht join promiscuous cries;
Triumphant shouts, and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Long.

- To be spoken quick and loud.
- To be spoken boldly.
- To be spoken faintly, and with pity. See *Pity*, pag. 16.

Long as the morning beams increasing bright,
O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light,
Promiscuous death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with *equal* wounds.
But when the sun the height of heav'n ascends,

* The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends
With *equal* band. In these explores the fate
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.
Press'd with its load the Grecian balance lies
Low sunk on earth; the Trojan strikes the skies.

AWB.

' Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads;
The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads;
Thick lightnings flash; the muttering thunder rolls,
Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.

HORROR;

Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire,
The god in terrors, and the skies on fire,

FEAR.

[Pope's Hom. II. B. viii. v. 67.]

* To be spoken slowly, and with veneration. See *Veneration*, pag. 20.

* To be spoken hollow, and full-mouthed;

* To be spoken with a quivering voice.

XI.

PETITIONING with DEJECTION.

Passages taken from sundry petitions * presented to the French king by a disgraced minister.
[PENS. ING. ANC. MOD. p. 167.]

DEJECTION.
ON.

HUMB.
REMON.

BESEECH-
ING.

BEING weary of the *useless* life I live at present, I take the liberty of *imploring*, with profound submission, your Majesty, that I may have leave to seek an *honourable death* in your Majesty's service. After the *disappointments*, and *reverses* of fortune, which I have had to struggle with, my *expectations* of rising again to prosperity, are brought low enough. But it would be a satisfaction to me, that my *real character* were known to your Majesty; which if it were, I flatter myself, I should have your Majesty's *indulgence*, nay, your esteem. Refuse not, most gracious Sovereign, the means, for gaining this end, to a man, who is ready to shed his blood in proof of his *loyalty* and *affection* to your Majesty. Were my own *private interest* alone concerned, I should be peculiarly cautious, how I intruded upon your Majesty with these

* Though petitions are commonly presented in *writing*, yet they may be imagined to be addressed to the prince *viva voce*, and sometimes are.

LESSONS.

67

these solicitations. But as the only happiness I desire in this world, is, to have an opportunity of serving my king and country; I humbly hope, I may be forgiven, though I urge my suit with some warmth and importunity. I do not presume, Sire, to claim a total exemption from hardship. I pretend to no right to live a life of indulgence. All I ask, is, to change one punishment for another. And I beseech your Majesty to have some consideration for my past services; and that a year's imprisonment, five years exile, the ruin of my fortune, the submission, with which I have borne these punishments, and the zeal I still am ready to shew for your Majesty's service, may plead in my favour, and disarm your Majesty of your indignation against me. It is true, that in making your Majesty the offer of my life, I offer what is of little value even to myself. But it is all I have to offer. The misfortune I have lain under, these six years, of your Majesty's displeasure, has rendered life so insipid to me, that, besides the honour of losing it in your Majesty's service, the prospect of an end being, by death, put to my vexations, makes the thought of my dissolution pleasing to me. If it should seem good to your Majesty to finish my distresses the other way, I mean, by your most gracious pardon, the obligation will be still greater; and to the zeal, I have for your Majesty's interest, I shall think myself obliged to add gratitude suitable to so important a favour. And

EARNEST
SOLICITATION.

REMOUSE.
BESEECH-
ING.

HUM3.
REMON.

DEJECTION.
ON.

PRO-
FOUND
SUBMIS-
SION.

RESOLUTION.

with *such sentiments*, there is *nothing* I shall not be willing to enterprize for your Majesty's service.

DEVOTION.

May *heaven* touch the *heart* of your Majesty, that you may at last forgive your *sincerely penitent* sub-

HUMBLE.

ject. No one knows better than your Majesty,

REMONSTRANCE.

that it is as great to forgive, as to punish. If I alone am doomed to have no benefit from that goodness, which extends to so many, my lot must be peculiarly calamitous.

XII.

PRAISE under the appearance of blame.

Voiture's whimsical commendation of the *Marquis de Pisany's* courage. [PENS. ING. ANC. Mod. p. 152.]

CONGRATULATION.

WONDER.

I AM extremely glad to hear, that you are grown so *hardy*, that neither *labour*, *watching*, *sickness*, *lead*, nor *steel*, can hurt you. I could not have thought, that a man, who lived on *water-gruel*, should have so *thick* a *skin*; nor did I imagine you had a *spell*, by which you was *powder-proof*. To account, how you come to be still
alive,

* This is to be spoken in the same manner as if one was finding fault in earnest. For it is the character of *Humour*, to mean the contrary of what it seems to mean. And though the matter was originally part of a *Letter*, it may be imagined as spoken.

alive, after the desperate hazards you have run, is more than I can pretend to. But I had rather, it were by the help of the Devil himself, than that you were as poor Atticky, or Grinville; if you were embalmed with the richest drugs of the East. To tell you my opinion plainly, Sir; let a man die for his country, or for honour, or what you please, I cannot help thinking, he makes but a silly figure^c, when he is dead. It seems to me great pity, that some people should be so careless about their lives, as they are. For, despicable as life is, a man, when he has lost it, is not worth half what he was, when he had it. In short, a dead king, a dead hero, or even a dead demy-god, is, in my mind, but a poor character; and much good may it do him, who is ambitious of it.

CONGRATULATION.

DISAPPROBATION.

CONCERN.

REMON.

XIII.

A love-sick Shepherd's COMPLAINT.

*AH well-a-day how long must I endure
This pining pain? Or who shall speed my cure?
Fond love no cure will have; seeks no repose;
Delights in grief, nor any measure knows.*

LAMENTATION.
ANGUISH.

F 3

Lo!

^c The speaker will naturally utter these words, *silly figure*, with a *strug*.

^e See *Melancholy*, pag. 16.

^e The words *pinning pain* cannot be spoken too slowly. See *Complaining*, pag. 24.

LESSONS.

COM-
PLAINT.

ANGUISH.

LAMENT.

TATION.

Lo! now the moon begins in clouds to rise.
 The brightning stars bespangle all the skies.
 The winds are hush'd. The dews distil; and sleep
 Hath clos'd the eye-lids of my weary sheep.
 I only with the prowling wolf constrain'd
 All night to wake. With hunger he is pain'd,
 And I with love. His hunger he may tame;
 But who can quench, O cruel love! thy flame?
 Whilom did I, all as this popular fair,
 Up-rise my heedless head, devoid of care;
 Among rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
 Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
 Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts,
 To please the lads, and win the lassies' hearts?
 How dextly to mine oaten reed so sweet
 Wont they upon the green to shift their feet!
 And wearied in the dance how would they yearn
 Some well-devised tale from me to learn?
 For many a song, and tale of mirth, had I
 To chase the loit'ring sun adown the sky.
 But ah! since Lucy coy deep wrought her spite
 Within my heart, unmindful of delight,
 The jolly youths I fly; and all alone
 To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
 Oh!

These four lines are to be spoken *slowly*, and with a *torpid uniformity of tone*.

The speaker is to seem *ruled* here, as by a sudden pang.

These four words to express extreme *anguish*.

A *stop* before and after the words, O *cruel love*; which are to be expressed with *exclamation of anguish*.

LESSONS.

71

Oh! *leave thy cruelty, relentless fair;*
E'er, lingering long, I perish through despair.
Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
Though not so fair, she would have prov'd more kind.
O think, unwitting maid! while yet is time,
How flying years impair the youthful prime!
Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay,
And flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
The flow'rs, anew, returning seasons bring;
But faded beauty has no second spring.

DEPRE-
CATION.

COM-
PLAINT.

ADVICE.

*—My words are wind!—She, deaf to all my cries, DESPAIR.
 Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.

[A. Philips.]

XIV.

REMONSTRANCE.

Part of *Socrates's* speech to *Montaigne*, in the
 French DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD. [PENS.
 ING. ANC. MOD. p. 117.]

ANTIQUITY is an object of a peculiar sort:
 Distance magnifies it. If you had been per-
 sonally acquainted with *Aristotle*, *Plato*, and
one; you would have found *nothing* in us very
 different from what you may find in people of
 your own age. What commonly prejudices us in

TEACH-
ING.

F 4

favour

* A long pause.

DISAB-
PROBATION.
ON.

favour of antiquity, is, that we are prejudiced against our own times. We raise the antients, that we may depress the moderns. When we antients were alive, we esteemed our ancestors more than they deserved. And our posterity esteem us more than we deserve. But the very truth of the matter is, our ancestors, and we, and our posterity, are all very much alike.

XV.

AUTHORITY, and FORBIDDING.

Jupiter forbids the gods and goddeses taking any part in the contention between the Greeks and Trojans.

NARRATION.

AWE.

AUTHORITY.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.
The fire of gods his awful silence broke;
The heav'ns attentive trembled as he spoke;
"Celestial states! immortal gods! give ear;
Hear our decree; and reverence what ye hear;

The
There are three pretty long pauses to be made in this line, at the words, *states, gods, and ear*. The words, *Celestial states!* may be spoken with the right arm extended, the palm upwards, and the look directed toward the right, as addressing that

The fix'd decree, which not all heav'n can move;
Thou, Fate! fulfil it; and ye, Powers, approve.

"What god shall enter yon' forbidden field,
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n;

"Or from our sacred hill with fury thrown
Deep, in the dark Tartarean gulph shall groan;
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;

As deep beneath th' infernal centre burl'd,
As from that centre to th' æthereal world.

° Let each, submissive, dread those dire abodes,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the God of gods.

League all your forces, then, ye pow'rs above;
Your strength unite against the might of Jove.

THREAT-
ENING.

CHAL-
LENGING.

Let

that part of the assembly. The words, *immortal gods!* with the left arm extended, in the same manner, (the right continuing likewise extended) and the look directed toward the left-hand part of the assembly. And the words, *give ear,* with the look bent directly forward. See *Authority*, pag. 18.

"At the words, *What god shall enter*, the left arm, which should continue extended, with the right, to the beginning of this fourth line of the speech, may be drawn in, and placed upon the hip, while the right is brandished with the clenched fist, as in threatening. See *Boasting*, pag. 18.

"The speaker will naturally here point downward with the fore-finger of his right hand.

° "Let each", &c.] The speaker may here again extend both arms, as before, the open palms upwards, casting a look over the whole room, supposed to be filled with the gods.

• CON-
TEMPT.
† CHAL-
LENGING.

Let down our golden everlasting chain, [main.
Whose strong embrace holds heav'n and earth and
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag by this the thund'rer down to earth.
Ye * strive in vain. If I † but stretch this band,
I leave the gods, the ocean, and the land.
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight.
For such I reign unbounded, and above;
And such are men, and gods, compar'd to Jove.

XVI.

SUBLIME DESCRIPTION.

An Ode, from the ninth Psalm. [SPECT. N^o. 465.]

I.

ADMIRA-
TION.

THE lofty pillars of the sky
And spacious concave rais'd on high
Spangl'd with stars, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unvary'd sun, from day to day,
Pours knowledge on his golden ray,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

VENERA-
TION.

II. Soon

* The speaker will do well, here, to have his arms in any other posture, rather than extended; because, after the pause in the middle of the line, the right arm must be extended with great solemnity.

II.

APMIR.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Conform the tidings, as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

QUEST.

What, tho' in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
 What tho' no real voice, nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand, that made us, is divine."

VENERA-
TION.

XVII.

DESCRIPTION, sublime, and terrible.

The fight, about Patroclus's body, broke off by
Achilles's appearing on the rampart, unarmed,
and calling aloud. [Pope's Hom. Il. xviii. v.
241.]

THE hero rose,

ADMIRA-
TION.

Her *Aegis Pallas* o'er his shoulder throws;
Around his brows a *golden cloud* she spread;
A *stream of glory* flam'd above his head.
As when from some beleagu'rd town arise,
The *smokes* big-curling to the shaded *skies*
(Seen from some *island* o'er the main afar
When men distressed hang out the sign of war)
With *long-projected beams* the seas are bright,
And heav'n's wide *arch* reflects the *ruddy light*;
So from Achilles' head the *splendors* rise,
Reflecting *blaze* on *blaze* against the *skies*.
Fortb march'd the chief, and, distant from the croud,
High on the *rampart* rais'd his voice aloud.

With

* The reader will hardly need to be told, that such matter
ought to be expressed with a raised voice.

LESSONS.

77

With her own shout Minerva swells the sound;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.

TERROR.

As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far,
With shrilling clangor sounds th'alarm of war,
So high his dreadful voice the hero rear'd;

TREPIDATION.

'Hosts drop'd their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,
And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.

TERROR.

Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
And turn their eyeballs from the flashing ray.

'Thrice from the trench his brazen voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled confounded and amaz'd.

Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd

On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd:

While shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain

The long-disputed carcase of the slain.

These three lines are to be spoken quicker than the rest.

XVIII.

COMPLAINT.

Humorous petition of a French gentleman to the king, who had given him a title, to which his income was not equal, by reason of the weight of the taxes levied from his estate.

[PENS. INC. ANE. MOD. p. 428.]

[After acknowledging the honour done him by the king's conferring on him a title, he goes on as follows.]

COM-
PLAINT.

VEHATI-
ON.

APPE-
HENSION.

YOUR Majesty has only made me *more* *unhappy* by giving me a title. For there is nothing more *pitiable* than a gentleman loaded with a *knapsack*. This *empty sound*, which I was such a fool as to be *ambitious* of, does not keep away *bunger*. I know well enough, that *glory* makes us *live* after we are *dead*; but in *this world*, a man has but a *poor* time on't, if he has not a bit of *bread* to put in his *mouth*. I had but a *little* bit of land on the banks of the Rhone, on which I made a *shift* to *live*. But as it is now *taxed*, any body may have it for *me*; for I suppose I shall soon, with my *title* and *estate*, be glad of an *alms-house* for my *seat*. I have no *resource*, if there be a prosecution commenced against me, as they threaten,

threaten, but in your Majesty's goodness. If indeed, my fate is to be decided by *that*, I am in no danger, but shall *laugh* at them all. If your Majesty were to seize my *poor patrimony whole*, what would a few *acres of marsh-land* be to the *mighty monarch of France and Navarre*? It bears nothing but *willows*, † and your Majesty values *no trees*, but the *laurel*. I, therefore, beseech your Majesty to give me leave to *enjoy* what my little spot brings in, without *deduction*. All that a poor subject asks of your Majesty is—That your Majesty would ask nothing of him.

COMFORT.

DEPRE-
CATION.

* POMP.
|| CON-
TEMPT.
† SUBMIS-
SION.

INTREAT-
ING.

XIX.

TERRIBLE DESCRIPTION.

IN elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our distant world subdu'd,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure mounded, and with num'rous turrets crown'd,
Aerial spires and citadels, the seat
Of kings and heroes resolute in war;
Fam'd Ariconium; uncontroul'd and free,
Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then likewise, tho' to foreign yoke submit,
Unlevel'd she remain'd; and ev'n till now
Perhaps had stood, of antient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from Attic, or Etruscan hands

NARRA-
TION.

Arose;

AWE.
MARKA-
TION.

DEFE-
CAUTION.

* POMP.
-CON-
HORROR.

-SIMPLE-
-WICK-

-TARTAR-
-ING-

AWE.

TREPI-
DATION.

DISPAIR.

Arose; had not the heav'nly pow'rs averfence
Decreed her final doom. And now the fields
Labour'd with thirst. Aquarius had not shed on
His wonted show'rs, and Sirius parch'd, with heat
Solstitial, the green herb. Hence 'gan relax
The earth's contexture. Hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce
Bellow'd tremendous in her darksome caves,
More dismal than the loud dislodged roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable. Th' infernal winds, till now
Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapour fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells, and, their full strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Up-beav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat. Old Vaga's stream
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Wrinkling her banks. And now the lowering sky,
The baleful lightning, and loud thunder, voice
Of angry heav'n, fierce roaring, with dismay
The boldest hearts appal'd. Where should they turn
Distress'd? Whence seek for aid? When from below
Hell threatens; and when fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation. Vain were vows,

And

* To be spoken quick from the words, *Where should, to desolation.*

LESSONS.

81

And *plaints*, and suppliant *hands*, to heav'n erect!
Yet some to temples fled, and humble rites
Perform'd to *Thor* and *Woden*, fabled gods,
Who with their *voſ'ries* in *one* ruin shar'd,
O'erwhelm'd and crush'd. Others in *frantic mood*,
Run *howling* through the *streets*. Their hideous
yells

CON-
TEMPT.

TREPIDA-
TION.

Rend the dark *welkin*. Horror stalks around
Wild *staring*, and his *sad* concomitant
Despair, of *abject* look. At ev'ry gate
The *thronging* populace with *hasty* strides
Press *furious*, and, too *eager* of escape,
Obstruēt the *spacious* way. The *rocking* street
Deceives their *footsteps*. To and fro they reel
Astonish'd, as with *wine* o'ercharg'd. When lo!
The parched earth her *riven* mouth disparts
Horrible chasm *profound*! With *swift* descent
Old *Ariconium* *sinks*; and *all* her tribes,
Heroes, and *senators*, down to the realms
Of *endless* night. Mean while the *loosen'd* winds
Infuriate, molten *rocks* and *globes* of *fire*
Hurl *high* above the *clouds*; till all their force
Consum'd, her *rav'nous* jaws, earth, satiate, clos'd.

HORROR.

TREPIDA-
TION.

HORROR.

[A Philips.]

G

XX. R14

XX.

RIDICULE.

Swift's on Transubstantiation¹. [TALE OF A
TUB, Sect. IV.]

Scene Lord Peter's house; a table covered, with
plates, knives and forks, and a brown loaf in
the middle of the table.

Lord Peter, Martin, Jack.

DICTAT-
ING.

Peter. **BREAD**, gentlemen, bread is the *staff*
of life. In bread is contained, *inclusive*,
the quintessence of *beef, mutton, veal, venison, par-*
tridge, plum-pudding, and custard; and, to render
all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity
of *water*, whose *crudities* are *corrected* by *yeast*,
and which therefore becomes, to *all intents* and
purposes, a *wholesome fermented liquor diffused*
through the *mass* of the *bread*. Therefore he,
who

¹ A pupil, in order to his expressing properly this lesson, must be let a little into the author's plot; that by Peter is meant the Pope, by Martin, the Lutheran church, and by Jack, the Calvinists. That in this passage he exposes the doctrine of the wafer's being transubstantiated into the real body of Christ; the papists refusing the cup to the laity; the arrogance of the popes; and the evils arising from persecution.

who eats *bread*, at the same time *eats* the *best* of *food*, and *drinks* the *best* of *liquors*. Come on, brothers, the *cause* is *good*; fall to, and spare not. Here is a shoulder of *excellent Banstead mutton* [pointing to the brown loaf] as *ever* was *cut* with *knife*. Here you may *cut*, and come again. But, now I think on it, I had better help you *myself*, now my hand is in. Young people are *bashful*. Come, brother Martin, let me help you to this *slice*.

INVITING

Martin. *My lord!* [so Peter ordered his brothers to call him] I doubt, with *great submission*, here is some *little mistake*. In my humble . . .

SURPRIZE
SUBMISSION.

Peter. *What* you are *merry*? Come then, let us *bear* this *jest*, your *head* is so *big* with.

PEEVISH-
NESS.

Martin. No *jest* *indeed* my lord. But unless I am *very much* *deceived*, your lordship was *pleased*, a little while ago, to drop a word about *mutton*; and I should be glad to *see it* upon the *table*.

SUBMISSION.

Peter. *How!* I don't *comprehend* you.

PEEVISH.

Jack. Why, my lord, my brother Martin, I suppose, is *hungry*, and longs to see the *shoulder* of *Banstead mutton*, you spoke of, come to table.

SUBMISSION.

Peter. Pray *explain* yourselves, gentlemen. Either you are both out of your *wits*, or are disposed to be *merry* a little *unseasonably*. You had better keep your jokes till after *dinner*. Brother Martin, if you don't *like* the *slice* I have helped you to, I will cut you *another*; though I should think it the *choice bit* of the *whole shoulder*.

PEEVISH.

RECOL-
LECTION.

QUEST.
WONDER.

Martin. What then, my lord, is this *brown loaf* a shoulder of Banstead *mutton* all this while?

REPROV-
ING.

Peter. Pray, Sir, *leave off* your *impertinence*, and eat your *viztuals*, if you please. I am not disposed to *relish* your *wit* at present.

AFFIR-
MATION.

Martin. May I then, my lord, be *soused* over *head* and *ears* in a *horse-pond*, if it seems to my *eyes*, my *fingers*, my *nose*, or my *teeth*, either *less* or *more*, than a slice of a stale sixpenny *brown loaf*.

Jack. If I ever saw a *shoulder* of *mutton* in my *life* look so like a sixpenny *brown loaf*, I am an old *basket-woman*.

REPROV-
ING.

Peter. Look you, gentlemen, to *convince* you, what a couple of *blind*, *positive*, *ignorant* *puppies* you are, I will use but *one* plain argument. The *d—I* roast both your *souls* on his *gridiron* to all *eternity*, if you don't believe *this* [clapping his hand upon the *brown loaf*] to be a *shoulder* of as good *mutton* as ever was sold in *Leadenball-market*.

EXECRA-
TION.

RECOL-
LECTION.

Martin. Why, truly, upon more *mature* *con-*
sideration.

Jack. Why, ay, now I have thought *better* on the thing, your *lordship* seems to be in the *right*.

RECONCI-
LIATION.

Peter. O now you are *come* to *yourselves*. Boy, fill me a bumper of *claret*. Come, brothers, here is good *health* to you both.

SUBMIS-
SION.

Martin and Jack. *Thank* your good *lordship*, and shall be glad to *pledge* you.

Peter.

LESSONS.

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Peter. *That you shall, my boys. I am not a man to refuse you any thing in reason. A moderate glass of wine is a cordial. There.* [Giving them a crust each.] *There is a bumper a piece for you. True natural juice of the grape. None of your nasty balderdash vintners brewings.—What now!* [Observing them to stare.] *Are you at your doubts again? Here Boy. Call neighbour Dominic^a the blacksmith here. Bid him bring his songs with him. Red hot—d'ye hear. I'll teach you to doubt.*

GIVING.

SUR-PRIZE.

THREAT-ENING.

Martin. ^a *Come, Jack. This house is like to be too hot for you and me soon. He is quite raving mad. Let's get away^y as fast as we can.*

TREPIDATION.

Jack. *A plague on his crazy head. If ever I put my nose within his door again, may it be pinched off in good earnest.* [Exeunt running.]

^a Saint Dominic was the inventor of the inquisition.

^y To be spoken quick to the end.

^y Separation of the Protestants from the Romish church.

XXI.

EXHORTATION.

Prologue to Cato by Mr. Pope.

TEACH-
ING.COU-
RAGE.TEACH-
ING.

WONDER.

CON-
TEMPT.EXCI-
TING.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art;
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
 For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age.
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 *Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move,
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love.
 In pitying love, we but our weakness shew,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws.

He

* The words *mend the heart*, may be expressed with the right hand laid upon the breast.

* I question, whether all readers of this line [*Our author shuns, &c.*] understand it as the author meant it. The sense, in plain prose, would be, "Our author thinks it beneath him to endeavour to affect you by the common subject of tragic distress, as the fall of a prince or statesman, or the misfortunes occasioned by love."

He bids your <i>breast</i> with <i>antient ardors</i> rise,	
And calls forth <i>Roman drops</i> from <i>British eyes</i> ,	
<i>Virtue</i> <i>confest</i> in <i>human shape</i> he draws,	
What <i>Plato</i> <i>thought</i> , and <i>godlike Cato</i> was;	VENERATION.
No <i>common object</i> to your sight displays;	
But what with <i>pleasure Heav'n</i> <i>itself</i> surveys,	AWE.
A <i>brave man</i> struggling in the storms of fate,	ESTEEM.
And greatly falling with a falling state.	
While <i>Cato</i> gives his <i>late senate</i> laws,	
What bosom ^b beats not in his country's cause?	EAR-NESTNESS.
Who sees him <i>act</i> , but <i>envy's</i> <i>ev'ry deed</i> ?	
Who hears him <i>groan</i> , and does not <i>wish to bleed</i> ?	
Ev'n when <i>proud Caesar</i> 'midst triumphal cars,	CON-TEMPT.
The <i>spoils of nations</i> , and the <i>pomp of wars</i> ,	
<i>Ignobly vain</i> , and <i>impotently great</i> ,	
Shew'd <i>Rome</i> her <i>Cato's figure</i> drawn in state,	DEJECTION.
As her <i>dead father's</i> <i>rev'rend image</i> pass,	
The <i>pomp</i> was <i>darken'd</i> , and the <i>day o'er</i> cast;	
The <i>triumph</i> <i>ceas'd</i> . <i>Tears</i> <i>gush'd</i> from <i>ev'ry eye</i> ;	GRIEF.
The <i>world's</i> <i>great victor</i> pass'd <i>unbeeded</i> by.	CON-TEMPT.
Her <i>last good man</i> dejected <i>Rome</i> ador'd,	
And honour'd <i>Cesar's</i> <i>less</i> than <i>Cato's sword</i> ,	GRIEF.
<i>Britons attend</i> . Be <i>worth</i> like this <i> approv'd</i> ,	TEACHING.
And shew, you have the <i>virtue</i> ^c to be <i>mov'd</i> .	
With <i>honest scorn</i> the first fam'd <i>Cato</i> view'd	CON-TEMPT.
<i>Rome</i> <i>learning arts</i> from <i>Greece</i> , whom she <i>subdu'd</i> .	

G 4

Our

^b The words, *What bosom beats not*, may be spoken with the right hand pressed to the breast.

^c So may the word, *virtue*,

*Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.*

EXCITING *Dare to have sense yourselves: Assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage,
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to bear.*

XXII.

Humorous scene between Dennis the critic (satirically represented by Swift, as mad) and the Doctor.

Scene Dennis's garret.

Dennis, Doctor, Nurse, Lintot the bookseller,
and another author.

Dennis. [Looking wise, and bringing out his words slowly and formally.]

WARN-
ING.

BEWARE, Doctor, that it fare not with you,
as it did with your predecessor, the famous
Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera
sent for, in this very manner, to cure the philoso-
pher *Democritus*. He returned full of admiration
at the wisdom of the person, whom he had sup-
posed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus that
Aristotle himself, and all the great antients, spent
their

PRIDE.

their days and nights, wrapped up in criticism, and beset all round with their own writings. As for me, be assured, I have no disease, besides a swelling in my legs, of which I say nothing, since your art may farther certify you.

Doctor. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this swelling? QUESTI-
ONING.

Dennis. By criticism.

Doctor. By criticism! That's a distemper, I have never heard nor read of. WONDER.

Dennis. Death, Sir! A distemper! It is no distemper; but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a day at it, and are you a doctor, and don't know, that there is a communication between the brain and the legs? SUDDEN
ANGER.
CON-
TEMPT.

Doctor. What made you sit so many hours, Sir? QUEST.

Dennis. Cato, Sir.

Doctor. Sir, I speak of your distemper. What gave you this tumour? EARNEST.

Dennis. Cato, Cato, Cato.^d PEEVISH.

Nurse. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil spirit; it is the whole cause of his madness. Alas! poor master will have his fits again. INTREAT.
GRIEF.

[Almost crying.]

Lintot. Fits! with a pox! A man may well have fits, and swell'd legs, that sits writing fourteen WONDER.

^d He published Remarks on Cato, in the year 1712.

teen hours in a day. The Remarks, the Remarks,
have brought *all his complaints* upon him.

QUEST. Doctor. The *Remarks*! What are *they*?

WONDER. Dennis. Death! Have you never read my
PREVISH- *Remarks*? I'll be *bang'd* if this *niggardly* bookseller
NESS. has *advertised* the book as it should have been.

Lintot. Not *advertise* it, quotha! Pox! I
have laid out *pounds* after *pounds* in *advertising*.
There has been as *much done* for the book, as could
be done for *any book* in *Christendom*.

CAUTION- Doctor. We had better not talk of *books*, Sir.
ONING. I am *afraid*, they are the *fuel* that *feed* his *deli-*
rium. Mention *books* no more.

I desire a word in private with this gentleman.

QUEST. I suppose, Sir, you are his *apothecary*.

Gent. Sir, I am his *friend*.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What *regimen* have
you *observed*, since he has been under your care?
You remember, I suppose, the passage in *Celsus*;
which says, "If the patient, on the third day,
"have an *interval*, *suspend* the *medicaments* at
TEACH- "night." Let *fumigations* be used to *corroborate*
ING. the *brain*. I hope, you have, upon no account,
promoted *sternutation* by *Hellebore*?

Gent. Sir, you *mistake* the matter quite.

PRIDE- Doctor. What! An *apothecary* tell a *physician*,
and he *mistakes*! You pretend to *dispute* my *prescrip-*
ANGER. *tion*! *Pharmacopola componat. Medicus solus pra-*
AUTHO- *scribat. Fumigate* him, I say, this *very evening*,
RITY. while he is relieved by an *interval*.

Dennis.

LESSONS.

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Dennis. *Death*, Sir! Do you take my friend for an *apothecary*? A man of *genius* and *learning* for an *apothecary*? Know, Sir, that this gentleman professes, like myself, the two noblest sciences in the universe, Criticism, and Poetry. By the *immortals*, he himself is author of *three* whole paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Public Spirit*, and assisted me in my description of the *Furies* and *infernal regions* in my *Appius*.

ANGER.

AUTHORITY.

Lintot. He is an *author*. You mistake the gentleman, Doctor. He has been an author these *twenty years*, to his *bookseller's* knowledge, if to no one's else.

SNEER.

Dennis. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Must our reputation in foreign countries be quite lost? O destruction! Perdition! Cursed Opera! Confounded Opera! As poetry once raised cities, so, when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

VEXATION.

ANGUISH.

Doctor. He *raves*, he *raves*. He must be pinioned, he must be *strait-waistcoated*, that he may do no mischief.

ANXIETY.

Dennis. O I am sick! I am sick to death.

VEXATION.

Doctor. That is a good symptom; a very good symptom. To be sick to death (says the modern theory) is *symptoma praeclarum*. When a patient is sensible of his pain, he is half-cured. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

COMFORT.

QUEST,

Dennis.

* He wrote a Treatise to prove, that the decay of public spirit proceeds from the Italian Opera.

PEEVISH-
NESS.

Dennis. Of *every thing*. Of *every thing*. I am sick of the *sentiments*, of the *diction*, of the *pro-
tasis*, of the *epitasis*, and the *catastrophe*.—*Alas* for the *last drama*! The *drama* is no more.

OBSEQUI-
OUSNESS.

Nurse. If you want a *dram*, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of *gin* in a *minute*. Mr. Lintot has drank the last of the *noggin*.

PEEVISH.

Dennis. O *scandalous want*! O *shameful omis-
sion*! By all the *immortals*, here is not the *shadow* of a *peripetia*! No *change* of *fortune* in the *tragedy*.

OBSEQ.

Nurse. Pray, Sir, don't be uneasy about *change*. Give me the *sixpence*, and I'll get you *change* immediately at the *gin-shop* next door.

DIRECT-
ING.

FEAR.

Doctor. Hold your *peace*, good woman. His *fit* *increases*. We must call for *help*. Mr. Lintot a—— *hold him*, pray. [Doctor gets behind Lintot.]

ANXIETY

Lintot. *Plague* on the *man*! I am afraid, he is *really* mad. And, if he *be*, who, the *devil*, will buy the *Remarks*? I wish [scratching his head] he had been *besb—t*, rather than I had meddled with his *Remarks*.

DIRECT-
ING.

ANXIETY

Doctor. He must use the *cold bath*, and be *cupped* on the *head*. The *symptoms* seem *desperate*. Avicen says, "If *learning* be mixed with a *brain*, "that is not of a *contexture* *fit* to receive it, the "brain *ferments*, till it be totally *exhausted*." We must endeavour to *eradicate* these *indigested ideas* out of the *pericranium*, and to restore the patient to a competent *knowledge* of *himself*.

Dennis. *Caitiffs, stand off! Unband me miscreants!* [The Doctor, the nurse, and Lintot, run out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garret stairs all together.] Is the *man*, whose *labours* are calculated to bring the town to *reason*, *mad*? Is the *man*, who settles poetry on the basis of *anti-quity*, *mad*? See *Longinus* in my *right* hand, and *Aristotle* in my *left*! [Calls after the Doctor, the bookseller, and the nurse, from the top of the stairs.] *I am* the *only* man among the *moderns*, that support the *venerable antients*. And am I to be *assassinated*? Shall a *bookseller*, who has *lived* upon *my labours*, take away *that life*, to which he owes his *support*? [Goes into his garret, and shuts the door.]

FURY
with
PRIDE.

XXIII.

ADORATION.

Milton's Morning Hymn. [PARAD. LOST. B. V.
v. 153.]

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then
Un-

VENERA-
TION.

ADMIRA-
TION.

"Thyself how wondrous," &c. The sense, in prose, would be, "If thy works be so wonderfully excellent, thine own original excellence is unspeakable and inconceivable." It is not,

VENERA-
TION.

LOVE
with
VENER.
SACRED
RAPTURE

ADMIR.

Unspeakable! who sit above the heav'ns,
To us *invisible*, or *dimly* seen
In these thy *lowest* works; yet *these* declare
Thy goodness beyond *thought*, and *pow'r* divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! For ye behold him, and with songs
And *choral symphonies*, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing. "Ye in heav'n!
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet! praise him in thy sphere,
While morn arises, that sweet hour of prime.

'Thou, *sun*, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknow-

not, I believe, generally understood so, else readers would not (as I have heard many) make a pause between the word *then* and *unspeakable*.

* The reader need scarce be told, that such matter ought to be expressed with as much smoothness and liquidity of utterance as possible.

"Ye in heav'n." This is generally ill pointed. These words are a complete sentence. The meaning is, "I call on you [Angels] to praise God in your celestial habitation." And then the poet goes on to call on the *terrestrials* to join their humble tribute.

"Thou, *sun*, of this," &c. To be spoke a little more *ore rotundo*, or *full-mouthed*, than the foregoing, to image the stupendous greatness of a world of fire, equal, as supposed by astronomers, to a million of earths.

LESSONS.

95

Acknowledge *Him* thy greater. Sound his praise
In thy *eternal* course, both when thou climb'st,
And when *high noon* hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.

LOWLY
SUBMIS-
SION.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their sphere on *high*,
And ye five other wand'ring orbs, that move
In mystic dance, not without song! resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.

RAPTURE

Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix

And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye mists, and exhalations, that now rise
From bill, or steaming lake, dusky, or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise;

Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or cheer with falling snow's the thirsty ground,
Rising, or falling, still advance his praise.

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls. Ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's high gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk

PRO-
FOUND
SUBMIS-
SION.

The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness, if I be silent, morn or ev'n,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord! Be bounteous still,
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now day the dark dispels.

XXIV.

PEEVISHNESS.

The scene between Priuli, a Venetian senator, and Jaffier, who had married his daughter without his consent, and being afterwards reduced to poverty, and soliciting his father-in-law to relieve his distress, receives the following treatment. [VENICE PRESERVED.]

Priuli and Jaffier.

PEEV. Pr. **N**O more! I'll bear no more. Be gone, and leave me.

COURAGE Jaff. Not bear me! By my sufferings but you shall.

REMON. My lord! my lord! I am not that abject wretch You think me. Where's the difference, throws me back

So far behind you, that I must not speak to you?

Pr.

LESSONS.

97

Pr. Have you not *wrong'd* me?

PEEVISH.

Jaff. Could my nature e'er

COURAGE.

But have endur'd the *thought* of doing wrong,

I need not now thus *low* have bent myself

To gain a *bearing* from a *cruel* father.

DISTRESS.

You *cannot say*, that I have *ever wrong'd* you.

REMON.

Pr. I say, you've *wrong'd* me in the *nicest point*,

PEEVISH.

The *honour* of my *house*. You *can't defend*

Your *Baseness* to me. When you first came home,

REMON.

From travel, I with *open arms* receiv'd you,

Pleas'd with your *seeming virtues*; sought to raise
you.

My *house*, my *table*, *fortune*, all was *yours*.

And, in *requital* of my *best endeavours*,

CHIDING.

You *treacherously* practis'd to *undo* me;

Seduc'd the *joy* of my *declining age*,

My *only child*, and stole her from my *bosom*.

Jaff. Is this your *gratitude* to him who *sav'd*

REMON.

Your daughter's *life*? You *know*, that, but for me,

You had been *childless*. I *restor'd* her to you,

SELF-DE-
FENCE.

When *sunk* before your *eyes* amidst the *waves*,

I *bazarded* my *life* for *her's*; and *she*

Has *richly paid* me with her *gen'rous love*.

Pr. You *stole* her from me, like a *thief* you
stole her,

RE-
PROACH-
ING.

At *dead* of *night*. That *curst* hour you chose

To *riple* me of *all* my heart held *dear*.

But may your *joy* in her prove *false* as *mine*.

EXECRA-
TION.

May the *hard hand* of *pinching poverty*

Oppress and *grind* you; till at last you find

H

The

CHIDING. The *curse* of *disobedience* all your *fortune*.
Home, and be *bumble*. Study to *retrench*.
Discharge the *lazy vermin* of thy *hall*,
 Those *pageants* of thy *folly*.
Reduce the *glitt'ring trappings* of thy *wife*
 To *bumble weeds* fit for thy *narrow state*.
 Then to some *suburb-cottage* both retire,
 And with your *starveling brats* enjoy your *misery*.
Home, home, I say. [Exit.]

XXV.

CONTEMPT of the common objects of pursuit.

From Mr. Pope's ESSAY ON MAN.

TEACH-
ING.

HONOUR and *Shame* from *no condition* rise ;
 Act well your *part* : *There* all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some *small difference* made ;
 One *flaunts* in *rags* ; one *flutters* in *brocade* ;
 The *cobler apron'd*, and the *parson gown'd* ;
 The *friar hooded*, and the *monarch crown'd*.

QUEST.

"*What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ?*"

INFORM-
ING.

^k I'll tell you, friend ! A *wise man* and a *fool*.

You'll

^k This line ["I'll tell you friend," &c.] may be expressed in a sort of important *half-whisper*, and with significant *looks*, and *nods*, as if a grand *secret* was told.

You'll find, if once the *wise man* acts the *weak* ; TEACH-
Or, *cobler-like*, the *person* will be *drunk* ; ING.
+ *Worth* makes the *man*, and * *want* of in the + APPRO-
fellow ; BATION.

The *rest* is all but *leather*, or *prunello*. * CON-
TEMPT.

Stuck o'er with *titles*, and *hung round* with *strings*, SNEER.

That thou may'st be by *kings*, or *whores* of *kings*.

Boast the *pure blood* of an *illustrious race* CON-
TEMPT.

In *quiet flow* from *Lucrece* to *Lucrece* :

But by your *father's* worth if *yours* you rate,

Count me those only, who were *good* and *great*.

Go! if your *antient*, but *ignoble* blood,

Has crept through *scoundrels* ever since the *flood* :

Go! and pretend, your family is *young* ;

Nor own, your fathers have been *foals* so long.

What can ennoble *fots*, or *slaves*, or *cowards* ?

Alas ! not *all* the *blood* of all the *Howards*.

Look next on *greatness*. Say, where *greatness* QUEST.
lies ?

Where, but among the *heroes*, and the *wise*. SNEER.

Heroes are all the *fame*, it is agreed,

From *Macedonia's* madman to the *Swede*. CON-
TEMPT.

The whole *strange purpose* of their lives to *find*,

¹ Or *make* — an *enemy* of all *mankind*.

Not one looks *backward* : *onward* still he goes ;

Yet ne'er looks *forward*, farther than his *nose*.

H 2

No

¹ I have put a *pause* after *make*, though contrary to general rules, to mark the *antithesis* between *find*, and *make*, more distinctly.

- No less alike the politic and wise ;
 " All *fly, slow* things, with *circumspective* eyes.
 Men in their loose, unguarded hours they take ;
 Not that *themselves* are wise ; but *others weak*.
 REMON. But grant that *those* can conquer ; *these* can cheat ;
 'Tis phrase *absurd* to call a villain great.
 AVERS. Who *wickedly* is wise, or *madly* brave,
 Is but the *more* a fool, the *more* a knave.
 APPRO- Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 BATION. Or, failing, smiles in exile, or in chains,
 ADMIR. Like good *Aurelius* let him reign ; or bleed
 Like *Socrates* ; that man is great indeed.
 SUPERIOR NEG- What's fame ? A fancy'd life, in others' breath ;
 LECT. A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you bear's your own ; and what's un-
 known,
 The same (my lord !) if *Tully's*, or your own.
 All, that *we feel* " of it, begins, and ends,
 In the small circle of our foes, or friends ;
 To all besides as much an empty shade,
 An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæsar* dead ;
 Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shined,
 Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.
 CONT. A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
 APPR. An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Fame

" All *fly, slow* things," to be pronounced very slowly, and with a cunning look.

" All that *we feel*," &c. to be expressed with the right hand laid upon the breast.

LESSONS.

101

Fame but from death a *villain's name* can save,
 As *justice* tears his *body* from the *grave* ;
 When what t' *oblivion* better were resign'd,
 Is hung on *high* to *poison* half mankind.
All fame is *foreign* ; but of *true desert* ;
Plays round the head ; but *comes not to the heart* .
 One *self-approving hour* whole *years* oughtweighs
 Of *stupid starers*, and of *loud buzzas* ;
 And more *true joy* *Marcellus* *exil'd* feels,
 Than *Cæsar* with a *senate* at his heels.

AVERS.
 BLAMING.
 SUPER.
 NEGLECT.

In *parts superior* what advantage lies ?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be *wise* ?
 'Tis but to *know*, how *little* can be known ;
 To see all *others'* faults, and feel our *own* :
 Condemn'd in *bus'ness*, or in *arts*, to *drudge*
 Without a *second*, and without a *judge*.

CONT.
 ADMIR.
 CONT.
 QUEST.
 RESP.
 CONCERN.

Truths would you *teach*, to *save a sinking land*,
All fear ; none aid you ; and *few understand*.
Painful Pre-eminence ! yourself to view
 Above life's *weakness*, and its *comforts* too.

SUFFER-
 ING.
 ARGUING.

Bring then these blessings to a *strict account* ;
 Make *fair deductions* : see to what they mount.
 How much of *other each* is sure to *cost* ;
 How *each* for *other* oft is wholly *lost* ;
 How inconsistent *greater goods* with *these* ;
 How sometimes *life* is *risqu'd*, and always *ease* ;

H 3

Think.

o—"comes not to the heart," to be spoken with the
right hand laid upon the *breast*. And—"Marcellus *exil'd*
 feels," below.

Think. And if *still* such things thy envy call,
 Say, would'st thou be the *man* to whom they fall?
 To sigh for *ribbands* if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace *Lord Uumbra*, or *Sir Billy*.
 Is *yellow dirt* the passion of thy life;
 Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus' wife*.
 If *parts* allure thee, think how *Bacon* thin'd,
 The *wisest*, *brightest*, *meanest* of mankind:
 Or ravish'd with the *whistling* of a *name*,
 See *Cromwell* damn'd to *everlasting fame*:
 If all *united* thy ambition call,
 From *antient story* learn to *scorn* them all.

XXVI.

CLOWNISH BASHFULNESS, and AWKWARDNESS.

The meeting between Humphry Gubbin, and
 Mr. Pounce. [TEND. HUSB.]

FOOLISH
 WONDER.

Humph. **H**OW prettily this park is stock'd
 with *soldiers*, and *deer*, and *ducks*,
 and *ladies*.—*Ha!* Where are the *old fellows* gone?
Where can they *be*, *trow*?—I'll ask these people.

QUEST.

—A—a—a—you *pretty young gentleman* [to
Fainlove] did you see *Vather*?

Fain. Your *father*, Sir?

Humph.

Hump. Ey, my *Vather*, a *weezle fyaced*, *cross* old gentleman with *spindle-shanks*?

Fain. No, Sir.

Humph. A *crab-stick* in his hand.

Pounce. We have met no body with these marks. But, *sure*, I have seen you *before*.—Are not you Mr. *Humphry Gubbin*, son and *beir* to Sir *Harry Gubbin*? ATTEM. QUEST.

Humph. Ey, ey, an *that* were all, I *fe* his son; but how lung I shall be his *beir*, I *can't* tell: for a talks o' *disinberiting* on ma every day.

Pounce. Dear Sir, I am glad to see you. I have had a desire to be acquainted with you ever since I saw you *clench* your *fist* at your father, when his back was turned toward you. I love a young man of *spirit*. Joy.

Humph. Why, Sir, would it not vex a man to the very *heart*, *blood*, and *guts* on him, to have a crabbed old fellow *snubbing* a body every minute before *company*? VEXATION.

Pounce. Why, Mr. Humphry, he uses you like a *boy*. EXCITING.

Humph. Like a *boy*, quotha! He uses me like a *dog*. A *lays me on* now and then, e'en as if a were a breaking a *bound* to the game.—You can't think what a *tantrum* a was in this morning, because I boggled a little at marrying my own *born cousin*. COMPLAINING.

Pounce. A man can't be too *scrupulous*, Mr. Humphry; a man can't be too *scrupulous*. CAUTIONING.

COM-
PLAINING

Humph. Why, Sir, I could as soon love my own *flesh* and *blood*. We should squabble like *brother* and *sister*, not like *man* and *wife*. Do you

QUEST.

think we *should not*, Mr.——. Pray, gentlemen, may I crave your *names*?

CURIOSI-
TY,

Pounce. Sir, I am the *very person*, that has been employed to draw up the *articles* of *marriage* between *you* and your *cousin*.

WONDER.

Humph. Ho, ho! say you so? Then, mayhap, you can *tell* one *some* things one wants to *know*.——A—a—pray, Sir, what *estyeate* am I heir to?

INFOR.

Pounce. To *fifteen hundred pounds* a year, *intailed estate*.

JOY,

Humph. 'Sniggers! I'se glad on't with *all my heart*. And—a—a—can you satisfy ma in *an-*

QUEST.

other question—Pray, how *old* be I?

INFOR.

Pounce. *Three* and *twenty* last March.

VEXATI-
ON,

Humph. *Plague on it!* As *sure* as you are there, they have kept ma *back*. I have been told, by goody *Clack*, or goody *Tipple*, I dan't know which, that I was born the *very year* the *stone pigstye* was built; and every body knows the *pigstye* in the back close is *three* and *twenty year old*. I'll be *duck'd* in a *horse-pond*, if here has not been *tricks* play'd ma. But, pray, Sir, mayn't I crave your *name*?

QUEST.

INFOR.

Pounce. My name, Sir, is *Pounce*, at your service.

Humph. *Pounce* with a P——?

Pounce. Yes, Sir, and *Samuel* with an S.

Humph. Why then, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*, [chuckling, and riggling, and rubbing his hands earnestly] do you know any *clever gentlewoman* of your acquaintance, that you think I could like. For I'll be *hang'd* like a *dog*, an I han't taken a *right down aversion* to my cousin, ever since Vather propos'd her to ma.—And since every body knows I came up to be *married*, I shou'd not care to go down again with a *flea* in my *ear*, and look *balk'd*, dy'e see.

EARNEST-
NESS.

Pounce. [After a pause.] Why, Sir, I have *Plotting*. a *thought* just come into my *head*. And if you will walk along with this gentleman and me, where we are going, I will communicate it.

Humph. With all my heart, good Mr. Sa- Joy.
muel Pounce. [Excunt.]

XXVII.

MOURNFUL DESCRIPTION.

From Æneas's account of the Sack of Troy.

[Dryd. VIRG. ÆN. II.]

ATTEN-
TION.

RESP.

GRIEF.

ALL were attentive to the godlike man,
When from his lofty couch he thus began ;
Great queen ! What you command me to relate
Renews the sad remembrance^p of our fate ;
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And ev'ry woe the Trojans underwent ;
A pop'lous city made a desert place ;
All that I saw, and part of which I was ;
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.

* * * * *

HORROR.

PITY.

'Twas now the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost^q before my sight appears ;
Shrowded in blood he stood, and bath'd in tears,
Such as when by the fierce Pelides slain,
Theſſalian courſers dragg'd him o'er the plain.

Swoln

^p The words, "*sad remembrance*," may be spoken with a *figh*, and the *right hand* laid on the *breast*.

^q The words, "*Hector's ghost*," may be spoken with a *start*, and the attitude of fear. See *Fear*, pag. 17.

Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Through the pierc'd limbs : his body black with dust.
Unlike that *Hector*, who return'd from toils
Of war triumphant in *Æacian* spoils,
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
Hurling ' amidst their fleets the *Phrygian* fire.
His hair and beard were clotted stiff with gore,
The ghastly wounds, he for his countrey bore,
Now stream'd of red.

COURAGE.

PITY.

I wept to see the visionary man,
And whilst my trance continu'd, thus began.

GRIEF.

' O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy countrey's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends ! From whence
Art thou so late return'd to our defence ?

Alas ! what wounds are these ? What new disgrace
Deforms the manly honours of thy face ?

' The spectre, groaning from his inmost breast,
This warning, in these mournful words express'd ;

HORROR.

Haste goddess-born ! Escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess'd our wall ;
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.

WARNING.

Enough

' "Hurling," to be expressed by throwing out the arm,
with the action of hurling.

' "O light of Trojans," &c. to be expressed by opening the
arms with the action of welcoming.

' "The spectre," &c. These two lines, and the ghost's
speech, are to be spoken in a deep and hollow voice, slowly
and solemnly, with little rising or falling, and a torpid inertia
of action.

*Enough is paid to Pryam's royal name,
 Enough to countrey, and to deathless fame.
 If by a mortal arm my father's throne
 Could have been sav'd—this arm the feat had done.
 Troy now commends to thee her future state,
 And gives her gods companions of thy fate.
 Under their umbrage hope for happier walls,
 And follow where thy various fortune calls.*

DIRECT-
 ING.

" He said, and brought, from forth the sacred
 choir,

The gods, and relicks of th' immortal fire.

TREPI-
 DATION.

Now peals of shouts came thund'ring from afar,
 Cries, threats, and loud lament, and mingled war.
 The noise approaches, though our palace stood
 Aloof from streets, embosom'd close with wood;
 Louder and louder still, I hear th' alarms
 Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
 Fear broke my slumbers.

I mount the terrass; thence the town survey,
 And listen what the swelling sounds convey.

Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd;
 And Grecian fraud in open light appear'd.

The palace of Deiphobus ascends
 In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.

Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright
 With splendors not their own, and shine with spark-
 ling light.

New clamours, and new clangors now arise,
 The trumpet's voice, with agonizing cries.

With

" "He said, and," &c. Here the voice resumes its usual key.

With frenzy seiz'd I run to meet th' alarms,
 Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms.
 But first to gather friends, with whom t' oppose
 If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes,
 By courage rous'd, by love of countrey fir'd,
 With sense of honour and revenge inspir'd.

COURAGE.

Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
 Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame.
 With relicks loaded, to my doors he fled,
 And by the hand his tender grandson led.

TREPI-
 DATION.

What hope, O Pantheus? Whither can we run?
 Where make a stand? Or what may yet be done?

QUEST.

Scarce had I spoke, when Pantheus, with a groan,
 "Troy—is no more! Her glories now are gone.

GRIEF.

The fatal day, th' appointed hour is come,
 When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom

AWE.

Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands:

Our city's wrapt in flames: the foe commands.

To sev'ral posts their parties they divide;

HORROR.

Some block the narrow streets; some scour the wide.

The bold they kill; th' unwary they surprize;

Who fights meets death, and death finds him who
 flies, &c.

"Troy is no more." Such short periods, comprehending much in few words, may often receive additional force by a pause (not exceeding the length of a semicolon) between the nominative and the verb, or between the verb and what is governed by it; which, otherwise, is contrary to rule.

XXVIII.

RUSTICITY. AFFECTATION.

The scene of Humphry Gubbin's introduction to his romantic cousin. [TEND. HUSB.]

Humphry, Aunt, Cousin Biddy.

RESP. Humph. *AUNT* your *saarvant*—your *saar-*
QUEST. *vant* aunt.—Is *that*—*ba*, aunt?

INFOR. Aunt. Yes, cousin Humphry, *that* is your
with
SATISF. cousin Bridget. Well, I'll leave you together.

[Ex. Aunt. They sit.]

QUEST. Humph. *Aunt* does as she'd be done by, cousin
Bridget, does not *she*, cousin? [A long pause,

WONDER. looking hard at her.] *What*, are you a *Londoner*,
and not give a gentleman a *civil answer*, when he

INDIF. asks you a *civil question*?—*Look ye*, d'ye see cousin,
the *old folks* resolving to *marry us*, I thought it
would be proper to see how I *lik'd* you. For I
don't love to buy a *pig* in a *poke*, as we sayn i' th'
countrey, he, he, he. [Laughs.]

STIFF Biddy. Sir, your *person* and *address* bring to
AFFEC. my mind the *whole story* of *Valentine* and *Orson*.
AFFEC. *What*, would they give me, for a *lover*, a *Titanian*,
DELI- a *son of the earth*? *Pray*, answer me a *question* or
CACY. *two*.

INDIF. Humph. *Ey*, *ey*, as many as you *please*, cousin
Bridget, an they be not too *hard*.

Biddy.

LESSONS.

III

Biddy. *What wood were you taken in? How long have you been caught?*

AFFEC-
TAT. OF
WONDER.

Humph. *Caught!*

QUEST.

Biddy. *Where were your baunts?*

SURPR.

Humph. *My baunts?*

QUEST.

Biddy. *Are not clothes very uneasy to you? Is this strange dress the first you ever wore?*

WONDER.

Humph. *How!*

WONDER.

Biddy. *Are you not a great admirer of roots and raw flesh?—Let me look upon your nails—I hope you won't wound me with them.*

QUEST.

AFFEC-
TAT. OF

Humph. *Whew! [Whistles] Haity toity? What have we got! Is she betwattled? Or is she gone o' one side?*

FEAR.

WONDER.

Biddy. *Canst thou deny, that thou wert suckled by a wolf, or at least by a female satyr? Thou hast not been so barbarous, I hope, since thou cam'st among men, as to hunt thy nurse.*

AFFEC-
TED
AVERS.

Humph. *Hunt my nurse! Ey, ey, 'tis so, she's out of her head, poor thing, as sure as a gun. [Draws away.] Poor cousin Bridget! How long have you been in this condition?*

PITY.

FEAR.

Biddy. *Condition! What dost mean by condition, monster?*

OFFEN.

Humph. *How came you upon the high ropes? Was you never in love with any body before me?*

QUEST.

with

PITY.

Biddy. *I never hated any thing so heartily before thee.*

AFFEC-
TED

AVERS.

Humph. *For the matter of that, cousin, an it were not a folly to talk to a mad-woman, there's*

INDIFF.

QUEST. no *hatred* lost, I assure you. But do you *bate* me
with in *earnest*?

EARN. Biddy. Dost think any *human being* can look
AVERS. upon thee with *other eyes*, than those of *hatred*?

DESIRE. Humph. There is *no knowing* what a *woman*
loves, or *bates*, by her words. But an you were
in your *senses*, cousin, and *bated* me in *earnest*, I
should be *main contented*, look you. For, may I
be *well horse-whipt*, if I love one *bone* in your *skin*,
cousin; and there is a *fine woman*, I am told, who
has a month's *mind* to ma.

AVERS. Biddy. When I think of such a *consort* as *thee*,
the *wild boar* shall defile the *cleanly ermin*, or the
tyger be wedded to the *kid*.

Humph. An I marry you, cousin, the *pole-*
cat shall *catterwaul* with the *civet*.

ROMAN- Biddy. To imagine such a *conjunction*, was as
TIC AF- *unnatural*, as it would have been to describe *Sta-*
FECTA- *tira* in love with a *chimney-sweeper*, or *Oroondates*
TION. with a *nymph* of *Billingsgate*; to paint, in romance,
the *silver streams* running up to their *sources* in the
sides of the *mountains*; to describe the *birds* on the
leafy *boughs* uttering the *boarse sound* of *roaring*
bears; to represent *knights errant* murdering dis-
tressed *ladies*; whom their profession obliges them
to *relieve*; or *ladies* yielding to the suit of their
enamoured *knights*, before they have *fighed* out
half the due time at their feet.

CLOWN- Humph. If this *poor gentlewoman* be not out
ISH PITY. of *herself*, may I be *bang'd* like a dog. [Exit.]

XXIX.

ASKING. REPROOF. APPROBATION.

From Mr. Pope's *TEMPLE OF FAME*.

A Troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,

And proud defiance in their looks they bore.

"For thee" (they cry'd) "amidst alarms and CRING-
strife, ING.

"We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;

"For thee whole nations fill'd with fire and blood,

"And swam to empire through the purple flood.

"Those ills, we dar'd, thy inspiration own;

"What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.

"Ambitious fools!" (the queen reply'd, and REPROOF.
frown'd)

"Be all your deeds in dark oblivion drown'd.

The pupil, if he has not read the *TEMPLE OF FAME*, must be informed of the plot of the poem, viz. The author represents numbers of the pursuers of fame, as repairing, in crowds, to the temple of that goddess, in quest of her approbation, who are differently received by her, according to their respective merits, &c.

"Those ills," &c. The meaning of this line (which is not too obvious) is, "Our being guilty of such extravagancies, shows how eager we were to obtain a name."

I

"There

"There sleep forgot with mighty Tyrants gone;
 "Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown."

WONDER. A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
 sight,

And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

INDIFF. "Great idol of mankind! We neither claim
 "The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame;
 "But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
 "Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
 "'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 "Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.

DELIGHT "O let us still the secret joy^a partake,
 "To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake."

WONDER. "And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
 "Who then with incense shall adore our name?"

INFORM. "But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 "To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide,

EXCIT- "Rise, Muses! Rise! Add all your tuneful breath!
 ING. "These must not sleep in darkness, and in death."

PLEASING "She said. In air the trembling music floats,
 DESCRIP- And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
 TION. So soft, tho' high; so loud, and yet so clear;
 Ev'n list'ning angels lean from heav'n to hear.

To
 "—"the secret joy," to be expressed with the right hand laid
 upon the breast.

^a To be spoken as melodiously as possible.

LESSONS.

115

To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

While thus I stood intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whispered in my ear;

"What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
"Art thou, fond youth! a candidate for praise?"

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came;
For who so fond, as youthful bards, of fame?

But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,

So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How vain that second life in other's breath,

Th' estate, which twice inherits—after death.

Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign

(Unsure the tenure, and how vast the fine!)

The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,

Though wretched, flatter'd, and though envied,

And poor.

All luckless wits their enemies profess,

And all successful, jealous friends at best.

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;

She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.

But if the purchase costs so dear a price,

As soothing folly, or exalting vice;

And if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,

And follow still, where fortune leads the way;

Or if no basis bear my rising name,

But the fall'n ruins of another's fame,

12

Then

"What could thus high," &c. must be spoken with a lower voice, than the foregoing.

QUEST.
with
REPR.
APOLO-
GY.

CONCERN

INDIF.

APPRE-
HENSION
of EVIL.

DEPRE-
CATION.

Then teach me, Heav'n, to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise.
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
O grant me honest fame; or grant me none.

XXX.

POLITE CONVERSATION.

The scene between Mr. Bevil and Indiana, in which she endeavours to find out, whether he has any other regard for her, than that of rational esteem, or Platonic love. [Consc. Lov.]

RESP.

BEV. **M**ADAM, your most obedient. How do you do to-day? I am afraid you wished me gone last night, before I went. But you were partly to blame. For who could leave you in the agreeable humour you was in?

IND. If you was pleased, Sir, we were both pleased. For your company, which is always agreeable, was more peculiarly so last night.

BEV. My company, Madam! You rally. I said very little.

IND. Too little you always say, Sir, for my improvement, and for my credit; by the same token, that I am afraid, you gave me an opportunity of saying too much last night; and unfortunately, when

when a woman is in the talking vein; she wants *nothing so much* as to have leave to *expose herself*.

Bev. I hope, Madam, I shall always have the sense to give you leave to expose yourself, as you call it, without *interruption*.

[Bowing respectfully.]

Ind. If I had your *talents*, Sir, or your *power*, to make my *actions* speak for me, I might be *silent*, and yet pretend to somewhat *more* than being *agreeable*. But as it is——

Bev. Really, Madam, I know of *none* of my *actions*, that deserve your *attention*. If I might be *vain* of any thing, it is, that I have *understanding* enough to mark you out, Madam, from all your *sex*, as the most *deserving* object of my *esteem*.

HUMILITY.

Ind. [Aside.] A cold word! Though I cannot *claim* even his *esteem*. [To him.] Did I think, Sir, that your esteem for me proceeded from any thing in *me*, and not altogether from your *own generosity*, I should be in danger of *forfeiting* it.

ANXIETY

RESP.

Bev. How so, Madam?

Ind. *What* do you think, Sir, would be so likely to puff up a weak woman's *vanity*, as the *esteem* of a man of *understanding*? *Esteem* is the result of *cool reason*; the voluntary *tribute* paid to inward *worth*. *Who*, then, would not be proud of the *esteem* of a person of *sense*, which is always *unbiased*; whilst *love* is often the effect of *weakness*.

[Looking hard at Bevil, who casts down his eyes respectfully.] *Esteem* arises from a higher source, the substantial merit of the mind.

Bev. True, Madam— And great minds only can command it, [bowing respectfully.]; The utmost pleasure and pride of my life, Madam, is, that I endeavour to esteem you as— I ought.

APPRE
HENSION.

Ind. [Aside.] As he ought! Still more perplexing! He neither saves nor kills my hope. I

QUEST.

will try him a little farther. [To him.] Now, I think on it, I must beg your opinion, Sir, on a point, which created a debate between my aunt and me, just before you came in. She would needs have it, that no man ever does any extraordinary kindness for a woman, but from selfish views.

RESP.

Bev. Well, Madam, I cannot say, but I am in the main, of her opinion; if she means, by selfish views, what some understand by the phrase; that is, his own pleasure; the highest pleasure human nature is capable of, that of being conscious, that, from his superfluity, an innocent and virtuous spirit, a person, whom he thinks one of the prime ornaments of the creation, is raised above the temptations and sorrows of life; the pleasure of seeing satisfaction, health and gladness, brighten in the countenance of one he values, above all mankind. What a man bestows in such a way, may, I think, be said, in one sense to be laid out with a selfish view, as much as if he spent it in cards, dogs,

dogs, bottle-companions, or loose women; with this difference, that he shews a better taste in expence. Nor should I think this any such extraordinary matter of heroism in a man of an easy fortune. Every gentleman ought to be capable of this, and I doubt not but many are. For I hope, there are many, who take more delight in reflexion than sensation; in thinking, than in eating. — But what am I doing? [Pulls out his watch hastily.] My hour with Mr. Myrtle is come. — Madam, I must take my leave abruptly. But, if you please, will do myself the pleasure of waiting on you in the afternoon. Till when, Madam, your most obedient. [Exit.]

SUDDEN
RECOL-
LECTION.

XXXI.

SERIOUS MEDITATION.

From Dr. Young's NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE clock strikes one. We take no note of ALARM.
time,

But by its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.

Where are they? — With the years beyond the flood,

It is the *signal* that demands *dispatch*.
 How *much* is *still* to *do*! My *hopes*, and *fears*
 Start up *alarm'd*, and o'er *life's* narrow *verge*
 Look down—on *what*?—A *fathomless* *abyss*.

ADMIRA-
TION.

How *poor*, how *rich*, how *abject*, how *august*,
 How *complicate*, how *wonderful* is *man*!
 How *passing* wonder *He*, who *made* him *such*!
 Who *centred* in our *make* such *strange* *extremes*,
 From *diff'rent* *natures* *marvellously* *mixt*,
Connexion *exquisite* of *distant* *worlds*!
 Distinguish'd *link* in *Being's* *endless* *chain*,
 Midway from *nothing* to the *One* *Supreme*.
 A *beam* *ethereal*,—*fully'd*, and *absorpt*!
 Though *fully'd* and *dishonour'd*, *still* *divine*!
 Dim *miniature* of *Greatness* *absolute*!
 An *heir* of *glory*! A *frail* *child* of *dust*!
Helpless *immortal*! *Insect* *infinite*!
 A *worm*! A *God*! I *tremble* at *myself*!
 What can *preserve* my *life*? or what *destroy*?
 An *angel's* *arm* can't *snatch* me from the *grave*.
Legions of *angels* can't *confine* me *there*.

XXXII.

XXXII.

SEEMING CIVILITY.

The meeting between the knight of the Red
Crosse, attended by Truth, with Hypocrisy.
[*Spencer's FAIRIE QUEENE*.]

AT length they chaunst to meet upon the way. DESCRIP-
TION.

An aged fire^e in long blacke weedes yclad,¹
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie grey,²
And by his belt his booke he hanging had.³
Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,⁴
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,⁵
Simple of shew, and voide of malice bad.⁶
And all the way he prayed as he went,⁷
And often knock'd his brest, as one that did repent.⁸

He faire the knight saluted louting⁹ low,
Who faire him quited¹⁰, as that courteous was,
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures which abroad did pas.

¹ The edition, from which this is taken, viz. *Church's*, is, in my opinion, incomparably preferable, for correctness, to all the others.

² Hypocrisy.

³ Clothed.

⁴ Bowing.

⁵ Returned his salutation.

CIVILI-
TY.

"*Ab my deare sonne,*" (quoth he) "how should,

"*alas,*

"*Silly old man,* that lives in hidden cell,

"*Bidding his beades*¹ all day for his trespas,

"*Tidings of warre,* and worldly trouble tell?

"*With holy father fits* not with such things to

"*mell*²."

"*But if of daunger* which hereby doth dwell

"*And homebred evil* ye desire to heare,

ALARM.

"*Of a straunge man* I can you tidings tell,

"*That wasteth all this country* far and neare."

"*Of such,*" (said he) "*I chiefly do inquer,*

"*And shall thee well reward* to shew the place,

"*In which that wicked Wight*¹ his dayes doth

"*weare*²."

THREAT-
ENING.

"*For to all knighthood* it is foul disgrace

"*That such a cursed creature* lives so long a space.

FEAR.

"*Far hence* (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse

"*His dwelling* is, by which no living wight

"*May ever pass,* but thorough great distresse."

ADVISING

"*Now*" (said the ladie) "*draweth toward night,*

"*And well I wote*³, that of your later fight

"*Ye all forwearyed be;* for what so strong,

"*But, wanting rest,* will also want of might?

"*The sunne,* that measures beavens all day long,

"*At night doth batte* his steeds the ocean waves

"*among.*

"*Then*

¹ Saying his prayers.

² Meddle.

³ Creature.

⁴ Pass.

⁵ Truth.

⁶ Know.

"Then with the sunne, take, Sir, your *timely rest*,
 "And with new day new works at once begin.
 "Untroubled night, they say, gives counsel best."
 "Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised him."
 Quoth then that aged man, "the way to win",
 "Is wisely to advise; now day is spent."
 "Therefore with me ye may take up your In
 "For this *same night*." The knight was well
 content :
 So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIII.

TREPIDATION. VEXATION.

The humorous scene of cramming Sir John Falstaff into the basket of foul linnen, to prevent his being caught by jealous Ford. [Shakespeare's MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.]

Falstaff, Mrs. Ford.

Serv. [Without.] MADAM, Madam, Madam! HASTE.

Here is Mrs. Page, sweating and blowing, and looking wild, and says she must speak with you immediately.

Falst.

Conquer.

In teaching the right utterance of this scene, the pupil must be let into the plot of it, if he has not read or seen the play. He must be made to understand, that Falstaff, a fat, old,

FEAR. *Falst. She shan't see me. I will ensconce Time behind the arras.*

DIREC. *Mrs. Ford. Pray do. She is a very tattling woman.*

ENTRANCE *Enter Mrs. Page.*

QUEST. *Mrs. Ford. What's the matter? How now?*

ALARM. *Mrs. Page. O Mrs. Ford! What have you done? You're sham'd; you're overthrown; you're undone for ever.*

FEAR. *Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mrs. Page?*

REPROOF. *Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mrs. Ford! Having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion.*

QUEST. *Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?*

REPROOF. *Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! How I'm mistaken in you! I could not have thought you capable of such a thing.*

ANXIETY *Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! What is the matter?*

ALARM. *Mrs. Page. Matter! Why, woman, your husband is a coming hither, with all the officers in Windsor,*

old, humorous, worthless, needy knight, has, in the former part of the play, made love to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, with a view, merely, of getting money of them, and that they concert this interview, and its consequences, on purpose to be revenged on him for his attempt to corrupt them; while Ford is jealous in earnest; and Falstaff, from time to time, communicates to him, under the name of Brook, not knowing him to be Mrs. Ford's husband, an account of his intrigues and their bad success.

Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. It is not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have a man here. But it is most certain, that Mr. Ford is coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search the house. I came before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, I am glad of it. But if you have any body here, convey him out as fast as you can. Be not amazed. Call your senses to you. Defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your happiness for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman here, my dear friend. And I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were safe out of the house.

Mrs. Page. Never stand crying; You had rather; You had rather. Your husband's at hand. Bethink you of some conveyance. In the house you cannot bide him. Look, here is a basket. If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and you may throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking. It is whitening time; send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He is too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Enter

Enter Falstaff from behind the arras.

HURRY.

Falst. Let me see it. Let me see it. I'll in.

I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

SURP.

AND RE-

PROACH-

ING.

APOLOGY

Mrs. Page. What Sir John Falstaff! Is this the love you professed to me in your letters?

Falst. I do love you for all this. Help me out of this scrape. I'll convince you how much I love you. [He goes into the basket. They cover him with foul linnen.]

HASTE.

Mrs. Page. [To Falstaff's boy.] Help to cover your Master, sirrah. [To Falstaff.] Ah, you are a sad dissembler, Sir John. [To Mrs. Ford,]

RE-

PROACH-

INGEST

HASTY.

ORDER-

ING.

Call your men, Mrs. Ford. Quick, quick.

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John—Why, John, I say. Make haste, and take up these cloaths here. Where's the cowl-staff? How you gape!

Carry them away directly to Mrs. Plash, the laundress, at Datchbur-mead. [They carry away the basket. Ford meets them. Is prevented searching the basket. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page retire, and enjoy the punishment, they had inflicted on Falstaff.]

Scene changes to the Inn.

Enter Falstaff just out of the Thames.

Falst. Bardolph, I say.

CONFU-

SION.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Falst. Go, fetch me a quart of sack. Put a toast in it. [Exit Bard.] Have I lived to be carried

in a basket, like a barrow of butchers offal, and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if ever I let myself be served such another trick, I'll have my brains, if there be any in my skull, taken out, and buttered, to be given my dog jowler for his breakfast on new-year's day. The rogues chucked me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies fifteen i' the litter. And then a man of my weight must have a comfortable alacrity in sinking. If the bottom had been on a level with the bed of the river Styx, down I should have gone. For that matter, I had been fairly drown'd, if the shore had not been so kind as to shelve it a little in my favour. And then to think, only to think of my being drown'd!—A man of my size!—For your fresh water swells you an ordinary man to the size of your middling porpoise. As for me, an I were to be drown'd, I suppose there is ne'er a whale of them all, that would not be out of countenance at the sight of me.—Bardolph—Is the sack brew'd?

To him enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Falst. Now, Master Brook. You come to know what has passed between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That is indeed my business, Sir John.

Falst. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house at the hour she appointed me.

Ford.

SELF-
CONDEN-
NATION.

VEXA-
TION.

CIVILI-
TY.

VEXAT.
SURPRIZE
VEXA-
TION.

Ford. And you *sped*, Sir.

Falst. *Very ill-favour'dly*, Mr. Brook.

Ford. *How*, Sir, did she change her mind?

Falst. No, Master Brook. But the *mischievous* old cuckold, her *husband*, Master Brook, dwelling in a *continual alarm* of jealousy, comes, *provoked* and *instigated* by his *distemper*, and at his heels a whole *rabble* of people, to *search* the house for his wife's love.

SURPRIZE

Ford. What! While you were *there*?

Falst. While I was *there*, Master Brook.

QUEST.

Ford. And did he *search* for you, and could not find you?

INFOR.
with
VEXA-
TION.

Falst. Master Brook, you shall hear. As *good luck* would have it, comes in one Mrs. Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and by *her invention*, and Ford's wife's *direction*, I was conveyed into a *buck-basket*.

WONDER.

Ford. A *buck-basket*!

VEXAT.

REMEM-
BRANCE.

Falst. *Yea*; a *buck-basket*; rammed in with *soul shirts* and *smocks*, *sweaty socks*, *dirty handkerchiefs*, *greasy night-caps*, and *infants clouts* fresh from their *sinking tails*; that, Master Brook, there was as great a *variety* of *villainous smells*, as there was of *living things* in Noah's ark. There I suffered the pangs of *three unnatural deaths*. First, the intolerable fear of being *detected* by a *jealous old bell-weather*; next, to be *coil'd up*, like an *overgrown snake* in a *dunghill*; roll'd round within

within the *circumference* of a *peck*, *bili* to *point*,
heel to *head*; thirdly, and lastly, Master Brook,
 to be *stop't in*, like a *strong-distillation*, with *stinking*
clothes, that *fermented* in their own *grease*. Think
 of *that*, Master Brook, a man of *my body*; that
 am as liable to *melt* as a lump of Epping *butter*
 exposed to the *sun-beams* on the twentieth of June
 at *noon-day*. Think of *that*, Master Brook, and
 that, while I was in the *midst* of this high saliva-
 tion, from which, that I escaped without *suffoca-*
tion, is neither more nor less than a *miracle*; while
 I was in the height of this hot-bath, I say, with
 my very *bones melted* almost to the consistency of
calves-foot-jelly, to be flung into the *Thames*, cool'd
glowing hot, as I was, *case-bordened at once*; think
 of *that*, Master Brook; *bissing hot*; think of *that*,
 Master Brook.

XXXIV.

VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

From Mr. Pope's MORAL ESSAYS. [Epist. I.]

TIS from *bigb life bigb characters* are drawn: SNEER,
 A faint in *crape* is twice a faint in *lawn*. OR
 A judge is *just*; a *chanc'lor*—*juster still*; MOCK-
 A *gownman* learn'd; a *bishop*—what you *will*; PRAISE.
Wise, if a *minister*; but if a *king*,
More wise, more just, more learn'd, more ev'ry thing,—

K

'Tis

TEACH-
ING.

BOAST.

SMOOTH.

STRUT.

SNEAK.

PRIDE.

* FORM.

† PEEV.

FOPPERY.

TEACH-
ING.

* CONT.

† ADM.

EAGER.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
 Boastful and rough your first son is a squire;
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
 Temstrats a soldier, open, bold, and brags;
 Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave;
 Is he a churchman? Then he's fond of pore's;
 A quaker*? Sly. A presbyterian†? Sour.
 A smart free-thinker? All things in an hour.
 Manners with fortunes, humans turn with climes,
 Tenets with books, and principles with times;
 Search then the ruling passion. There alone
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known.
 This clue once found unravels all the rest.
 The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess'd.
 Wharton! the scorn*, and wonder† of our days,
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise,
 Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
 Women, and fools, must like him, or he dies.

VIXXX

Tho'

* Though these lines contain descriptions or characters, they may be expressed with action, almost as if they were speeches. This first line, "Boastful and rough," &c. may be spoken with the action of boasting. See *Boasting* in the Essay, pag. 18. The next with that of tempting. See *Tempting*, pag. 22. The soldier's character may be represented by the arms a-kimbo, the lips pouting out, and a blustering manner of leading the line. The scrivener's with the eyes turn'd a-squint, a low voice, and the action of sneaking. See *Sneaking*, pag. 17. The quaker's with the words spoken through the nose, and the appearance of affectation of piety. See *Affectation*, pag. 22.

LESSONS. I

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Tho' wond'ring *senates* hung on all he spoke,

ADMIRATION

The *club* must hail him master of the joke.

CON-

Shall parts *so various* aim at nothing new?

TEMPT.

He'll shine a *Tully*, and a *Wilmot* too.

Then turns *repentant*, and his *God* adores,

With the *same spirit* as he drinks and *whores*:

Enough, if all around him but *admire*,

And now the *punk* applaud, and now the *friar*.—

A *salmon's belly*, *Helluo**, was thy *fate*!

The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.

TEERI.

"*Mercy*" (cries *Helluo*) "*mercy* on my *soul*!"

DEPRE.

"Is there *no hope*?—*Alas*!—then *bring* the

GRIEF

"*soul*!"—

with

"*Odious*! In *woollen*! 'Twould a *saint* provoke."

SICKNESS.

(Were the *last words* that poor *Narcissa* spoke)

AVERS.

"*No*—let a *charming chintz*, and *Brussels lace*,

WEAK-

"*Wrap* these *cold limbs*, and *shade* this *lifeless face*."

NESS.

"*One need not*, sure, be *ugly*, though one's *dead*;

"*And*—*Betty*—give this *cheek*—a *little*—*red*."

EXPIRING.

The *courtier smooth*, who *forty years* had *shin'd*

An *bumble servant* to all *human kind*,

'*Just* brought out *this*, when *scarce* his *tongue*

could *stir*;

"*If*—where *I'm going*—*I could*—*serve* you

CIVIL.

"*Sir*."

with

WEAK.

K 2

"*I give,*

* *English* readers may not, perhaps, know, that *Helluo* signifies *Glutton*.

* That is, a surfeit of fresh salmon was thy death.

* The glutton will indulge appetite (so indeed will every habitual offender in every kind) in spite of all consequences.

GRIEF. "I give, and I devise" (old Eucio said, and sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."

"Your money, Sir,"—"My money, Sir!—What
---all?"

WEeping "Why--if I must"---(then wept)---I give it
"Paul."

"The manour, Sir?"—"The manour---" "Hold"
---(he cry'd)

WEAK. "I cannot---must not part with that"---and dy'd.

DIGNITY. And you, brave Cobham at your latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.

Such in that moment, as in all the past,

PRAYING. "O save my country, Heav'n!"---shall be your
last.

XXXV.

RECONCILIATION.

The Scene between Mr. Bevil and Mr. Myrtle.

[CONSC. LOV.]

COM-PLAIS. Bev. SIR, I am extremely obliged to you for
this honour.

ANGER. Myrt. The time, the place, our long acquaint-
tance, and many other circumstances, which affect
me on this occasion, oblige me, without ceremony,
or conference, to desire, that you will comply with
the request in my letter, of which you have already
acknowledged the receipt.

Bev.

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Bev. Sir, I have received a letter from you in a very *unusual* style. But, as I am *conscious* of the *integrity* of my behaviour with respect to you, and intend that *every thing* in *this matter*, shall be your *own seeking*, I shall *understand nothing*, but what you are pleased to *confirm face to face*. You are therefore to take it for *granted*, that I have *forgot* the contents of your *epistle*.

Myrt. Your *cool behaviour*, Mr. Bevil, is agreeable to the *unworthy use*, you have made of my *simplicity* and *frankness* to you. And I see, your *moderation* tends to your *own advantage*; not *mine*; to your *own safety*; not to *justice* for the *wrongs* you have done your *friend*.

Bev. My *own safety*, Mr. Myrtle.

Myrt. Your *own safety*, Mr. Bevil.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, there is *no disguising* any longer, that I *understand* what you would *force* me to. You *know* my *principle* upon that *point*; and you have *often* heard me express my *disapprobation* of the *savage* manner of deciding quarrels, which tyrannical *custom* has introduced, to the breach of *all laws*, both *divine* and *human*.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil! It would be a *good first principle*, in those, who have so *tender* a *conscience* that way, to have as much *abhorrence* at *doing injuries*, as— [Turns away abruptly.]

K 3

Bev.

x —“conscious of the integrity,” &c. may be expressed with the right hand laid on the breast.

COM-
PLAIS.

ANGER.

OFFEN.

REPR.

DISPLEA-
SURE.

FIRMNESS.

RE-
PROACH-
ING.

IRRITA-
TING.
SELF-
VINDICA-
TION.

SERIOUS-
NESS.

PIOUS
VENERA-
TION.

COU-
RAGE.

RAGE.
IRRITA-
TING.

FIRMNESS

Bev. As what?

Myrt. As *fear of answering them.*

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, I have *no fear* of answering *any injury* I have done you; because I have *meant* you none; for the *truth* of which I am ready to appeal to *any indifferent person*, even of *your own choosing*. But I *own* I am afraid of doing a *wicked action*, I mean, of *shedding your blood*, or *giving you an opportunity of shedding mine*, cold. I am not afraid of you, Mr. Myrtle. But I *own*, I am afraid of *Him*, who *gave me this life in trust*, on *other conditions*, and with *other designs*, than that I should *bazard*, or throw it away, because a *rash inconsiderate man* is pleased to be *offended*, without *knowing*, whether he is *injured*, or not. No—I *will not*, for *your*, or *any man's* humour, commit a *known crime*, a crime, which I *cannot repair*, or which may, in the *very act*, cut me off from all *possibility of repentance*.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this *coolness*, this *moralizing*, shall not *cheat* me of my *love*. You may *wish* to preserve your life, that you may *possess Lucinda*. And I have reason to be *indifferent* about it, if I am to *lose all that*, from which I expect *any joy* in life. But I shall first try *one means* toward recovering her, I mean, by *showing her what a dauntless hero* she has chosen for her *protector*.

Bev. Shew me but the least *glimpse* of argu-
ment, that I am *authoriz'd* to contend with you
at

at the peril of the life of one of us, and I am ready upon your own terms. If *this* will not satisfy you, and you will make a lawless assault upon me, I will defend myself as against a ruffian. There is no such terror, Mr. Myrtle, in the anger of those, who are quickly hot, and quickly cold again, they know not how, or why. I defy you to shew wherein I have wrong'd you.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, it is easy for you to talk coolly on this occasion. You who know not, I suppose, what it is to love, and from your large fortune, and your specious outward carriage, have it in your power to come, without much trouble or anxiety, to the possession of a woman of honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, distressed, with the terror of losing what is dearer than life. You are happy. Your marriage goes on like common business, and, in the interim, you have, for your soft moments of dalliance, your rambling captive, your Indian princess, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bev. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man; and the defence of spotless innocence, will, I hope, excuse my accepting your challenge, or at least my obliging you to retract your infamous aspersions. I will not, if I can avoid it, shed your blood, nor shall you mine. But Indiana's purity I will defend. Who waits?

Serv. Did you call, Sir?

Bev. Yes, go call a coach.

IRRITATING.

JEALOUSY.

SARCASM.

ANGER ROUSED.

AUTH.

SUBMIS.

COMM.

TREPI.
with
SUBMIS.
• ANGER.

Serv. Sir—Mr. Myrtle—Gentlemen—You are friends—I am but a *Servant*—But—

Bev. * *Call a coach.*

[Exit Serv.]

[A long pause. They walk fullenly about the room.]

RECOL-
LECTION.

[Aside.] Shall I (though provoked beyond *sufferance*) *recover* myself at the entrance of a *third* person, and that my *servant* too; and shall I not have a due *respect* for the dictates of my own *conscience*; for what I owe to the *best* of *fathers*, and to the *defenceless* innocence of my lovely *Indiana*, whose very *life* depends on mine?

[To Mr. Myrtle.] I have, *thank Heaven*, had time to *recollect* myself, and have *determined* to *convince* you, by means I would willingly have *avoided*, but which yet are preferable to *murderous* duelling, that I am more innocent of *nothing*, than of *rivalling* you in the affections of *Lucinda*.
Read this letter; and consider, what effect it would have had upon you to have found it about the man you had murdered.

REMON.

SULLEN-
NESS.

SURPR.
RISING
HOPE.

[Myrtle reads.] “I hope it is *consistent* with
“the laws a woman ought to impose upon her-
“self to acknowledge, that your manner of *de-*
“*clining* what has been *proposed* of a treaty of
“marriage in our family, and *desiring*, that the
“*refusal* might come from *me*, is more engaging,
“than the *Smithfield* courtship of him, whose arms
I am

To be spoken with the *right hand* on the breast.

"I am in danger of being thrown into, unless Joy.
 "your friend exerts himself for our common
 "safety and happiness."—O, I want no more, to
 clear your innocence, my injured worthy friend— SHAME.
 I see her dear name at the bottom—I see, that
 you have been far enough from designing any ob-
 stacle to my happiness, while I have been treating REMORSE.
 my benefactor as my betrayer—O Bevil, with CONFUSION.
 what words shall I—

Bev. There is no need of words. To convince BENEV.
 is more than to conquer. If you are but satisfied,
 that I meant you no wrong, all is as it should be.

Myrt. But can you—forgive—such mad- ANGUISH.
 ness? REMORSE.

Bev. Have not I myself offended? I had almost BENEV.
 been as guilty as you, though I had the advantage and
 of you, by knowing what you did not know. FORGIV.

Myrt. That I should be such a precipitate ANGUISH.
 wretch? REMORSE.

Bev. Prithee no more. FORGIV.

Myrt. How many friends have died by the hand SELF-
 of friends, merely for want of temper! What do I CONGRAT.
 not owe to your superiority of understanding! What with
 a precipice have I escaped! O my friend!—Can MORROR.
 you ever—forgive—Can you ever again look
 upon me—with an eye of favour? INTR.
 with
 REMORSE.

Bev.

* In reading the letter, the countenance of Myrtle ought to
 quit, by degrees, the look of anger, and to pass to those
 marked on the margin.

BENEVO-
LENCE.

Bev. Why should I *not*? Any man may
mistake. Any man may be *violent*, where his *love*
is concerned. I was *myself*.

ADMIRA-
TION.

Myrt. O Bevil! You are capable of *all* that
is *great*, *all* that is *heroic*.

[Enter a servant to Bevil, and gives a letter.]

XXXVI.

CHARACTERS.

From Mr. Pope's Moral Essays. [Epist. III.]

NARRA-
TION.

WHERE London's column, pointing to
the skies,

Like a tall bully, lifts its head, and lies,

There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,

A plain, good man, and Balaam was his name;

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;

His word would pass for more than he was worth.

One solid dish his week-day meal affords;

An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.

Constant at church, and change. His gains were sure.

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

VEXAT.

BARNABAS

NARRA-

TION.

The Dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to behold,

And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;

But Satan now is wiser, than of yore,

And tempts by making rich; not making poor.

Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep

The sarge, and plunge his father in the deep;

Then

LESSONS.

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Then full against his *Cornish* lands they roar;
And two *rich shipwrecks* bless the *lucky shore*.

PRIDE.

Sir Balaam now! He *lives* like *other folks*;
He takes his *chirping pint*, and cracks his *jokes*.
"Live like *yourself*," was soon my *lady's word*;
And lo! two *padding's* smok'd upon the *board*.

CRAFT.

Asleep, and *naked*, as an *Indian* lay,
An *honest factor* stole a *gem* away;
And *pledg'd* it to our *knight*. Our *knight* had *wit*.
He kept the *diamond*; and the *rogue* was *bit*.
Some *scruple* *raze*. But thus he *cas'd* his *thought*;

ANXIETY.

"I'll now give *fixpence*, where I gave a *great*;
"Where *once* I went to *church*, I'll now go *to wife*;
"And am so *clear*, too, of all *other vice*."

AFFECTED
PIETY.

The *tempter* saw his *time*; the *work* he *ply'd*;
Stocks and *subscriptions* pour on *ev'ry side*;
Till all the *demon* makes his *full descent*;
In one *abundant show'r* of *cent per cent*;
Sinks *deep* within him, and possesses *whole*;
Then *dubs* *director*, and secures his *soul*.

CRAFT.

EARNEST-
NESS.

Behold! *Sir Balaam*, now a man of *spirit*,
Ascribes his *gettings* to his *parts* and *merit*.
What late he called a *blessing*, now was *wit*,
And *God's* good *providence*, a *lucky bit*.

PRIDE.

Things change their *titles*, as our *manners* turn;
His *compting-house* employs the *Sunday-morn*.
Seldom at *church*, ('twas such a *busy life*)
But duly sent his *family* and *wife*.

NARRA-
TION.

There (so the *Dev'l* ordain'd) one *Christmas-tide*
My good old *lady* caught a *cold*, and *dy'd*.

A nymph

A nymph of *quality* admires our knight.

He marries ; bows at court ; and grows polite ;

Leaves the dull city, and joins (to please the fair)

The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air.

First, for his son a gay commission buys,

Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies.

His daughter struts a viscount's tawdry wife ;

And bears a coronet, and p--- for life.

In Britain's senate he a seat obtains ;

And one more pensioner St. Stephen's gains.

My lady takes to play. So bad her chance,

He must repair it. Takes a bribe from France.

The house impeach him. Coningsby barangues.

The court forsake him ; and Sir Balaam bangs.

Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own ;

His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown.

The Devil, and the king divide the prize,

And sad Sir Balaam curses God, and dies.

LESSONS.

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XXXVII.

ANXIETY. RESOLUTION.

Cato sitting in a thoughtful posture. In his hand
Plato's book on the Immortality of the soul.
A drawn sword on the table by him. After
a long pause, he lays down the book, and
speaks.

I *must be so---Plato, thou reason'st well---*

Else whence this *pleasing hope*, this *fond desire*?

This *longing after immortality*?

Or whence this *secret dread*, and *inward horror*

Of falling into nought?—Why *sbrinks* the soul

Back on *herself*, and startles at *destruction*?

'Tis the *Divinity* that *stirs within us*;

'Tis *Heav'n itself* that *points out an Hereafter*,

And *intimates eternity* to man.

• *Eternity !--- thou pleasing* * --- *dreadful* +
thought !---

Through what *variety* of untry'd being,

Through what *new scenes* and *changes* must we
pass?

The

• —“ *this fond desire*,” may be spoken with the *right*
hand laid on the *breast*.

• “ *Eternity !—thou pleasing*,” &c. requires an *eye fixed*,
with *profound thoughtfulness*, on one point, throughout this
line.

DEEP

CON-

TEMPL.

COMFORT.

DESIRE.

FEAR.

AWE.

* SATIS.

+ APPH.

CURIOSI-

TY.

ANX. The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
 * COUR. But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
 † VENE. * Here will I hold. † If there's a Pow'r above us;
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works--He must delight in
 virtue,

SATISF. And that, which He delights in, must be happy.
 ANXIETY But when!--or where!--This world was made
 for *Caesar*.

* COUR. I'm weary of conjectures--* This must end them.
 [Laying his hand on his sword.]

FIRMNESS Thus am I doubly arm'd. * My death, my life;
 My bane, and antidote; are both before me.

APPR. This--in a moment, brings me to an end.

COME. Whilst this informs me, I shall never die.

NOBES The soul's secur'd in her existence, smiles

PRIDE. At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

TRIUMPH The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unburt

* --"My death, my life," &c. Long pauses between, and pointing, or looking at the sword in pronouncing "my death," and at the host in pronouncing "my life," and so in "my bane, and antidote," and in the two following lines.

* "The soul," &c. may be pronounced with the right hand laid upon the breast,

* "The stars," &c. may be spoken with the eyes raised toward heaven, and the arms moderately spread.

* "thou shalt flourish," &c. The right hand upon the breast.

* *Unburt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crash¹ of worlds;*

XXXVIII.

ANGER. THREATENING.

Satan's speech to Death stopping his passage
through the gate of Hell; with the answer.

[*Milt. PARAD. LOST, B. II. v. 601.*]

WHENCE, and what art thou, execrable shape!
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, ad-
vance

QUEST.
with
ANGER.

Thy miscreated front atkward my way
To yonder gates? through *them* I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee.
Retire¹; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heav'n.

RESOL.
CONT.
THREAT-
ENING.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
" Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,
" Who first broke peace in Heav'n, and faith, till
" then

ANGER.

" Unbroken,

z " Unburt," &c. The arms spread again, as before.

h — " the crash," &c. The hands brought together with force.

i " Retire;" is to be spoken as a whole sentence, and with the greatest force of threatening. See *Anger*, pag. 23.

"Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
 "Drew after him the third part of Heav'n sons
 "Conjur'd against the Higbest, for which both
 "thou

"And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 "To waste eternal days in woe and pain?

CONT.
 with
 ANGER.

"And reckon'st thou thyself with sp'rits of Heav'n,
 "Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here, and scorn,

PRIDE.

"Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,

THREAT-
 ENING.

"Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,

"False fugitive, * and to thy speed add wings,

"Left with a whip of scorpions I pursue

"Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart

"Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

* ——"and to thy speed," &c. to be spoken quick.

XXXIX.

DEPRECATION. RECOLLECTION.

The speech of Sin to Satan, to prevent a hostile encounter between the latter and Death; with the effect of her speech. [*Milt. PARAD. LOST. B. II. v. 726.*]

- "¹ O Father! what intends thy hand," (she cry'd) EXCLAM.
 "Against thy only son? What fury, O son, REPROOF.
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father's head? And know'st for
 "whom;
 "For Him who sits above, and laughs the while VEXAT.
 "At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
 "Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
 "His wrath; which one day will destroy ye both." ALARM.
 She spoke, and at her words the hellish pest A NARRA-
 Forbore, then these to her Satan return'd: TION.
 "So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange SUR-
 "Thou interposest, that my sudden hand PRIZE.
 "Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds RECOL-
 "What it intends; till first I know of thee, LECT.
 "What thing thou art, thus double form'd, and QUEST.
 "why

¹ "O Father," &c. must be spoke quick, as people do, when they mean to prevent imminent mischief.

AVERS.

"In this infernal vale *first met*, thou call'st
 "Me *Father*, and that *phantasm* call'st my son
 "I know thee not; nor ever saw, till now,
 "Sight more detestable than him and thee."

XL.

VEXATION. PERTNESS. CRINGING.

GRATI-
TUDE.VEXATI-
ON.

Part of Mr. Pope's complaint, of the impertinence
 of scribblers. [From the PROLOGUE to his
 IMITATIONS OF HORACE'S SATIRES.]

FRIEND^m to my life! (which did not you
 prolong,

"The world had wanted—many an idle song)
 What drop, or nostrum, can this plague remove?"

Or which must end me, a fool's wrath, or love?

A dire dilemma! Either way I'm sped;

If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.

Seiz'd, and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!

Who can't be silent, and who will not lye.

To laugh were want of goodness, and of grace;

And to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face.

I fit

^m Dr. Arbuthnot.

"The world had wanted."—Thus far ought to be
 spoken with great emphasis, as if somewhat very important
 were coming; and the remaining part of the line, "many
 an idle song," in a ludicrous manner.

LESSONS.

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I sit with *sad civility*. I read
 • With *serious anguish*, and an *aking head*;
 Then drop, at last, but in *unwilling ears*,
 This *saving counsel*, “Keep your piece *nine*
 “*years*.”

ADVIS-
ING.

“*Nine years!*” cries he, who high in Drury-
 lane,

OFF.
with
SURPR.

Lull'd by *soft zephyrs* through the *broken pane*,
Rhymes e'er he *wakes*, and *prints* before *term ends*,
 Oblig'd by *hunger*—and *request* of *friends*;

“The piece, you think, is *incorrect*. Why *take it*,
 “I'm *all submission*; what you'd *have it*, *make it*.”

PERTN.
CRING.

Three things another's *modest wishes* bound;
 My *friendship*, and a *prologue*, and *ten pound*.
 Pitholeon¹ sends to me; “You know his *Grace*.
 “I want a *patron*—Ask him for a *place*.”

VEXAT.
CRING.

“Pitholeon *libell'd* me—” * “But here's a *letter*
 “Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew *no*
 “*better*.”

OFF.
• CRYN.

“Dare you *refuse* him? ‘Curl invites to *dine*;
 “He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn *divine*.”

THREAT-
ENING.

L 2

Bless

* “With *serious anguish*,” &c. may be spoken as if sick.
 See *Sickness*, p. 26.

¹ Alluding to Horace's “Nonumque premetur in annum.”

² Pitholeon. The name of a foolish ancient poet.

³ “Curl invites,” &c. Mr. Pope was, it seems, ill used by
 Curl, a bookseller, by the writer of a *Journal*, or *News-pa-*
per, and by a “parson much bemus'd in beer.”

SUR-
PRIZE.

*Bless me! A packet! " 'Tis a stranger sues;
" A virgin tragedy; an orphan muse."*

ANGER.

If I dislike it, " Furies! death, and rage!"

CRING.

If I approve, " Commend it to the stage."

COMP.

*There, thank my stars, my whole commission ends?
The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.*

ANGER.

*Fir'd, that the house reject him, " 'Sdeath! Ill
" print it,*

CRING.

*" And shame the fools— Your int'rest, Sir, with
" Lintot."*

EXCUSE.

*" Lintot (dull rogue!) will think your price too
" much."*

CRING.

" Not if you, Sir, revise it and retouch."

VEXAT.

All my demurs but double his attacks.

WHEED.

At last he whispers, " Do; and we go snacks."

OFF.

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door.

DISMISS.

" Sir, let me see you, and your works no more."

with

ANGER.

XLI.

REFLEXION on lost happiness. SELF-CONDEM-
NATION. HORROR. DESPERATION.

Satan's Soliloquy. [*Milt. PARAD. LOST. B. IV.
v. 32.*]

ADMIRA-
TION.

*O Thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd beads; to thee I call,*

LESSONS

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But with *no friendly voice*, and add thy name
 O Sun, to tell thee, how I *bate* thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell; how glorious once above thy Sphere;
 Till *pride*, and worse ambition threw me down
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless king:
 Ah wherefore! He deserv'd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less, than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
 How justly due! yet all his good in me
 Produc'd rank malice: lifted up so high,
 Subjection I disdain'd; thought one step higher
 Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe.
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
 And understood not, that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays; at once
 Indebted, and discharged; what burden then?
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior Angel! I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other pow'r,
 As great, might have aspir'd, and me, though
 mean,
 Drawn to his part. But other pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within,

HATRED.

PAINFUL
REFLEX.

SELF-
COND.

VINDICA-
TION OF AN
ENEMY.

SELF-
COND.

PRIDE.

SELF-
CONDEM-
NATION.

ANGU.
REFLEX.
on lost
Happiness.

L 3

Or

Or from *without*, to all *temptations arm'd*.

SELF-
COND.

Hadst thou the same *free-will*, and *pow'r to stand*?

Thou *had'st*: *whom* hast thou then, or *what*
t'accuse,

BLASPHE-
MAGE.

But *Heav'n's free love* dealt equally to all?

Be then his *love accurs'd*! since *love or hate*,

To me alike it deals *eternal woe*.

SELF-
COND.

Nay *curs'd be thou*; since against *his*, *thy will*

Chose *freely* what it now so *justly rues*.

DESPE-
RATION.

O *wretched Spirit*! *which way* shall I *fly*

Infinite *wrath*, and infinite *despair*;

Which way I *fly* is *Hell*, myself am *Hell*;

And in the *lowest deep* a *lower deep*

Still *threat'ning* to *devour* me *opens wide*,

To which the *Hell*, I suffer, seems a *Heav'n* —

Essay
toward
REPEN.

O then, at *last*, *relent*. Is there *no place*

Left for *Repentance*? *None for pardon left*?

*PRIDE,

None left, but by *submission*; * and *that word*

Disdain forbids me, and my *dread of shame*

Among the *sp'rits beneath*, whom I *seduc'd*

With *other promises*, and *other vaunts*

Than to *submit*; boasting I could *subdue*

ANGU.

Th' *Omnipotent*. *Ay me!* they little know

How *dearly* I abide that *boast so vain*;

Under what *torments* inwardly I *groan*,

While they *adore* me on the throne of *Hell*,

With *diadem* and *sceptre* high *advanc'd*,

The *lower* still I fall, only *supreme*

In *misery*; such *joy ambition* finds.

PRIDE.

But say I *could repent*, and *could obtain*,

By

By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore? Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconcilment grow MALICE.

Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.

This knows my Punisher, therefore as far
From granting He, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold instead

HOPE-
LESS.
ANGUISH.
MALICE

Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for them this world.

So farewell hope; and with hope farewell fear, FIXED
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost; DESP.

Evil be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided Empire with Heav'n's King I hold, RESOL-
VED OB-
DUR.

By thee, and more than half, perhaps, shall reign;
As man, e'er long, and this new World shall know. MALICE
bent on
Mischief.

XLII.

WALKING IN SLEEP, and a DISTURBED CON-
SCIENCE. [MACBETH.]

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

LISTEN-
ING.
WARR.Gent. **L**OOK you! here she comes. This is her
guise. Observe her. Stand close.

Doct. Her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

ATTEN-

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she
rubs her hands.Gent. It is an accustomed action with her to
seem thus washing her hands. I have known her
continue this a quarter of an hour.

GUILT.

La. Macb. Yet here's a spot.

ATTEN-

Doct. Hark, she speaks.

La. Macb.

* The pupil, if he has not seen MACBETH, must be in-
formed, that Duncan, one of the ancient kings of Scotland,
was, according to Buchanan and other historians, murdered
by Macbeth, one of the nobles of that kingdom, at the in-
stigation of his Lady, in their own house, in order to Mac-
beth's ascending the throne; and that *Shakespeare*, in this
scene, intends to represent her troubled in her sleep with
guilt and fear.

* There must be but little emphasis used in expressing what
Lady Macbeth says, because it is but *dreaming*.

La. Macb. *Out, cursed spot. Out, I say—* GUILT.
"One, two. Now is the time to do it— Hell is HORROR.
murky— Fie, my lord! A soldier' afraid! What ENCOU.
need we fear? Who knows it? Who has power to
call us to account?— But, who could have thought, GUILT.
the old man had so much blood in him?

Gent. Do you mark that?

ATTEN.
 with
 SUSP.
 GUILT.

La. Macb. The Thane of Fife is a married
man. Where is his wife now? Murdered, did you
say? Who could be so bloody to mangle such sweet-
ness?—What, will these hands never be clean?
 No more of *that*, my lord; no more of *that*. ENCOU.
 You mar all with your *starting*— Here is the GUILT.
smell of blood still— All the perfumes of Arabia
will not sweeten this little band. Oh, oh, oh! ANGUISH.

Doct. What a *sigb* was there! That *heart* is
 sorely charged. This disease is beyond my practice. SUSPICION.

La. Macb. *Wash your bands, put on your* ENCOU.
night-gown. Take courage—I tell you, Banquo
is buried, all but the blood, that was shed at his dis-
patching; and that has no likeness to be known by.
 Are you afraid he'll come out of his *grave* again?
 To *bed*, to *bed*, to *bed*. There is a *knocking* at the FEAR.
gate. Come, come, come. What is done cannot be
undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.]

"One, two," must be spoken as counting a great clock.

XLIII.

INTREATING. COMPLAINT of injury. REFUSING.

The Embassy from Agamemnon to Achilles (after the latter had, in disgust, retired from the army) to endeavour to prevail with him to return, and join the allies against the Trojans. Ulysses at table, in Achilles's tent, speaks.

SUBMISSION.

HEALTH to Achilles! Happy are thy guests!
Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts:

CLOCK.

Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards;
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

ANXIETY

But greater cares sit heavy on our souls;
Not eas'd by banquets, or by flowing bowls.

SYMPATHY.

What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear.

APPREHENSION.

Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
And owns no help, but from thy saving hands.

Troy, and her sons, for ready vengeance call:
Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall.

Hear how with shouts their conquests they proclaim,
And point at ev'ry ship the vengeful flame.

AWE with APPR.

For them the Father of the gods declares;
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.

See,

LESSONS.

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*See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!
All human force the raging chief defies;
What fury in his breast, what light'ning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
Return, Achilles! Oh return, tho' late,
To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;
If in that heart or grief, or courage lies,
Rise to redeem: ah yet to conquer rise.
The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,
That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.*

TERROR.

BESEECH-
ING.

WARN-
ING.

He afterwards enumerates the advantageous conditions offered by Agamemnon, to engage him to return. To all which Achilles gives the following answer.

————— *Ulysses! —hear
A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear.
What in my secret soul is understood
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain,
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore:
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight, or not fight, a like reward we claim;
The wretch and hero, find their prize the same;
Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.*

STERN
FIRMNESS

DISPLEAS.

EXPROBA-
TION.

Of

* "Ulysses!" is to be spoken as a whole sentence.

Of all my *dangers*, all my *glorious pains*,
 A *life of labours*! lo, what *fruit remains*!
 As the *bold bird* her *helpless young* attends,
 From *danger* guards them, and from *want* defends;
 In search of *prey* she *wings* the *spacious air*,
 And with *untasted food* supplies her care;
 For *thankless Greece* such *hardships* have I *brav'd*,
 Her *matrons*, and her *tender infants* sav'd,
 Long *sleepless nights* in *heavy arms* have stood,
 And spent *laborious days* in *dust* and *blood*.
 I sack'd *twelve ample cities* on the *main*,
 And *twelve* lay *smoking* on the *Trojan plain*.
 Then at *Atrides' baughty feet* were laid
 The *wealth* I *gather'd*, and the *spoils* I *made*.
 Your *mighty monarch* these in *peace* possess;
 Some *few* my *soldiers* had; *himself* the *rest*.
Wrong'd in my *love*, all *proffers* I *disdain*;
Deceiv'd for *once*, I *trust not* *kings* again.—
 Ye *have* my *answer*— *What *remains* to do,
 Your *king*, *Ulysses*, may *consult* with you.
 What *needs* he the *defence* *this arm* can *make*?
 Has he not *walls*, no *human force* can *shake*?
 Has he not *fenc'd* his *guarded navy* round
 With *piles*, with *ramparts*, and a *trench profound*?
 And will not *these*, the *wonders* he has *done*,
Repel the *Rage* of *Priam's* *single son*?
 There *was a time* ('twas when for *Greece* I *fought*)
 When *Heitor's* *prowe*s no *such wonders* wrought,
 He kept the *verge* of *Troy*, nor *dar'd* to wait
Achilles' vengeance at the *Scæan gate*.

SNEER
with
REPR.

RESOL.

REFU.

*SNEER.

SELF-
COMMEND

LESSONS.

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But now those *deadly contests* are *no more*.

RESOLUTION.

To-morrow we the *fav'ring gods* implore ;

Then shall ye see our *parting vessels* crown'd,

And hear with oars the *Hellepont* resound.

Then tell your *king*, that *all the Greeks* may bear,

INSULT.

And learn to *scorn* the man they *basely* fear.

(For, arm'd in *impudence*, mankind he *braves*,

And meditates new *cheats* on all his *slaves* ;

Tho' *shameless* as he is, to meet these *eyes*

Is what he *dares not* : if he *dares*, he *dies*.)

Tell him, *all terms*, *all commerce* I *decline*,

Nor *share* his *counsels*, nor his *battles* join :

} FIRM
HATRED.

For, *once* deceiv'd was *his* ; but *twice* were *mine*.

My fates, long since by *Tbetis* were *disclos'd* ;

RESOLUTION.

And each *alternate*, *life*, or *fame*, *propos'd*.

Here if I *stay* before the *Trojan town*,

Short is my *date* ; but *deathless* my *renown*.

If I *return*, I quit *immortal praise*

For *years* on *years*, and *long* extended *days*.

Convinc'd, tho' *late*, I *find* my *fond* *mistake*,

And *warn* the *Greeks* the *wiser* choice to *make* ;

ADVISING

To *quit* these *shores* ; their *native* *seats* enjoy,

Nor hope the *fall* of *heav'n-defended* *Troy*.

Life is not to be *bought* with *heaps* of *gold* ;

SERIOUS
REFLEX-
ION.

Not all, *Apollo's* *Pythian* *treasures* *bold*,

Or *Troy* once *beld*, in *peace* and *pride* of *sway*,

Can *bribe* the *poor* *possession* of a *day*.

Lost *berds* and *treasures* we by *arms* *regain*,

And *steeds* *unrival'd* on the *dusty* *plain*.

But,

But, from our lips the *vital spirit* fled.
Returns no more to wake the *silent dead*.

He concludes with declaring his determined resolution not to return. And the ambassadors take their leave, to go back to the army.

XLIV.

Humorous scene from *Shakespear's* MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM.

Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and
Starveling.

ENQU.

Quince. **I**S all our company *here*?

DIRECT-
ING.

Bot. You had best call them *conjunctly* and *severally*, *generally* and *specialy*, that is, whereof to call them *man* by *man*, according to the *scrip*.

INFORM-
ING.

Quin. Here is the scroll of *every man's name*, in *this town*, that is fit to be seen upon the *stage* before the *duke* and *duchess*.

DIRECT-
ING.

Bot. Good *Peter Quince*, go to *work* in a *method*. Begin at the *top*, and go on to the *bottom*; that is, whereof as a man may say, first tell us what the *play treats of*, then read the *names* of

“Good *Peter Quince*,” &c. To be spoken with a great *affectation of wisdom*; but in a *clumsy* and *rustic manner*.

LESSONS.

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of the *actors*, and so your business will stand by itself as *regular*, as a *building* set upon the very *pinacle* of its *foundation*.

Quin. Why then, the play is the most *delectable* and *lamentable* comedy entituled and called, *The cruel tragedy* of the death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*!

Bot. A very *moving* play, I warrant it. A very *deep* tragedy, I know by the *sound* of the *title* of it. *Pyramus* and *Thisby*! I suppose they are to have their *throats* cut from *ear* to *ear*, or their *bellies* ripped up from the *waist-bands* of their *breeches* to their *chins*. Well, now, good *Peter*, call forth your *actors* by the *scrowl*. *Masters*, spread yourselves out into a *clump*, every man *conjunctly* by *himself*.

Quin. Answer, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, *weaver*.

Bot. Ready. Name my part, and proceed.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are set down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. I am to play *Pyramus*? Well, and *who* is *Pyramus*? A *gentleman*, or a *simple* man?

Quin. *Pyramus* is a *lover*, and *Thisby* is his *sweetheart*. *Pyramus* kills *himself* for *grief*, because a *lion* had got hold of *Thisby's cloak*, and *tore* it, which makes *Pyramus* conclude, as how he had *tore* *her* too, and *eaten* *her* up, all but the *cloak*; whereof he had not *touched* *her*. So that poor *Pyramus* loses his *life*, d'ye see, for *nothing*

INFORM-
ING.

PITY.

DIRECT-
ING.

AUTH.

AFFEC.

SMART-
NESS.

AUTH.

ENQU.

TEACH-
ING.

at all; whereof you know, that is enough to make a man hang himself.

ENQU.

Bot. What then, am I to hang myself for vexation, because I had killed myself for nothing?

DENY.

Quin. No; that is not in the play.

APPRE-
HENSION.

Bot. Here will be salt tears wept, or I am mistaken. An I be the man, that acts this same *Pyramus*, let the ladies look to their eyes, I will condole and congratulate to some tune. I will break every heart, that is not double-hooped with flint. I have a main notion of acting your lover, that is crossed in love. There is but one thing, that is more to my humour than your tribulation lover.

BOMBAST.

That is, your tyrant; your thundering tyrant. I could play you, for example, I could play you such a tyrant as *Herricoles*^a, when he gets on the brimstone shirt, and is all on fire, as the unlucky boys burn a great rat alive with spirits. And then, when he takes up little—what's his name^b—to squir him off of the cliff into the sea. O then 'tis fine^c, “I'll split the raging rocks; and
“shiv'ring shocks, with thund'ring knocks, shall
“break the locks of prison gates. And *Febal's*^c
“car shall shine from far, and kindle war, with
“many

RANT.

^a Hercules.

^b Lichas.

^c This bombastic passage (probably intended to ridicule some play written in Shakespear's time) cannot be too much mouthed and ranted.

^d Phœbus's.

LESSONS.

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"many a *scar*, and *make* and *mar* the *stubborn*
 "*fates*." There is your right tragedy stuff, AP-
 This is *Herricole's vein* to a *beir*. This is your PLAUSE.
 only *true tyrant's vein*. Your *lover's vein* is more
 upon the *condoling* and *congratulating*. Now, Pe- DIRECT-
 ter *Quince*, name the *rest* of the *players*. ING,

Quin. *Francis Flute*, *bellows-maker*. AUTH.

Flute. *Here, Peter Quince*. AFFEC.

Quin. **Francis*, you must take *Thibsy* on you. SMART-
 NESS,

Flute. †*What*, that is to be *Nick Bottom's* *AUTH.
sweetheart, and to have my *cloak worried alive* by †ENQU.
 the *great beast*? Why, *Peter*, I have a *beard* a DOUBT.

I sha'nt make a *clever woman*, as you
 may say, unless it were *Mrs. What d'ye call her*,
Mrs. Tibby's mother or *aunt*. Has not the gen- ENQU.
 tlewoman of the play a *mother*, or an *aunt*, that
 appears?

Quin. *Yes*; but you must do *Thibsy*. You ENCOUR.
 will do *Thibsy* well enough, man. You shall do it
 in a *mask*. *Robin Starveling*, *taylor*. AUTH.

Star. *Here, Peter Quince*. AFFEC.

Quin. § You must play *Pyramus's father*; I SMART-
 will play *Thibsy's father*; *Flute* must play *Thibsy*; NESS.
 and *Snowt* *Thibsy's mother*. §AUTH.
Simon Snug, *joiner*.

Snug. *Here, Peter Quince*. AFFEC.

Quin. || *Simon*, you must act the part of the SMART-
lion. ||AUTH.

Snug. *Heb!* the part of the *lion*, do you say, ENQU.
Peter Quince? Why I never made a *beast* of my-

M

self

self in my life, but now and then, when I have drunk a cup too much.

ENCOUR. Quin. Pshaw, pshaw, a better man, than you or I either, has been made a beast before now; ay, and a horn'd beast too. But the lion is a royal beast, the king of beasts. So Simon you must play the part of the lion.

DOUBT. Snug. Well, but an it be a long part, I can't remember it; for I have but a poor brain. Let me see how many pages.

ENCOUR. Quin. Why, Simon, it is not written. And, for the matter of that, you may do it off hand. It is nothing but roaring.

ADVISING. Bot. I'll tell you what, Peter Quince; you were better to let me act the part of the lion. Simon Snug is but a hen-hearted sort of a fellow. He won't roar you so loud as a mouse in the hole in the wall. But, if you will let me play the part, I will make such a noise, as shall do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that the duke shall cry, *Encore, encore*, let him roar, let him roar, once more, once more.

CAUTIONING. Quin. But if you were too terrible, you might frighten the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

SELF-VINDICATION. Bot. Ay, if the duchess and the ladies were frightened out of their wits, to be sure, perhaps, they might have no more wit, than to get us all

hang'd:

bang'd: but do you think, Peter Quince, that I have no more *inhumanity* in my nature, than to frighten people? I would *restrain* and *aggravate* my voice, that I would roar you as *gentle* as any *sucking dove*; I would roar you as it were any *nightingale*.

Quin. I tell you, Nick Bottom, hold your AUTH. tongue, with your *roaring*, and set your heart at rest. You shall play *nothing* but *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well: if I *must*, I *must*. What cannot SUBMIS-
SION.
ENQ. be *endur'd*, you know, must be *cur'd*. But what *heard* were I best to play it in?

Quin. You must not have on a *grey beard*, DIRECT-
ING. you know; because it will not look *natural* for a man with a *grey beard* to be acting the part of a *lover*.

Bot. Why, *look you*, Master Peter Quince, I SELF-
VINDICA-
TION. don't think it so very *unnatural* to see people, with *grey beards*, acting the part of *lovers*; at least, I am sure, it had not *need* be *unnatural*; for it is *common* enough. But, howsomdever it will look a little *unnatural*, as you say, to see the *young woman*, Mrs. Tibby, *fondling* and looking *sweet* upon a man with a *grey beard*. Wherefore, upon *minute liberation*, I will play it in a beard *black as jet*.

Quin. Here, then, *Masters*; take your parts, EXHORA-
TION. and *con* them over with as much *retention* as you can; that you may be ready to *rehearse* by to-morrow night.

M 2

Bot.

ENQU.

Bot. But *where* must we *rehearse*, Peter Quince?

APPRE-
HENSION.

Quin. Why, you know, if we should go to rehearse in a *garret*, or a *malt-loft*, we should but draw a *mob*, and perhaps get ourselves taken up for *cromancers*. Therefore we must go to the *palace wood*, and do it by *moonlight*. Then you know, we shall do it with *dacity* and *imposure* of mind, when there is no body to *deplaud*, or to *bifs*.

CONTRIV.

Bot. Right, Peter Quince. We will be *ready* for you. [Exeunt.]

XLV.

CHIDING.

The speech of Hector to Paris, on his avoiding, on the field of battle, Menelaus, the husband of Helen, whom he had decoyed from Sparta to Troy, which occasioned the Trojan war. [Pope's Hom. II. III. v. 53.]

NARRA-
TION.

AS godlike Hector sees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat.

REPR.

"Unhappy Paris! But to women—brave!

"So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!

VEXAT.

"Ob hadst thou dy'd, when first thou saw'st the
"light,

"Or dy'd at least before the nuptial rite!

"A

LESSONS.

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" A better fate, than vainly thus to boast

CON-
TEMPT.

" And fly, the scandal of the Trojan host.

" God's ! how the scornful Greeks exult to see

VEXAT.

" Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee !

" Thy figure promis'd with a martial air ;

CON-
TEMPT.

" But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.

" In former days, in all thy gallant pride,

" When thy tall ships triumphant stem'd the tide,

" When Greece beheld thy painted canoes flow,

" And crouds stood wond'ring at the passing show ;

" Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,

ENQU.
with
CONT.

" You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen ?

" Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,

" And both her warlike lords^d outshone in Helen's

" eyes ?

" This deed, thy foes delight, thy own disgrace,

" Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race,

" This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight ;

" Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right ?

CHAL-
LENCE.

" Soon to thy cost his sword would make thee

" know,

" Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.

" Thy graceful form, instilling soft desire,

WARN-
ING.

" Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,

" Beauty, and youth—in vain to these you trust,

" When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust.

" Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow

THREAT-
ENING.

" Crush the dire author of his country's woe."

M 3

XLVI.

^d Theseus, her first, and Menelaus, her second husband.

XLVI.

REMORSE. CONFESSION. VIRTUOUS RESOLUTION. AFFECTION. JOY. RAPTURE.

Scene between Sir Charles Easy and his lady (to whom he had been false) after his coming to understand, that his falshood was known to her, though borne without the least complaint, or outward appearance of dissatisfaction, on her part.

SERIOUS
CONVERS.

Sir Ch. **S**IT still, my dear—I want to talk with you—and, which you well may wonder at, what I have to say is of importance too. But it is in order to our *friendship's* being upon a *better foot* hereafter, than it has been hitherto.

AFFEC.
ish
SUBMIS.

Lady Easy. Your behaviour to me, Sir Charles, has *always* been *friendly* and *loving*; nor can I charge you with a *look*, that ever had the appearance of *unkindness*.

C. MPLIM

Sir Ch. The *perpetual spring* of your good humour, Madam, lets me draw *no merit* from what I have *appeared* to be. For you seem to be of a *temper to love*, or at least to behave *kindly*, to your *husband*, let his *character* be *what it will*. Yet I cannot even now, reconcile, with your good sense,
your

your venturing upon marriage with a man of my indolent character.

Lad. Easy. I never thought it such a hazard. And your having never shewn, even in the time of courtship, the least affectation to be any thing, but what you was by nature, and your shewing, through that carelessness of temper, an undesigning honesty of mind, which I suspected a want of in smoother behaviour, won me by taking no pains to win me, and pleased and courted me by taking no pains to please or court me. I concluded, that such a temper could never be deliberately unkind. Or, at the worst, I hoped, that any errors which might arise from want of thinking, might be borne; and that one moment's thought would end them. Thus, Sir Charles, you see my worst of fears. And these, weighed against the hopes I had of winning your heart (as you know, our sex are not too diffident of the power of our own charms) were as nothing.

SUBMISSIVE AFFECT.

Sir Ch. My dear, your understanding, when I consider my own conduct, startles me; and makes my own look despicable. I blush to think, I have worn so valuable a jewel in my bosom, and, till this hour, have scarce had the curiosity, or rather the common sense, to think of looking upon its lustre.

WONDER.

Lad. Easy. You set too high a value, Sir Charles, on the common qualities of harmlessness and good-nature in a wife.

SHAME.

SELF-DENIAL.

PRAISE.

Sir Ch. *Virtues, like benefits, are doubled by being modestly concealed. And I confess, I suspect you, Madam, of virtues, which, as much as they exalt your character, disgrace mine.*

APPR.

Lad. Easy. I don't *understand* you, Sir Charles.

TREPIDATION.

Sir Ch. I must speak *plainer* then—Be free, and tell me, *where* did you leave this handkerchief?

START.

Lad. Easy. *Ha!*

TENDERN

Sir Ch. What do you *start* at?—You have *nothing* to be troubled about.—Would to Heaven I had as *little*. [Aside.]

SHAME.

ANXIETY

Lad. Easy. I *cannot* speak—and I could wish you would not *oblige* me—It is the *only* thing I *ever* refused you—And, though I *cannot* give you a *reason*, why I would not speak, yet I hope you will *excuse* me, *without* a reason.

INTREATING.

STINGING REMORSE

Sir Ch. *What* then! Does this *delicate* creature scruple to *accuse* me of what I have so *little* scrupled to be *guilty* of! *Monster!* To *injure* such *goodness*! [Aside.]

TENDERN with ADMIR.

Well, then, *Madam*, your *will* shall be a *reason*. I will *urge* the point no *farther*. And indeed it would *ill* become me. Since you are so *generously* tender of *reproaching* me, I will *declare* to you, that what your *delicacy* avoids *charging* me with, that

* It was by the handkerchief, that he knew his baseness was discovered by his lady.

that my *own reflexion* bears *home* upon me with *tenfold force*. Your *heroic behaviour* has wak'd me to a *sense* of your *disquiet past*—disquiet so *unworthily* caused by me— and— and— [hesitating through fullness of heart] so *nobly borne* by— her— who *least deserved* to be forced to bear it.— But, Madam,— [sighing] if I *have* used you ill—I hope I have *sentiment* enough *still* left to secure you from *all fear* of my offending *hereafter*. As an *earnest* of which, let me *beg* of you to *discharge* your woman.

REMORSE.

VIRTU-
OUS REAC-
LUTION.

INTREAT.

Lad. Easy. My *dearest*! I *think* not of her. Your *tendernefs* overcomes me. [Weeping.]

OVER-
POWER.

JOY.
SELF-DE-
NIAL.

Sir Ch. *Nay*, surely, you have no room to praise my *tendernefs*. Such *tendernefs*, as I have shewn to *worth* like yours, might—but I see you are in *pain* to give me this *confusion*. I will not, therefore, increase your *uneasiness* by reflexions on what *I have been*; but rather, reserving them for my *private recollections*, try to soothe your *anguish* by the *prospect* of *happiness* to come—happiness from my *recovery* to a *sense* of your *inimitable excellence*, which hereafter, I intend shall be the *business* and the *joy* of my life to *study*, and *admire*. *Expect* then, thou *best* of *womankind*, from my *future affection*, all that can be *conceived* of *tender* and of *kind*. *Nothing*, you can *expect*, shall come up to what you shall *experience*; for *no tendernefs* can equal your *deservings* at the hands of such a husband

REMORSE.
TENDERN

PROTEST
of
AFFEC.

husband as I have *binberd* been. Receive me, then, *entire* at last, and take what no woman ever truly had — not even your incomparable self — my conquered heart. [Embracing.]

INEX-
PRESS.
TRANS.
of
Love and
Joy.

Lad. Easy. O my recovered, my almost lost, my inestimable jewel! — My husband! — My love! — O ecstasy of joy! — Too much for human nature! — Thus to have all I love on earth, come voluntarily and unsolicited, to load me with kindness, and crown me with happiness! What is the rapture of the lover sighing at our feet, to the solid joy of receiving the relenting returning husband! O dearest love! Be not so profusely kind. O Heaven! Teach me to shew gratitude suitable to such a blessing!

Pious
GRAT.

XLVII.

DISCONTENT. EXCITING. REPROACHING.
PLOTING.

The scene, in which Cassius excites Brutus to oppose Caesar's power. [Shakespeare's JUL. CÆS.]

DISCON.

Cæs. — **HONOUR** is the subject of my story:

I cannot tell, what you, and other men Think of this life, but for my single self, I'd rather sleep i' th' dust, than live to be

CONT.

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

PRIDE.

I was born free as Cæsar. So were you.

We

LESSONS.

171

We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now
"Leap in with me into this angry flood,
"And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, 'I plunged in;
And bad him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But e'er we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
† Then, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: * and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod to him.
He had an ague, when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:

NARR.
with
CONT.
QUEST.

COURAGE

FEAR.
DISTR.
and
INTR.
† COUR.

* WON-
DER.
CONT.

NARR.
with
CONT.

RANT.
CONT.

† This passage cannot be expressed with life, without some-
thing of the action of swimming.

SICKN.

WOND.

LIST.

WOND.

DISCON.

RANT.

REGRET.

EXCIT-

ING.

WOND.

*CON-

TEMPT.

*Ay, and that tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cry'd, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"—*

*As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.*

Bru. Another general shout!

*I do believe, that their applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.*

*Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world*

*Like a Colossus, and we sorry dwarfs
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.*

*Men sometimes have been masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.*

*Brutus and Cæsar ! what should be in that Cæsar !
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together ; yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them ; it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them ; it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a ghost as soon as Cæsar.*

*Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? * Age thou art sham'd ;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.*

*When went there by an age, since the Sun shone,
But it was fam'd with more than one man ?*

*When could they say, till now, who talk'd of Rome,
That*

LESSONS.

173

That her *wide walls* incompas'd but *one man*?
Ob! you and I have heard our *fathers* say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
A *whip-gall'd slave* to lord it over *Rome*
As soon as this dread *Cæsar*.

EXCIT-
ING.

Bru. *That you do love me, I am *nothing*
jealous;

APPRO-
BATION.

What you would *work* me to, I have *some aim*;
How I have *thought* of this, and of *these times*,
I shall *recount* hereafter. For this *present*,
I would not (so with *love* I might intreat you)
Be any *fartber mov'd*. What you have *said*,
I will *consider*; what you *have* to *say*,
I will with *patience* bear, and find a *time*
Both *meet* to bear, and *answer* such *high things*.

SERIOUS
CONSID-
RATION.

Till then, my *noble friend*, *chew* upon *this*;

PLOT-
TING.

Brutus—had rather be a *Lybian*,

DISCON-
TENT.

Than to repute himself a *son* of *Rome*,

Under such *hard conditions*, as *this time*

Is like to *lay* upon us.

[Exeunt.]

* The character of Brutus being *cool courage*, his speech is to be expressed *accordingly*.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

JOY. TROUBLE. FLATTERY. DARING. FEAR.

ROMANTIC IMAGINATION.

Eve's account of her troublesome Dream.

[PARAD. LOST. B. V. v. 28.]

JOY and
LOVE.DISA-
GREET-
BLE RE-
MEMB.

WHEEL.

PLEASING
DESCRIP-
TION.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find *all repose*,
 My glory, my perfection! Glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd. For I this night
 (Such night till *this* I never pass'd) have dream'd—
 'If dream'd— not as I oft am wont, of thee;
 Works of day past; or morrow's next design;
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought,
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk,
 With gentle voice. I thought it thine. It said,
 "Why sleep'st thou Eve? Now is the pleasant
 " time,
 " The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 " To the night warbling bird, that now awake,
 " Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
 " Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
 " Shadowy sets off the face of things. 'In vain,
 " If

2 "If dream'd." The impression being so strong, that she was in doubt, whether it was a dream, or a reality.

1 "In vain," &c. The pupil must be told, that this means, "No matter whether any earthly creature is awake
 "to admire your beauty."

LESSONS.

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"If none regards. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes;

"Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire?"

"In whose sight all things joy with ravishment,

"Attracted by thy beauty—still to gaze."

I rose, as at thy call; but found thee not.

To find thee I directed then my walk;

And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways,

That brought me on a sudden to the tree

Of interdicted knowledge. Fair it seem'd,

Much fairer to my fancy, than by day:

And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood

One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n

By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd

Ambrosia. On that tree he also gaz'd;

And, "O fair plant," said he, "with fruit sur-

"charg'd,

"Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,

"Nor god, nor man? Is knowledge so despis'd?

"Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?

"Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold

"Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?"

This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm

He pluck'd, he tasted. Me damp horror chill'd

At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold.

But he thus overjoy'd, "O fruit divine,

"Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt;

"Forbidden here, it seems as only fit

"For gods; yet able to make gods of men:

"And why not gods of men, since good, the more

"Communicated, more abundant grows,

"The

FLAT-
TERY.

OMITTED

TRAIT

NARRA-
TION.

APPRE-
HENSION.

WONDER.

PLEAS-
and
DESIRE.

ENQU-
RESOLU-
TION.

FEAR.

JOY.

INVITING

"The Author *not impair'd*, but *honour'd more*?

"*Here, happy creature ! fair, angelic Eve !*

FLATT.

"*Partake thou also ; happy though thou art,*

TEMPT-
ING.

"*Happier thou mayst be ; worthier canst not be :*

"*Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods,*

"*Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,*

"*But sometimes in the air, as we ; sometimes*

"*Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see*

"*What life the gods live there, and such live thou ?*"

FEAR.

So saying, he drew *nigh*, and to me *held*,

RISING.

Ev'n to my *mouth* of that *same fruit* held *part*,

DESIRE.

Which he had *pluck'd*. The *pleasant sav'ry smell*

So *quicken'd appetite*, that I, methought,

Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the *clouds*

ROMAN-
TIC IMAG-
INAT.

With him I *flew*, and underneath *beheld*

The *earth* outstretch'd *immense*, a prospect *wide*

And *various*. Wond'ring at my *flight* and *change*

To this *high exaltation* ; suddenly

My *guide* was gone, and I, methought, *sunk down*,

JOY.

And *fell asleep*. But O how glad I *wak'd*

To find this but a *dream*.

XLIX.

ANQUIST followed by TRANSPORT.

The scene of Indiana's being found to be Mr. Sealand's daughter. [CONSC. LOV.]

Ind. **I** AM told, Sir, you come about *business*, CIVIL-
which requires your speaking with me. LITY.

Seal. Yes, Madam. There came to my hands a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable to-morrow; and as I have *cash* of his, I have made bold to bring you the money myself.—

A—a—a— and, to be free, Madam, the *fame* CONFU-
of your *beauty*, and the *regard* which Mr. Bevil is sION.
but *too well known* to have for you, excited my *curiosity*.

Ind. *Too well known* to have for me! Your OFFEN-
sober *appearance*, Sir, made me expect no *rudeness*,
or *absurdity* from you—*Who waits?*— Sir, if
you pay the money to a *servant* it will be as well.

[Going.]

Seal. Pray, Madam, be not *offended*. I came APOLG-
hither with an *innocent*, nay, a *virtuous* design. CY.
And, if you will have patience to *bear* me, it
may be of *service* to you, as well as to my *only*
daughter, on *whose account* I come, and whom I
was *this day* to *dispose* of.

Ind. [Aside.] In *marriage* with Mr. Bevil, APPRE-
I fear. What I *dreaded*, is come. But I must HENS.

N

compose

RECOL-
LECT.

compose myself, if possible. [To him.] Sir, you may suppose I shall desire to know any thing, which may be interesting to Mr. Bevil, or to myself.

CONFU.

As appearances are against me with regard to his behaviour, I ought to forgive your suspicion, Sir.

APOL.

Be free then; I am composed again. Go on, Sir.

WOND.
with
DISAP.

Seal. I feared indeed, an unwarranted passion here. But I could not have thought any man capable of abusing so much loveliness and worth, as your appearance, and behaviour, bespeak. But the youth of our age care not what excellence they destroy, so they can but gratify—

VINDIC.

ENQU.
with
APPRE-
HENS.

Ind. [Interrupting.] Sir, you are going into very great errors. But please to keep your suspicions, and acquaint me, why the care of your daughter obliges a person, of your seeming rank, to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless—[Weeps.] I beg you pardon, good Sir,

DISTR.

APOL.

—I am an orphan, who can call nothing in this world my own, but my virtue—Pray, good Sir, go on.

PITY
with
DISAP.
VINDIC.

Seal. How could Mr. Bevil think of injuring such sweetness!

PRAISE.

Ind. You wrong him, Sir. He never thought of injuring me. His bounty he bestows for my support, merely for the pleasure of doing good. You are the gentleman, I suppose, for whose happy daughter he is designed by his worthy father; and he has consented, perhaps, to the proposal.

ENQU.
with
APPRE-
HENS.

Seal.

LESSONS.

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Seal. I own, such a *match* was *proposed*; but *CAUT:*
it shall not proceed, unless I am *satisfied*, that your *RESOL.*
connexion with him may be *consistent* with it.

Ind. It is *only*, Sir, from his *actions* and his *looks*, that I have had *any reason* to flatter myself
into the notion of his having *any particular affec-*
tion for me. From *them*, I own, I was led into
the *hope* of what I *earnestly wished*, that he had
thoughts of making me the *partner* of his *heart*.
But now I find my *fatal mistake*. The *goodness*
and *gentleness* of his *demeanour*, with the *richness*
of his *benevolence*, made me *misinterpret all*—
’Twas my *own hope*, my *own passion*, that *deluded*
me—He never made *one amorous advance* to me
—His *generous heart* and *liberal hand* meant *only*
to help the *miserable*. And I—O *fool* that I *SELF-*
was!—I *fondly* suffered myself to be drawn into *COND:*
*imagination*s too *high*, and too *ambitious* for my
lowly wretchedness—Oh—oh—oh!

[Weeping.]

Seal. Make yourself *easy*, Madam, upon the *Com-*
score of my *daughter*, at least. The *connexion* be- *PORT:*
tween Mr. *Bevil* and *her* is not gone *so far* as to
render it *necessary* that your *peace* should be *de-*
stroyed by such a *marriage*. Depend upon it, Ma-
dam, my *daughter* shall never be the cause of
your *disappointment*.

Ind. Sir, your speaking so, makes me still *DISTRESS*
more *wretched*. Shall I be the cause of *injury* to *HARMED:*
my *noble benefactor*? Shall I, who have *no pre-*
tensions

PERSU. *tensions to him, be the hindrance of his happiness? Heaven forbid! No, Sir; give your daughter to the worthiest of men. Give her to my generous Bevil*

DISTR. with GRAT. *—They may be happy, though I should run distracted. And, whilst I preserve my senses, I will weary Heaven with my prayers for their felicity.*

DISTR. *As for my own fate, it is likely to hold on as it begun, a series of wretchedness—'Twas Heaven's high will that I should be wretched—Taken captive in my cradle—tossed on the seas—there deprived of my mother—that I should only hear of my father; but never see him—that I should then be adopted by a stranger—then lose my adopter—that I should then be delivered from the very jaws of poverty by the most amiable of mankind—that I should give my fond unthinking heart to this most charming of his sex—and that he should disappoint all my romantic hopes, without leaving me the right, or the pretence of blaming any one, but myself. For, oh, I cannot reproach him, though his friendly hand, that raised me to this height, now throws me down the precipice.*
LAMEN. *Oh!*

[Weeping.]

COMP. *Seal. Dear lady! Compose yourself to patience, if possible. My heart bleeds for your distress—*
PITY. *And there is something in your very strange story, that resembles— Does Mr. Bevil know your history particularly?*

ENQU. *Ind. All is known to him perfectly. And it is my knowledge of what I was by birth, and what I should*

should be now, that embitters all my misery. I'll tear away all traces of my former self; all that can put me in mind of what I was born to, and am miserably fallen from. [In her disorder she throws away her bracelet, which Mr. Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly on it.]

Seal. *Ha! what means this? Where am I? It is the same! the very bracelet, which my wife wore at our last mournful parting.*

Ind. *What said you, Sir? Your wife! What may this mean? That bracelet was my mother's. But your name is Sealand. My lost father's name was——*

Seal. [Interrupting.] *Danvers, was it not?*

Ind. *What new amazement! That was his name.*

Seal. *I am the true Mr. Danvers, though I have changed my name to Sealand——O my child, my child!* [Catching Indiana in his arms.]

Ind. *All-gracious Heaven! Is it possible? Do I embrace my father?*

Seal. *O my child, my child! My sweet girl! My lost Indiana! Restor'd to me as from the dead! I now see every feature of thy lamented mother in thy lovely countenance! O Heaven! how are our sorrows past o'erpaid by such a meeting! To find thee thus, to have it in my power to bestow thee on thy noble lover, with a fortune not beneath his acceptance.*

Ind. O it is *more like a dream*, than *reality*! Have I then a *father's sanction* to my love! His *bounteous hand* to give, and make my *heart* a *present* worthy of my *generous Bevil*?

Seal. Let us send *immediately* to him, and inform him of this *wondrous turn*; which shews, that

Whate'er the gen'rous mind *itself denies*,
The secret care of *Providence* supplies.

L.

REPROOF.

Calisthenes's honest speech in reproof of Cleon's flattery to Alexander, on whom Cleon wanted divinity to be conferred by vote. [Q. CURT. VIII.]

DIS-
PLEAS.RE-
PROOF.

IF the king were *present*, Cleon, there would be no need of my *answering* to what you have just *proposed*. He would *himself* *reprove* you for endeavouring to draw him into an *imitation* of *foreign absurdities*, and for bringing *envy* upon him by such *unmanly flattery*. As he is *absent*, I take upon me to *tell* you in his name, that no *praise* is *lasting*, but what is *rational*; and that you do what you can to *lessen* his *glory*, instead of *adding* to it. *Heroes* have never, *among us*, been *deified*, till after their *death*. And, whatever may

may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wish the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour. You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propose, Hercules, and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? And are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our sovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his subjects? First try your power, whether you can make a king. It is, surely, easier to make a king, than a god; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in Heaven. † I only wish, that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant proposal you have made, of adding one to their number; and that they may still be so propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that success to our affairs, with which they have hitherto favoured us. * For my part, I am not ashamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws, or rules of conduct, from them, what is it, but to confess ourselves inferior to them?

CHALLENGE.

† APPREHENS.

* HONEST PRIDE.

LI.

INCULCATING. COMMANDING. INTREATING.
WARNING.

The dying charge of Micipsa, king of Numidia, to Jugurtha, whom he had adopted, and made joint-heir to his kingdom, with his two sons Adherbal and Hiempsal.

EXCIT-
ING TO
GRATI-
TUDE,

COMMEN-
DATION.

YOU know, Jugurtha, that I received you under my *protection* in your early youth, when left a *helpless*, and *hopeless* orphan. I advanced you to *high honours* in my kingdom; in the full assurance that you would prove *grateful* for my *kindness* to you; and that, if I came to have *children* of my own, you would study to *repay* to them, what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reason to *repent* of my *favours* to you. For, to omit all former instances of your *extraordinary merit*, your *late behaviour* in the *Numantian war*, has *reflected* upon me, and my kingdom, a new and *distinguish'd* glory. You have, by your *valour*, rendered the *Roman commonwealth*, which before was well affected to our interest, much more friendly. In *Spain*, you have raised the honour of my name and crown. And you have surmounted what is justly reckoned one of the greatest difficulties;

ties; having, by your merit, silenced envy. My dissolution seems now to be fast approaching. I therefore beseech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha, by this right hand; by the remembrance of my past kindness to you; by the honour of my kingdom, and by the majesty of the gods; be kind to my two sons, whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connexion with any stranger to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treasures, that a kingdom is secured, but by well affected subjects and allies. And it is by faithful and important services, that friendship (which neither gold will purchase, nor arms extort) is secured. But what friendship is more perfect, than that which ought to obtain between brothers? What fidelity can be expected among strangers, if it is wanting among relations? The kingdom, I leave you, is in good condition, if you govern it properly; if otherwise, it is weak. For by agreement a small state increases: by division, a great one goes to ruin. It will lie upon you, Jugurtha, who are come to riper years, than your brothers, to provide, that no misconduct produce any bad effect. And, if any difference should arise between you and your brothers, (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however innocent you may be, as the aggressor, because your years and abilities give you the superiority. But I firmly persuade myself, that you

IN-
TREAT.

WARN-
ING.

TEACH-
ING.

REMOV.

WARN-
ING.

INCUL-
CAT.

DEVOT.

HOPE.

you will treat them with kindness, and that they will honour and esteem you, as your distinguished virtue deserves.

LII.

DRUNKENNESS^k.

[Shakespeare's OTHELLO.]

Cassio. I'LL be ha— [hiccoughs] I'll be ha—
hang'd, if these fellows han't given me
a fil— a fil— a fillip on the brain-pan— a
little one.

Montano. Why, good master lieutenant, we
are not beyond pints a-piece as I'm a fo— as
I'm a fo— as I'm a foldier. And that is a shal-
low brain-pan, which will not hold a poor pint of
good liquor.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Sings.]

And let me the cannakin clink, clink,
And let me the cannakin clink,

A foldier's

^k It may, perhaps, seem strange to some, that such a lesson
as this should have a place. But, besides the diversion of
seeing drunkenness well imitated, the moral is good. For
this very frolic costs Cassio his place.

It is needless to mark the emphatical words in this passage.
For drunkenness destroys all emphasis and propriety.

LESSONS.

287

A soldier's a man, and man's life's but a span,
Why then let a soldier have drink, drink,
Why then let a soldier have drink,
Some wine, boy!

Cassio. I'll be shot for a cow— for a cow—
for a coward, if that ben't an excellent song.

Iago. I learnt it in England, where indeed
they are most potent at the pot. Your Dane,
your German, and your swag-belly'd Hollander,
are nothing to your freeborn Englishman. Did
you ever hear an Englishman reckon up the pri-
vileges he has by birth-right?

Cassio. No, good Iago. What are they,
pray?

Iago. Why, to say what he pleases of the go-
vernment; to eat more roast beef, and drink
more port, than any three subjects of any other
country; and to do whatever he pleases, wherever
he is. Therefore he raves at the best king,
while your Frenchman worships the worst; he
breaks this week, the law he voted for last week;
and in all countries, he is winked at, when he
does what would send a native to a mad-house;
he eats you up the whole ox in less time than
your Frenchman swills the soup he makes of the
skins; and as to drinking, he lays you France,
Austria, and Russia, among the table's feet, with
no more conscience at the tavern, than in the field
of battle.

Cassio,

Cassio. Here is our noble ge— our noble
go— our noble general's health for ever.

Montano. Ay, ay, good master lieutenant,
and as much longer as you please.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen he was and a worthy peer.

His breeches cost him a whole crown,

He held them sixpence all too dear;

With that he call'd his taylor down.

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree,

'Tis pride, that pulls the country down.

So take thy old cloke about thee.

LIII.

VEXATION. SPITEFUL. JOY.

The scene between Shylock and Tubal. [*Shakesp.*
MERCH. OF VEN¹.]

QUEST.
with
ANXI-
ETY.

Shyl. *HOW* now, Tubal, what news from Ge-
noa? Have you heard any thing of
my backsliding daughter?

Tub.

¹ The pupil must, if he does not know it, be told a little of
the plot, viz. That Shylock had sent Tubal in search of his
daughter, whom his ill usage, and the importunity of her
lover, had occasioned to elope from his house. And that
Antonio

LESSONS.

189

Tub. I often *came* where I *heard* of her; but *could not find* her. DISAPP.

Shyl. Why, *there, there, there!* A *diamond* VEXATION.
gone, that cost me *two thousand ducats* at Frank-
fort! The *curse* never fell upon our *nation* till
now. I *never felt* it before. *Two thousand ducats*
in that, and other *precious precious jewels!* I wish
she lay *dead* at my *foot*, with the *jewels* in her *ear*.
I would she were *bears'd* with the *ducats* in her
coffin. *No news* of them! And I *know not what*
spent in the *search*. *Loss* upon *loss*. The *thief*
gone with *so much*; and *so much* to *find* the *thief*;
and *no satisfaction*, *no revenge*, *no ill luck* stirring,
but what *lights* on my *shoulders*; *no sighs*, but o' my
breathing; *no tears*, but o' my *shedding*. EXECRAT.

Tub. *Yes*, other men have *ill luck* too. *Antonio*, as I *heard* in *Genoa*—— VEXATION.

Shyl. *What!* Has *he* had *ill luck*? SPITEFUL JOY.
[Earnestly.]

Tub. Has had a *ship cast away* coming from *Tripoli*. NARRATION.

Shyl. *Thank God*; *thank God*. † Is it *true*? SPITEFUL JOY.
Is it *true*? † QUES.

Tub. I *spoke* with some of the *sailors*, that *scaped* from the *wreck*. NARRATION.

Shyl.

Antonio was a merchant, mortally hated by Shylock, who had borrowed a sum of money of Shylock on the terms of his forfeiting a pound of his flesh, wherever Shylock pleased to cut it, in case of his failing to discharge the debt on the day it was due.

SPITEF.

JOY.

* QUES.

Shyl. I thank thee good Tubal, good news, good news. * What in Genoa, you spoke with them?

NARRA-
TION.

Tub. Your daughter spent, in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, twenty ducats.

ANGU.

Shyl. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Twenty ducats at a fitting! Twenty ducats!—O father Abraham!

NARRA-
TION.

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that say, he cannot but break.

SPITEF.

JOY.

Shyl. I'm glad of it. I'll plague him. I'll torture him. I'm glad of it.

NARRA-
TION.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, he had of your daughter for a monkey.

ANGU.

Shyl. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my ruby. I had it of Leah. I would not have given it for as many monkeys as could stand together upon Realto.

NARRAT.

Tub. Antonio is certainly undone.

SPITEF.

JOY.

|| DIREC.

* CRUEL.

RESOL.

Shyl. Ay, ay, there is some comfort in that. || Go, Tubal, see me an officer; bespeak him to be ready. * I will be revenged on Antonio. I will wash my hands, to the elbows, in his heart's blood.

[Exit.]

LIV.

SELF-VINDICATION. REPROOF.

The speech of C. Marius to the Romans, shewing the absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the rank of general in the expedition against Jugurtha, merely on account of his extraction. [Salust. BELL. JUGURTHIN.]

^m **I**T is but *too common*, my countrymen, to observe a *material difference* between the behaviour of those, who stand *candidates* for places of power and trust, *before*, and *after* their obtaining them. They *solicit* them in *one* manner, and *execute* them in *another*. * They set out with a great appearance of *activity*, *humility*, and *moderation*; † and they quickly fall into *slotb*, *pride*, and *avarice*. It is, undoubtedly, *no easy matter* to discharge, to the *general satisfaction*, the duty of a supreme commander in *troublesome times*. I am, I hope, *duly sensible* of the *importance* of the *office* I propose to take upon me, for the service of my country. ⁿ To carry on, with

EXPLAIN-
ING.

*SNEER.

†REPR.
HUMI-
LITY.ANXI-
ETY.

^m This speech *begins calm and cool*. See *Tranquillity*, pag. 14. *Teaching*, pag. 19, &c.

* "To carry on," &c. The *antitheses*, in this sentence, must be carefully marked in pronouncing it.

CON-
TEMPT.SELF-
DEFEN.
ANXI-
ETY.PRO-
MISING.

with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult, than is generally thought. And, besides the disadvantages, which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard; that, whereas a commander of patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, has his great connexions, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has by power engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment: my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care, that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the patricians want nothing so much, as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect

indirect designs against me may be defeated. I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils, and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body, a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but of no experience. What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himself equal? Thus, your patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that, the acting commander would still be a plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those, who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it. I submit to your judgment. Ro-

SELF-DE-
FENCE.

GRATI-
TUDE.

CON-
TEMPT.

RESP.

O

mans,

CON-
TEMPT.

QUEST.

CON-
TEMPT.ARGU.
with
REPR.
ANTITH.CON-
TEMPT.

mans, on *which side* the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between *patrician haughtiness*, and *plebeian experience*. The very *actions*, which *they* have only read, I have partly *seen*, and partly *myself achieved*. What *they* know by *reading*, I know by *action*. They are pleased to *slight my mean birth*: I *despise their mean character*. Want of *birth and fortune* is the objection against *me*: want of *personal worth* against *them*. But are not all men of the *same species*? What can make a *difference* between one man and another, but the *endowments* of the *mind*? For my part, I shall always look upon the *bravest* man as the *noblest* man. Suppose it were enquired of the fathers of such patricians, as *Albinus*, and *Besio*, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire *sons* of *their* character, or of *mine*: what would they answer; but that they should wish the *worthiest* to be their sons? If the patricians have *reason* to despise *me*, let them likewise *despise* their *ancestors*, whose *nobility* was the *fruit* of their *virtue*. Do they *envy* the *honours* bestowed upon *me*? Let them *envy* likewise my *labours*, my *abstinence*, and the *dangers* I have undergone for my *countrey*; by *which* I have *acquired* them. But those *worthless* men lead such a life of *inactivity*, as if they *despised* any *honours* you can bestow; whilst they *aspire to honours*, as if they had *deserved* them by the most *industrious* *virtue*. They arrogate the *rewards*

rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleasures of *luxury*. Yet none can be more *lavish*, than they are, in *praise* of their *ancestors*. And they imagine they honour *themselves* by celebrating their *forefathers*. Whereas they do the very *contrary*. For, by how much their *ancestors* were distinguished for their *virtues*, by so much are they disgraced by their *vices*. The glory of *ancestors* casts a *light*, indeed, upon their *posterity*: but it only serves to shew *what* the *descendants* are. It alike exhibits to public view their *degeneracy* and their *worth*. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my *forefathers*: but I hope I may answer the cavils of the patricians by standing up in defence of what I have *myself* done. Observe now, my countreymen, the *injustice* of the patricians. They arrogate to *themselves* honours on account of the exploits done by their *forefathers*, whilst they will not allow *me* the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my *own* person. "He has no *statues*," they cry, "of his *family*. He can trace no venerable line of *ancestors*."—*What* then! Is it matter of more praise to *disgrace* one's illustrious *ancestors*, than to *become illustrious* by his *own* good behaviour? *What* if I can shew no *statues* of my *family*? I can shew the *standards*, the *armour*, and the *trappings*, which I have *myself* taken from the *vanquished*:

LAUD.
PRIDE.

ARGU.
with
CONT.

AFFEC-
TATION.

COUR.
CONT.

SELF-
VINDICA-
TION.

O 2

* LAUD. PRIDE. See *Courage*, pag. 18.

CONT.

quished: I can shew the scars of those wounds which I received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of; not left me by inheritance as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood; scenes of action, where those effeminate patricians, who endeavour, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to shew their faces.

LV.

PLOTING. CRUELTY. HORROR.

Macbeth, full of his bloody design against good king Duncan, fancies he sees a dagger in the air.

START.
COUR.

IS this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand?— Come, let me
clutch thee—

WOND.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

HORROR.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible—

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see

Reaching out his hand, as to snatch it. The first eight lines to be spoken with the eyes staring, and fixed on one point in the air, where he is supposed to see the dagger. See *Despair*, pag. 17. *Malice*, 24. *Obstinacy*, 18. *Fear*, 17. *Plotting*, 16.

LESSONS.

197

I see thee yet, in form as palpable,
 As *this* which now I draw.—
 Thou *marshal'st* me the way that I was going,
 And *such* an instrument I was to use.—
 Mine eyes are made the *fools* o' th' other senses,
 Or else *worth* all the rest.—I see thee still,
 And on thy blade and *dudgeon*, drops of blood,
 Which *was* not so before.—'There's *no such thing*.—
 It is the *bloody business*, which informs
This to mine eyes—'Now o'er one half the world
 Nature seems dead, and *wicked dreams* abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now *witchcraft* celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings: and *midnight murder*,
 (Alarmed by his centinel, the *wolf*,
 Whose *howl's* his *watch*) thus with his *stealthy pace*,
 Like Tarquin's ravishing *brides*, tow'rd his design
 Moves like a *ghost*—Thou *sound* and *firm-set ear*,
 Hear not my *steps*, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very *stones* should *prate* of *royal blood*
 Soon to be *spilt*. [Shakesp. MACBETH.]

START-
ING.

HORROR.

START.

HORROR.

DOUBT.

HORROR.

PLOT-
TING.

HORROR.

GUILT.

^a Drawing his dagger, and looking on it, and then on that
 in the air, as comparing them.

^r A long pause. He recollects and composes himself a
 little, and gives over fixing his eyes upon the air-drawn
 dagger.

^b Plotting is always to be expressed with a low voice.
 Especially such a passage as this, to the end.

LVI.

AFFECTION. JOY. FEAR OF OFFENDING.
GRATITUDE.

A speech of Adam to Eve. [*Milt. PARAD. LOST.*
B. IV. l. 411.]

TEND.

AWE.

PIETY.

GRATI-
TUDE.SERI-
OUSNESS.
APPRE-
HENS.

GRAT.

SOLE partner, and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all. Needs must the Pow'r,
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good,
As liberal and free, as infinite ;
That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need ; he who requires
From us no other service, than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In paradise, that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge planted by the tree of life,
So near grows death to life ; whate'er death is ;
Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou
know'st

God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left,
Among so many signs of pow'r and rule

Conferr'd

Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures, that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited, of manifold delights.

But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and 'tend these
flow'rs,

Which were it toilsome, yet with thee---were
sweet.

PIETY.

TEN-
DER.

LVII.

INTERCESSION. OBSTINACY. CRUELTY.

FORCED SUBMISSION.

Duke. **M**AKE room, and let him stand before
our face.--- AUTH.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.

PLEAD-
ING.

And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,

PITY.

O 4

Thou

¹ See the note, p. 188, 189.

PLEAD-
ING.

Thou wilt not only *lose* the *forfeiture*,
But, touch'd with *human gentleness*, and *love*,
Forgive a moiety of the *principal*,

PITY.

Glancing an eye of *pity* on his *losses*,
That have of late brought down such *ruin* on him,
Enough to make a *royal merchant bankrupt*.

We all expect a *gentle answer*, Jew.

OBSTIN.

Shyl. I have *possess'd* your Grace of what I
purpose,

HYPOT.

"And by our *holy sabbath* have I *sworn*

CRUEL.

To have the *due* and *forfeit* of my *bond*.

THREAT-
ENING.

If you *deny* it, let the *danger* light
Upon your *charter*, and your *city's freedom*---

MALICE.

You'll *ask* me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of *carriage-flesh*, than to receive

OBSTIN.

Three thousand ducats? I'll not *answer* that.

MALICE.

But say, it is my *humour*? Is it *answer'd*?

OBSTIN.

What if my *house* be *troubled* with a *rat*,
And I be *pleas'd* to give *ten thousand ducats*,
To have it *bane'd*? What, are you *answer'd* yet?

REP.

Bassanio. This is *no answer* thou *unfeeling* man,
T'excuse the current of thy *cruelty*.

MALICE.

Shyl. I am not bound to *please* thee with my
answer.

DEJECT.

Antonio. I pray you, think, you *question* with
a *Jew*.

You may as well go stand upon the *beach*,
And bid the *main flood* 'bate his usual height;

You

* See *affestation*, hypocritical, p. 22.

You may as well plead pity with the wolf,
When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb.
As try to melt his jewisb heart to kindness.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats, here
are six.

Shyl. If ev'ry ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, re-
d'ring none?

Shyl. What judgment shall I dread, doing
no wrong?

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought: 'tis mine; and I will have it.

Enter Portia disguised like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. Give me your hand. You come from
learn'd Bellario?

Portia. I do, my Lord.

Duke. You're welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the cause in question?

Port. I am inform'd thoroughly of the case.

Which is the merchant here? and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and Shylock; both stand forth.

Port. [To Shylock.] Is your name Shylock?

Shyl. Shylock is my name.

Port. [To Antonio.] You are obnoxious to
him, are you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Port. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Port.

- INTR.** Port. Then must the Jew be *merciful*.
- OBST.** Shyl. On what *compulsion* must I? Tell me that.
- ADVIS.** Port. The quality of *mercy* is not *strained*.
- PLEAS.** It *droppeth* as the gentle rain from Heav'n
Upon the *bappy* soil. It is *twice blest*,
In him, who *gives* it, and in him, who *takes*.
- REVER.** 'Tis *mightiest* in the *Mightiest*. It becomes
The *throned monarch* better than his crown.
Itself enthroned in the *hearts* of kings.
It is the *loveliest attribute* of *Deity*;
And *earthly pow'r* shews *likest* to *divine*,
- ADVIS.** When *mercy* seasons *justice*. Therefore, Jew,
Tho' *justice* be thy *plea*, consider this,
That in the course of *justice* none of us
Should see *salvation*. We do *pray* for *mercy*,
And that same *pray'r* doth teach us all to *render*
The *deeds* of *mercy*.
- OBST.** Shyl. My *deeds* upon my *head*.
I crave the *legal forfeit* of my *bond*.
- INTREAT.** Bass. For *once* I beg the court to *bend* the *law*
To *equity*. 'Tis *worth* a *little wrong*
To *curb* this *cruel devil* of his *will*.
- FORB.** Port. It *must not* be. There is *no pow'r* in
Venice,
Can *alter* a *decree* *established*.
'Twill be recorded for a *precedent*,
And many an *error* by the *same example*
Will *rush* into the *state*. It *cannot* be.

Shyl.

LESSONS.

203

Shyl. A *Daniel* come to judgment! Yea a

AP-PLAUSE.

Daniel!

O wise young judge! How do I honour thee!

Port. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

CURIOS.

Shyl. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor! Here it is.

APPL.

Port. *Skylock!*—there's *thrice* thy money offer'd thee.

ADVIS.

Shyl. An *oath*! An *oath*! I have an *oath* in *Heav'n*!

HYPOC.

Shall I lay *perjury* upon my *soul*?

No, not for *Venice*.

Port. Why, this *bond* is *forfeit*,

DECL.

And *lawfully* by this the *Jew* may claim

A *pound* of *flesh*, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's *heart*.—Be *merciful*.

ADVIS.

Take *thrice* thy *money*. Bid me *tear* the *bond*.

Shyl. When it is *paid* according to the *tenor*

SENT.

There is no *power* in the *tongue* of *man*

To *alter* me. I *stay* upon my *bond*.

Anton. Most heartily I do *beseech* the *court*

DEJECT.

To give the *judgment*.

Port. Why then, *thus* it is;

PASS.

You must *prepare* your *bosom* for his *knife*.

SENT.

Shyl. Ay, his *breast*;

THIRST

So *saith* the *bond*; *doth* it not, *noble* judge?

of
BLOOD.

Nearest his *heart*. *These* are the *very* *words*.

Port.

* Portia speaks all, to "Stop him, guards," without looking off the bond.

QUEST.

Port. It is so. Are there scales to weigh the flesh?

ANSW.

Shyl. I have them ready.

INTERC.

Port. Have here a surgeon, Shylock, at your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

CRUEL.

Shyl. Is it so nominated in the bond.

INTERC.

Port. It is not so expressed: but what of that? 'Twere good you do so much for charity.

CRUEL.

Shyl. I cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond.

SENT.

Port. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

APPL.

Shyl. Most rightful judge!

SENT.

Port. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

APPL.

Shyl. Most learned judge! A sentence! * Come, prepare.

BLOOD.

Port. Tarry a little. There is something else—

DOUBT.

his bond—doth give thee here—no jot of blood.

The words expressly are a pound of flesh.

When take thy bond. Take thou thy pound of flesh;

DIRC.

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, forfeited.

THREAT-
ENING.

Grat,

LESSONS.

205

Grat. O upright judge! Mark, Jew! O learned judge!

APPLAUD

Shyl. Is that the law?

CONFUS.

Port. Thyself shall see the act.

POSIT.

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,

REFR.

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

TEACH

Grat. O learned judge! Mark, Jew! A learned judge!

APPL.

Shyl. I take his offer then. Pay the sum thrice,

CONFUS.

And let the Christian go.

YIELD.

Bassan. Here is the money.

GIV.

Port. Softly. No haste. The Jew shall have strict justice.

FORB.

His claim is barely for the penalty.

UNEN

Grat. A second Daniel! Jew.

APPL.

Now, infidel, I have full hold of thee.

TRIUM.

Port. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thine thy forfeiture.

QUEST.

Shyl. Give me my principal, and let me go.

CONFUS.

Bassan. I have it ready for thee. Here it is.

GIV.

Port. He hath refused it in the open court.

FORB.

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

REFR.

Grat. A Daniel still, say I; a second Daniel!

APPL.

I thank thee Jew, for teaching me that word.

REFR.

Shyl. Shall I not barely have my principal?

SNEAK

Port. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

REFR.

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Robt. Bep. Grat & Shyl.

DISAP. Shyl. Why then the Devil give him good of it.

SPITE. I'll stay no longer question.

FORB. Port. Stop him, guards.

COND. The law hath yet another hold on you.

TEACH. It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempt,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize on half his goods. The other half

Goes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

CON- In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.

DEMN. For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant; so that thou incurr'st

The danger formally by me rebearst.

ADVIS. Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

GRANT. Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life, before thou ask it.

DESP. Shyl. Nay, take my life and all. Pardon not that.

You take my life, taking whereon I live.

QUEST. Port. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Grat.

Grat. A halter's price, and leave to hang him-
self. TRIUM.

Anton. So please my Lord the Duke, and GRANT
all the court,

To quit *their right* in *one half* of his goods,
I shall be well contented, if I have
The *other half* in use, until his death,
Then to *restore* it to the gentleman,
Who lately *stole* his daughter.

Duke. He shall *do this*, or else I *do recant* THREAT.
The *pardon*, I had *promis'd* to bestow.

Port. Art thou *contented*, Jew? What dost QUEST.
thou say?

Shyl. I *pray* you give me *leave* to go from DESP.
hence.

I am *not well*. Send the *deed* after me.

And I will *sign* it.

Duke. Get thee *gone*. But *do it*. THREAT.

[Exeunt omnes]

LVIII.

Conjugal Affection with Distress.

The scene between Hector and his wife Andromache. [Pope's Hom. IL. VI. v. 428.]

TENDER
NARRA-
TION.

HASTE.

TENDER
DE-
SCRIPT.

* SOFT.
† COUR.
DESCR.
of
BEAUT.
in
DISTR.

COMP.
with
AFFECT.

FEAR.

HECTOR, this heart, return'd without
delay;

Swift through the town he took his former way,
Thro' streets of palaces and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.

With *baste* to meet him sprung the joyful fair
His blameless wife, Action's wealthy heir.

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
His *only hope* hung smiling at her breast;

Whom each *soft charm* and *early grace* adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.

Silent the warrior *smil'd*, and pleas'd, resign'd
To *tender passions* all his *mighty mind*.

His beauteous princess cast a mournful look;
Hung on his band, and then, *dejected* spoke.

Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,

And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

"Too daring prince! *Ab whither* dost thou run?

"*Ab too forgetful* of thy wife and son!

"And *think'st* thou not how wretched we shall be,

"A widow I, an helpless orphan he!

"For

" For sure such courage length of life denies,
 " And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
 " Greece in her single heroes strove in vain :
 " Now hosts oppose thee ; and thou must be slain.
 " O grant me, gods ! e'er Hector meets his doom,
 " All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb !
 " So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
 " And end with sorrows, as they first begun.
 " No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
 " No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
 " The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
 " Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire.
 " His fate compassion in the victor bred ;
 " Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead ;
 " His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
 " And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile.
 " By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell,
 " In one sad day they view'd the gate of hell.
 " While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
 " Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled.
 " My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 " The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands.
 " Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
 " Her pleasing empire, and her native plain,
 " When ah ! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 " She fell, a victim to Diana's bow.
 " Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
 " My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.
 " Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
 " Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.

DEPRE-
 CATION.

LAMEN.

COMF.

APPRE-
 HENS.

P

" Thy

INTR.

"Thy wife, thy infant, in the danger share ;

APPRE-
HENS.

"O prove a husband's, and a parent's care."

"That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,"

"Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy.

"Thou from this tow'r defend th' important post,

"There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,

"That pass Tydides, Ajax, strives to gain,

"And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.

"Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,

"Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.

IN-
TREAT.

"Let others in the field their arms employ ;

"But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

COUR.

The chief reply'd, "That post shall be my
"care ;

"Nor that alone ; but all the works of war.

"How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,

"And Troy's proud dames, whose garments

"sweep the ground,

"Attain the lustre of my former name,

AVERS.

"Should Hector basely quit the field of fame ?

COUR.

"My early youth was bred to warlike pains ;

"My soul impels me to the martial plains.

"Still foremost let me stand to guard the throne,

"To save my father's honours, and my own.

APPRE-
HENS.

"Yet come it will ! the day decreed by fates !

"(How my heart trembles, while my tongue re-
"lates !)

PATR.

"The day, when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend ;

GRIEF.

"Must see thy warriors fall ; thy glories end.

LESSONS.

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"And yet no dire presage to wounds my mind,
 "My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
 "Not Priam's hoary hairs desil'd with gore,
 "Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
 "As thine, *Andromache*!—Thy griefs I dread!
 "I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,
 "In *Argive* looms our battles to design,
 "And woes, of which so large a part was thine,
 "There while you groan beneath the load of life,
 "They cry,"—— "Behold the mighty *Hector*'s
 "wife!"

GRIEF
 with
 AFFECT.

INSULT;

"Some *haughty* Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 "Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
 "The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
 "A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
 "May I lie cold, before that dreadful day,
 "Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
 "Thy *Hector*, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
 "Shall neither bear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

PITY.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of *Troy*,
 Stretch'd his fond arms, to clasp the lovely boy.
 The babe clung, crying, to his nurse's breast,
 Scar'd with the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And *Hector* basted to relieve his child;
 The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
 Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
 Thus to the gods prefer'd a parent's pray'r.

NARRA-
 TION.

TENDER-
 NESS.

INTER-
CESS.

“ O *Thou*, whose *glory* fills th’ *ætherial throne*,
 “ And all ye *deathless Pow’rs*!— *Protect* my *son*!
 “ *Grant him*, like *me*, to *purchase* just *renown*,
 “ To *guard* the *Trojans*, to *defend* the *crown*,
 “ *Against* his *countrey’s* *foes* the *war* to *wage*,
 “ And *rise* the *Hector* of the *future age*!
 “ So, when *triumphant* from *successful toils*,
 “ Of *heroes slain*, he bears the *reeking spoils*,
 “ *Whole hosts* may *bail* him with *deserv’d acclaim*,
 “ And *say*”— “ *This chief transcends his father’s*
 “ *fame.*”

“ While *pleas’d*, amidst the *gen’ral shouts* of
 “ *Troy*,

“ His *mother’s* *conscious heart* o’erflows with *joy*.”

TEN-
DERNESS.

He spoke, and fondly *gazing* on her *charms*,
 Restor’d the *pleasing burden* to her *arms*;
 Soft on her *fragrant breast* the *babe* she *laid*,
 Husb’d to *repose*, and with a *smile survey’d*.
 The *troubled pleasure* soon *chastis’d* with *fear*,
 She mingled with the *smile* a *falling tear*.

APPRE-
HENSION.

LIX.

REMOUSE. Attempt toward REPENTANCE. OB-
DURACY. DESPAIR.

The wicked king's soliloquy expressing his re-
morse for the murder of his brother Hamlet
king of Denmark. [Shakesp. HAMLET.]

King. *O* *H* my offence is rank! It smells to heav'n! Com-
It hath the eldest curse of heav'n upon it.— PUNC-
A brother's murder!— Pray, alas! I cannot: TION.
Though sore my need of what the guilty pray for; HARD-
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent, NESS OF
And, like a man to double bus'ness bound, HEART.
I stand in pause, where I shall first begin,
And both neglect.— *What if this cursed band *GLIM.
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood? of
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'n's HOPE.
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stall'd, e'er yet we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down?— Then I'll look up.
My fault is past.— || But ob! what form of pray'r || GUILT.
Can serve my turn?— + "Forgive me my foul + DEPR.
"murder!"

That cannot be, since I am still possess

Of those *effects*, for which I *did* the murder ;
 My *crown*, mine own *ambition*, and my *queen*.
 May one be *pardon'd*, and retain th' *offence* ?
 In the *corrupted currents* of this world,
 Offence's *gilded band* may *shove* by justice ;
 Nay, oft 'tis seen, the *wicked prize* itself

*TERR. Buys out the law. *But 'tis not so above :

There is *no shuffling* : There the *action* lies
 In his *true nature* ; we ourselves *compell'd*,
 Ev'n to the *tooth* and *forehead* of our *faults*,

†ANX. To give in *evidence* — †What then? — What
rests? —

HOPE. Try what *repentance* can. — What can it not? —

OBDR. Yet *what* can it, when one cannot *repent*?

DESP. Oh *wretched state*! oh *bosom*, *black as death*!

Oh *limed soul*! that *struggling* to be *free*,

§ANGU. Art more *engag'd*! §*Help, Angels*! Make *assay*,
Bow, stubborn knees; and *heart* with *strings of steel*,
 Be *soft as sinews* of the *new-born babe*!

HOPE. All may be *well*.

[The king kneels, and, by his looks and gestures,
 expresses great agony and horror; but no pe-
 nitential melting of heart; after continuing a
 short time in that posture, he rises in despair,
 and speaks the following.]

DESP,

My words fly up — My thoughts remain below —
 Words without thoughts never to Heav'n go.

LX.

REPROACHING. EXCITING to Self-defence.

The speech of T. Q. Capitolinus to the Roman people, when the Æqui and Volsci, taking the advantage of the animosities then prevailing between the patricians and plebeians, joined their forces, and, after plundering the Roman territories, advanced, in a hostile manner, to the very walls of the city. [T. Liv. *Hist. Rom.*]

THOUGH I am not conscious to myself, VEXA-
TION.
 I Romans, of any offence I have committed against my countrey; it is with confusion, that I address you thus publicly on such an occasion. For what can be imagined more shameful, than that it should be known to the world—that it should be known to ourselves!—and must be handed down to posterity—that in the fourth consulship of Titus Quintius Capitolinus, the Æqui and Volsci, so lately found scarce a match for the Hernici, advanced, in arms—uninterrupted, and unpunished—to the very walls of Rome! Had I imagined, that such a disgrace, as this, would have come upon my countrey in the year of my fourth consulship (though our affairs have of late gone in such a way, that every thing to be feared)

feared) I would have *avoided* the consular honour— *the *shame* rather—— by *banishment*, or even by *death*. How much *more desirable* to have *died* in my *third* consulship, than to live to see the *dishonours*, which the times are like to bring upon us. But *whom* does the insolence of so contemptible an enemy *disgrace*? Is it *us*, the *consuls*? Or is it *you, Romans*? If the fault be in *us*; take from us that *authority*, we are so *unworthy* to enjoy. And if that be not *enough*, inflict on us the *punishment* we have *deserv'd*. || If it is owing to *you*, my countreymen, that the enemy have thus dared to insult us, § *all* I beg of the gods is, that they will *forgive* you; † and I wish *no other* punishment to come upon you, than *repentance* for your misconduct. † Our enemies have not presumed upon any *want* of *bravery* in *you, Romans*; nor upon any imagined *superiarity* in *themselves*. They know both *you*, and *themselves* too well. They have not forgot how often they have been *routed* in *battle*, how often put to *shameful flight*, deprived of their *lands*, and even made to pass under the *yoke*, by the *Romans*. It is the fatal *diffension* between the *patricians* and *plebeians*, that gives *courage* to the enemies of the Roman name. Our *quarrels* amongst *ourselves* are the *poison* of our *state*. While *you* are *dissatisfied* with the *powers* enjoyed by the *patricians*, and we are *jealous* of the *plebeians*; the *enemy*, seeing their *time*, have *surprised* us.

But

But *what* (in the name of *all the gods*!) *will* REMON.
satisfy you. You demanded *plebeian* tribunes.
 For the sake of peace, *we*, patricians, *consented*.
 You then called for *decemviri*. *We agreed*, that
 the *decemviral* power should be *established*. You
 were quickly *tired* of *this* form of government.
 We obliged the *decemviri* to *abdicate*. Your *re-*
sentment pursuing them even to their *retirement*, we
 gave our *consent* to the *exile* and *death* of some of GRIEF.
 the *first* men of *Rome* for *birth* and *merit*. Then REMON.
 you insisted, that the *tribunitial* authority should be
re-established. You did accordingly *re-establish* it.
 We bore with the innovation of conferring the
consular power upon men of *plebeian* rank, though
 we saw how *injurious* it was to *our own*. We
 bore *patiently*, and do still bear, with the *tribunitial*
power; with the right of *appeal* to the *people*;
 with the *obligation* upon the *patricians* to *submit*
 to the *popular* decrees; and with the *alienation* of
 our *peculiar* rights and *privileges*, under pretence
 of *equalling* the different ranks, and reducing
 things to *order* in the commonwealth. But, my
 countreymen, *when* will you put an *end* to these
wranglings? When shall this *unhappy* state be
united? When shall we look upon *Rome* as our
common countrey? We, of the *patrician* rank,
 though *losers*, are more disposed to *peace*, than
 you, who have *gained* all your *ends*. Is it not
enough, that you have made yourselves *formidable*
 to your *superiors*? Now you assemble, in a sedi-
 tious

- tionous manner, on the *Mount Aventine*; then on the *Mons Jacer*; and against us your *vengeance* is always directed. You were in no haste to prevent the enemy from seizing on the *Esquilæ*, or from mounting our works. It is only against the *patricians*, that you dare to shew your *valour*. Go on, then, if you are so determined; and when you have surrounded the *senate-house*, made the *forum* dangerous for any of *patrician* rank to be seen in, and got the *prisons* filled with persons of the first *eminence*; keep up the same *heroic spirit*, you shew against your own *countrymen*; sally out at the *Esquiline gate*, and repulse the *enemy*. Or if your *valour* is not sufficient to enable you to do this, at least shew, that you have the *heroism* to view from the walls, your *lands* wasted by *fire* and *sword*, and *plundered* by the *irresistible army* of the *Æqui* and *Volsci*.
- Will any one pretend to answer to this, that it is only the *public* that suffers by the inroads of the enemy, and that the main of the *loss* will be only that of a little national *honour*? Were that the case, what *Roman* could think of it with *patience*? But, besides the loss of our *honour*, what effect, do you think, these ravages will have upon private *property*? Do you expect any thing else, than that every individual of you should quickly have accounts of what he himself has lost? And how are those losses to be made up? Will your darling *tribunes* make good the *damages*? They will be ac-
- tive

tive enough in *inflaming* you with their *speeches*; they will commence *suits* against the *principal* men in the *state*; they will gather *sedition assemblies*, and multiply *laws on laws*, and *decrees on decrees*. But which of you, my countreymen, has gained any thing by such proceedings? Has any Roman *carried home* to his family, from those tumultuous meetings, any thing, but *hatred*, *quarrels*, and *mischiefs*, *public and private*? The case was, in *former happier times*, very different, when you *submitted* to the *rightful authority* of the *consuls*, and were not, as now, the *dupes* of your *tribunes*; when you exerted yourselves in the *field of battle*, not in the *forum*; when your *shouts of courage* struck terror into your *enemies*; not your *sedition clamours* into your *countreymen*. Then you used to return home *enriched with spoils*, and *adorned with trophies*: instead of which you *now ingloriously* suffer the enemy—and that enemy a *contemptible one*—to go off *unmolested*, and *loaded with your substance*. But go on with your *sedition assemblies*, as long as you can. The time is approaching, when you will find yourselves *obliged to quit them*, though so agreeable to you, and to *betake yourselves to what you have the greatest reluctance to*, I mean your *arms*. You thought it a mighty *hardship* to be obliged to *march* against the *Æqui and Volsci*. They have *spared* you that *trouble*. They are now at your *gates*. And if you don't drive them

REMON.

REGRET.

RE-

PROACH.

REMON.

ALARM.

RE-

PROACH.

ALARM.

REGR. them from *thence*, they will soon be in the *city*,
 in the *capitol*, and in your *houses*. Two years
 ago, an order was given by authority of the *se-*
 nate, that *levies* should be *made*, and that the *army*
 REPR. should *march*. Instead of executing this salutary
 order, we have been *loitering* at home, *unemployed*,
 except in *wrangling*; *forgetful*, while our *peace*
 was *undisturbed* from abroad, that this long *indo-*
 lence would probably be the very *cause* of *troubles*
 coming upon us from *various* quarters at *once*.

PROP. I know full well, my countreymen, that there
 SINC. are many subjects more *agreeable* to you than *those*
 ALARM. I have now *spoken* to you upon. But the *neces-*
 sity of the *times* obliges me (if I were *less inclinable*
 of *myself*) to lay *truth* before you, rather than to
 PROP. tickle your *ears*. I wish, I could *humour* your *in-*
 SINC. *clinations*: but I had rather *secure* your *safety*,
 ALARM. than gain your *good-will*. It is commonly ob-
 APOL. served, that those who address the public from
 selfish *views*, are more *acceptable*, than those, whose
 sole *disinterested aim* is the *general advantage*. And
 REMON. I think you can *hardly* imagine, that those *flat-*
 REPR. *terers* of the *plebeians*, who neither *suffer* you to
 rest in *peace*, nor in *war*, mean your *good* by
 continually *exciting* you to *tumult* and *sedition*.
 When they work you up to *discontent* and *rage*,
 they are *sure* to gain their *avaritious* or their
ambitious ends. And, as in times of *peace* they
 find themselves to be of *no consequence*, rather
 I than

than be *undistinguished*, they set themselves to promote *mischief*.

If you are at last, (as I am sure you have reason to be) *sick* of such *absurd* and *ruinous proceedings*, and have a mind to resume your *own characters*, and to act agreeably to that of your *ancestors*; I am myself *ready now* to *head* you, and am willing to undergo *any penalty*, if I do not, in a few days, *force* these *plunderers* of our lands to *abandon* their *camp*, and if I do not carry the *terror* of *war*, which now *alarms* you, from our *gates*, to those of the *enemy*.

Excit.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

COUR.

LXI.

DOUBTING. VEXATION. SERIOUS REFLEXION.

Hamlet's soliloquy upon his finding, that the king his father was murdered by his uncle; in which he considers of the consequence of putting an end to a burdensome life. [*Shakesp. HAMLET.*]

Ham. **T**O be,— or not to be— that is the question—

ANXIETY.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The

"To be,— or not to be—," The thought, at length, would run thus, "Is death the total destruction of consciousness?"

"Or

COUR.

•DEEP

THO'T-
FULNESS.

VEXAT.

§THO'T.

†APPRE-
HENS.VEXA-
TION.

ANGU.

§MEEK.

||AVERS.

|COUR.

COMPL.

The *slings* and *arrows* of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take *arms* against a host of troubles,
 And by *opposing*, end them.— *But to *die*—
 To *sleep*— No more— *And by a *sleep* to end
 The *heart-ach*, and the *thousand* natural shocks,
 That *flesh* is heir to— 'Tis a *consummation*
 §Devoutly to be *wish'd*.— To §*die*— To *sleep*—
 †To *sleep*— †Perchance to *dream*— A *startling*
thought—

For in that *sleep* of death what *dreams* may come,
 When we have *shuffled* off this mortal coil,
 Must give us *pause*. There's the *respect*
 That makes *calamity* of so long life.

For *who* would bear the *whips* and *scorns* of time,
 Th' *oppressor's* wrong, the *proud* man's *contumely*,
 The *pangs* of love *despis'd*, the *law's* delay,
 The *insolence* of office, and the *spurns*,
 That *patient* §*merit* of the *unworthy* || takes;
 When he *himself* might his *quietus* make
 |With a *bare bodkin*? †Who would *bend* to earth,
 And *groan* and *sweat* under a *weary* life?

But

“Or do the *dead* still continue to *think* and *act*, though in a
 “different manner from that of the present state?” The
 thought in the second line is different, viz. “Whether it
 “truly *heroic* to put an *end* to *life*, when it becomes *irksome*?”
 “—But to *die*— To *sleep*— No more.” The pauses must
 be equal. The sense, at length being, “Is *dying* only
 “falling *asleep*, and nothing else?”
 “Devoutly to be *wish'd*.” To be spoken with the eyes
 raised earnestly to heaven. See *Veneration*, p. 20.

LESSONS.

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FEAR.

But that the dread of something after death,
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose *bourne*
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others, which we know not yet?
 Thus conscience makes cowards of us all:
 And thus the native *bue* of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought,
 And enterprizes of great strength and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn away,
 And lose the name of action.

LXII.

EAGERNESS. CHIDING. INTREATING.

Ghosts of various characters press to be admitted
 into Charon's boat. Are repulsed by him and
 Mercury, on account of their coming loaded
 with their vices, follies, and wrong attach-
 ments. [*Lucian. DIAL. MORT. CHART. MERC.*
&c.]

Charon. **LOOK** you, gentlemen and ladies, CHIDING.
this will never do. My boat is but
small; and *old*, and *leaky* into the bargain; so that,
 if it be either in the *least over-loaded*, or not *exactly*
trimmed,

— "*whose bourne.*" That is, *border*, or *coast*.

**THREAT-
ENING.** *trimmed, you will be among the Stygian frogs presently, every single ghost of you. You come pushing and crowding in such shoals, and I know not how much luggage along with you, that you are like to repent of your being in such a hurry, at least those of you, who cannot swim.*

INTR. *1st Ghost. But you don't consider, Mr. Ferryman, how much we are tired of dodging about here, where we have neither house nor home, where there is nothing but mud, in which we sink over shoes, over boots, nor so much as a tree to hang a dog upon. Pray, good Charon, push us over as fast as you can.*

CHID. *Char. What a plague ails the brainless ghost? Would you have me do impossibilities? Do, Mercury, bear a hand a little. Push them back. Don't let above one come into the boat at a time; that you may examine them ghost by ghost, and make them strip, and leave their luggage, before they set a foot in the boat.*

FROM. *Merc. Ay, ay, I'll take care of that, Charon.*
REFUS. *—Hold. Who are you?*

SUBM. *2d Ghost. My name is Menippus, by trade a cynic philosopher. And to shew you how willing I am to be conformable, look you there, away go my wallet and my staff into the Styx. And as for my cloke, I did not bring it with me.*

APPR. *Merc. That's my bonest cynic. Come into the boat, Menippus. Here is a ghost of sense for you.*

you. Go, go forward by the helm, where you may have good sitting, and may see all the passengers.—Your servant, Madam. Who may you be, if a man, I mean, if a god may be so bold?

3d Ghost. Sir, I am the celebrated beauty, who rated my favours so high, as to receive a talent for a kiss. It is true, a certain philosopher did grudge my price, saying, he had no notion of paying an exorbitant sum for so unpleasant a bargain as repentance. But my comfort is, that it was a poor, old fellow, and a philosopher, that made this clownish speech, so different from what I was used to.

AFFECT.
BEAUT.

REFUS.

CON-
TEMPT.

Merc. Look you, Madam, this country is not famous for gallantry. And, as you will make nothing of your beauty, where you are going, I must desire you to leave it all behind, or you don't set a foot in the Stygian ferry-boat.

REFUS.

3d Ghost. Pray, Sir, excuse me. Why must one be ugly, because one is dead?

INTR.

Merc. Come, come, Madam, off with your whole apparatus of temptation, if you mean to cross the Stygian pool. You must not only lay aside the paint on your cheeks, but the cheeks themselves. You must throw off not only the gorgeous attire of your head, but the hair, and the very skin, to the bare skull. So far from granting you a passage with all your finery about you; we shall expect you to strip off both skin and flesh to the very bones. So, Mrs. Beauty, if

INSIST.
with
BLAME
and
SNEER.

Q

you

you please to step aside, and *dispose* of your *tackle*, and present yourself by and by, in the *plain dress* of a *skeleton*, we shall perhaps carry you over the water.

VEXAT.

3d Ghost. It is *deadly hard*; and——

INSIST.

|| REFUS.

Merc. *This is our way*, Madam—|| *Stop—who are you?* You seem to brush *forward*, as who should say, “I am no *small fool*.”

PRIDE.

4th Ghost. Why, Sir, I am *no less person*, than *Lampicbus* the tyrant.

SNEER.

REFUS.

Merc. *Pray, good Mr. Lampicbus* the tyrant, *where* do you intend to stow *all that luggage?*

INTR.

4th Ghost. *Consider*, Mercury, it is not *proper* that a *king* should travel without his *conveniencies* about him.

REFUS.

Merc. Whatever may be proper for you in quality of a *king*, you must allow *me* to determine of the necessaries of life requisite for you in quality of a *ghost*. I shall therefore desire, that your tyranny will be pleased to *leave* your *bags of gold*, your *pride*, and your *cruelty*, behind. For, if you were to go into our *poor crazy wherry* with them, you would *sink* it, if there were *no passenger* but *yourself*.

INSIST.

BLAME.

APPRE-

HENS.

INTR.

4th Ghost. *Pray, good Mercury*, let me carry my *diadem*^c. It is not much *heavier* than an old-fashioned *wedding ring*. How will the ghosts *know*,

^c Diadems are thought to have been only a sort of ring to go round the head, like a wreath.

know, that I am a *king*, without something of a *royal ensign* about me?

Merc. There is no *difference*, where you are going, between a *king*, and a *cobler*, unless the *cobler* has been the *better man*, which happens *commonly enough*.—But *who* are you, with your *rosy gills*, and your *round paunch*? REFUS. QUEST.

5th Ghost. I am only a *harmless good-natured fellow*, known by the name of *Damafias*, the *parasite*. You see I am *naked*. I hope, therefore, you will let me into the *boat*. INTR.

Merc. I like such *naked passengers* as you. Pray, do you think, you can cross the *Styx* with such a load of *flesh* about you? * One of your *legs* would *sink* the *boat*. REFUS. APPREHENS.

5th Ghost. *What*, must I *put off* my very *flesh*? VEXAT.

Merc. *Yes, surely*. INSIST.

5th Ghost. If I *must*, I *must*. * *Now then*, let me *come*. VEXAT. INTR.

Merc. *Hold*. *What* have you got under your *arm*? REFUS.

5th Ghost. It is only a little *book* of *compliments* and *poems*, in praise of *great folks*, which I have *writ out*, and keep *ready* by me, to put *any name* at the head of them, as *occasion offers*, you know. INTR.

Merc. You *silly fellow*! Do you think you will have occasion for *panegyrics* on the *other side* of the *Styx*? CONT. QUEST.

DISAP.

5th Ghost. *What, are there no great folks there?*

CONT.

Merc. Why, you simpleton, don't you know, that those, who were *greatest* in t'other world, are *meanest* in *that* you are going to? Besides, there are *neither places nor pensions* to give there.—

QUEST.

Who are you, pray?

CHID.
BOAST.

6th Ghost. A *conqueror*. I am the famous—

RESOL.

REFUS.

Merc. You shan't conquer me, I can tell you, Mr. *Famous*; and, therefore, if you don't throw your *sword*, and your *spear*, and all these *trophies*, into the *Styx*, you shan't set a *foot* in the *boat*.

VEXAT.

6th Ghost. What, must not my *immortal honours* accompany me? If I had not thought of *enjoying* them in the other world, I had not taken the *pains* I did about them.

THREAT-
ENING.

Merc. You will see presently what *honours* judge *Minos* will confer on you for *ravaging* mankind, and *deluging* the world with blood.—Stop,

QUEST.

Who are you?

AFFEC.

7th Ghost. Sir, I am an *universal genius*.

LEARN.

† CONT.

Merc. † That is to say, in plain English, a *Jack of all trades*, and good at none.

BOAST.

7th Ghost. Why, Sir, I have writ upon all manner of subjects. I have published *ten* volumes in *folio*, *sixteen* quarto's, *thirty-five* octavo's, *nineteen* volumes in *twelves*, and *twenty-two* pamphlets. I am a *standard-author* in *astronomy*, in *natural history*,

story, in *physic*, in *criticism*, in *history*, in *epic*,
tragic, and *comic poetry*, in *metaphysics*, in *gram-*
mar, in—

Merc. *Plague* on thy *everlasting tongue*; is it
never to lie still any more. What *mountain* of a
folio is that, thou hast got under thy arm?

7th Ghost. Sir, it is only my *common-place-*
book.

Merc. Well, if you will go and *dispose* of it,
and of your *learned pride*, and your *scurrility* to
all your *cotemporary authors*, and of your *arrogance*
in *pretending* to be *master* of so many different sub-
jects, and of your *ostentation* in giving yourself so
many *filly airs* of *learning* needlessly; and come
back in the dress and disposition of a *modest well-*
behaved skeleton, we shall think of giving you your
passage—Now, *who* are you?

8th Ghost. Sir, I am worth a *plumb*, as I can
shew you by my *Ledger*. Look you here.

“BALLANCE Dr. Per Con. Cr.”

Merc. *What*, in the name of *Plutus*^a, has the
filly ghost got in his *pericranium*? Dost think,
friend, that there is *cheating*, and *usury*, and *stock-*
jobbing, in the *lower regions*? Stand out of the
way.—*Who* are you?

9th Ghost. Sir, I am a *gentleman*, rat me.

Merc. Ay, there's little doubt of your *rotting*,
now you are *dead*. You was *half-rotten* before
you *died*.

Q 3

9th Ghost.

^a The God of riches.

FOPPERY.

BOAST.

9th Ghost. Sir, I have been the *happiest* of all mortals in the favour of the ladies, *split me*. The tender creatures could refuse me nothing. I conquered wherever I tried, *stap* my vitals.

CHIDING.

Merc. I cannot but admire your impudence to tell me a lie. Don't you know, sirrah, that Mercury is a god? No lady, whose favours were worth having, ever cared a farthing for you, or any pig-tail'd puppy of your sort. Therefore let me have none of your nonsense; but go and throw your snuff-box, your monkey airs, your rat me's, and your split me's, your pretensions to favours you never received, your foolish brains, and your chattering tongue; throw them all into the Styx, and then we shall perhaps talk to you.

COM-
MAND
with
CONT.

BOAST.

with

INTR.

AFFEC.

with

INTR.

10th Ghost. I am an emperor, and could bring three hundred thousand men into the field, and—

11th Ghost. I am a female conqueror, and have had princes at my feet. My beauty has been always thought irresistible, nor has—

AFFEC.

of

FIFTY.

SELF.

VINDICA-

TION.

12th Ghost. I am a venerable priest of the temple of Apollo, and you know, Mercury, whether the report of the Delphic oracle's being only a contrivance among us, be not a malicious fiction; and whether the priests in all ages, and in all places, have not been, and will not always be, eminent for their artless, undesigned simplicity, their contempt of riches, their honest opposition to the vices of the great, and their zeal in promoting truth and liberty of conscience, and—

13th Ghost,

13th Ghost. I have the *honour* to tell you, Sir, I am the *darling* of the *greatest* prince on earth. I have kept in *favour* five and *twenty* years in spite of the *hatred* of a *whole* nation, and the *arts* of *hundreds* of *rivals*. There is not, I will take upon me to say, Sir, a *fetch* in *politics*, nor a *contrivance* for *worming* in, and *screwing* out, that I am not *master* of. I had, I assure you, Sir, (a word in your ear) I had my *king* as much at my *command* as a *shepherd* has his *dog*. Sir, I shall be proud to serve you, Sir, if you—

FAWN.

WHISP.

14th Ghost. I *presume*, *illustrious*, Sir, you won't *hinder* me of my *passage*, when I inform you, I only want to *carry* with me a few *nostrums*, a little *physical* *Latin*, and a small collection of *learned* *phrases* for expressing *common* things more *magnificently*, which if they were put into a *vernacular* tongue, would be too *easily* understood. Besides, I have, I believe—

STIFF
AFFEC.

LEARN.

15th Ghost. Great god of eloquence, you will not, I am persuaded, stop a famous lawyer and orator. I am master of every trope and figure that ever was heard of. I can make any cause good. By the time I have talked half an hour, there is not a judge on the bench, that knows which side the right is on, or whether there be any right on either side. And then, for brow-beating, and finding useful and seasonable demurs, quirks, and the like, I dare challenge—

AFFEC.
with
WHEED.
BOAST.

Q 4

16th Ghost.

HYPOT.
and
FAWN.

16th Ghost. Mercury, I do *intreat* you to let me come into the boat. I am sure, judge *Minos* will pass a very favourable sentence on me. For it is well known, that no body ever was a more exact observer of the religious ceremonies appointed by authority, and established by custom, than myself. And what was alledged against me, of my being given to *consortiousness*, *pride*, and *private sins*, is all false — almost — and —

CONFID.

17th Ghost. I am sure, Mercury, I shall be very well received by judge *Minos*, judge *Rhadamanthus*, and judge *Æacus*. For I never did harm to any body, but was always ready to do any kindness in my power. And there is nothing can be alledged against me, worth naming. For it is not true, that I believed neither god, nor future state. I was no *atheist*, as has been alledged, but only a *free-thinker*.

SELF-
VINDICA-
TION.

INTR.

PITY.

18th Ghost. Pray, Mercury, let a brave soldier come into the boat. See what a stab in my back I died of.

19th Ghost. Pray, Mercury, don't keep out an industrious citizen, who died of living too frugally.

20th Ghost. Pray, Mercury, let an honest farmer pass, who was knocked on the head for not selling corn to the poor for a song.

IMPATI-
ENCE.

Merc. Hoity, toity! What have we got! Why don't you all bawl together? Now, in the name of the three *Furies*, *Alecto*, *Typhoea*, and *Megara*,
of

of the *Veioves*, the *Numina leua*, and all the *Robigus's* and *Averruncus's* that stand on *Aulus Gellius's* list of *mischievous deities*, what must we do, *Charon*?

Char. Push them away. Push them into the **ANGER.**

Styx. There is not one of them fit to be carried over. One comes loaded with pride of beauty and lust, another with arrogance and cruelty, another with falsehood and flattery, another with love of fame, and desire of boundless dominion, another with false learning, another with learned pride, another with spiritual pride and hypocrisy, another with avarice and churlishness, another with soppery and false pretensions to ladies favours, another with political craft, bribery and corruption, another with law quirks, another with quackish nostrums, and another with priestcraft; and they expect, that my poor little old half-rotten werry should carry them and all their nasty luggage over at one lift. Why *Mercury*, it would require such a vessel, as those they will build at the island of *Albion*, two thousand years hence, which will be called *first rate men of war*, to carry such a cargo. Therefore we must **DETERM.** e'en put off, with this half dozen of passengers, and, perhaps, by the time we come back, some of them will be stripped to the buff, I mean to the bones, and disencumbered of their respective appurtenances, so as to be fit for the voyage.

Merc. We have nothing else for it, *Charon.* **AGAIN,** Therefore, gentlemen and ladies, if you won't clear the

THREA.
COMM.

the way, I must be rude to you. *Fall back, fall back.* I have not room to push the boat off—

DOUBT.

[Standing a tiptoe, and looking as at a distant object] O—Methinks I see a couple of *modest-looking ghosts* whom I should know, standing at a distance. *Ay, ay, it is the same.* Hark ye, you

INVIT.

APPRO-
BATION.

good people, come *this way*. You seem to have *shaken off* all your *useless lumber*. I remember you. You lived in a *little cottage* on the side of a *hill* in the *Cbersonesus Cimbrica*. You were always *good, honest, contented creatures*.

KINDN.

Char. Take them in, Mercury. They are worth an *hundred* of your *cumbrous emperors, conquerors, beauties, and literati*. Come, let us *push off*.

LXIII.

ACCUSATION,

From Cicero's ORATION against Verres, entitled

DIVINATIO.

APOLO-
GY.

HAVING formerly had the honour of being *quæstor* in Sicily, and leaving that people with such *grateful impressions* of me on account of my *behaviour*, while I was among them, as, I hope, will not *soon* be effaced, it appeared, that, as they had great dependence upon their *former patrons* for the security of their properties, they

they likewise reposed *some* degree of confidence in me. Those *unhappy* people being *plundered* and *oppressed*, have made frequent and public applications to me, intreating, that I would undertake the defence of them, and their *fortunes*; which, they told me, they were encouraged to request of me, by *promises* I had given them (of the *sincerity* of which they had had several *substantial* proofs) that if *ever* they should have occasion for my *friendship*, I would not be wanting in any respect, in which I could be *useful* to them. The time was now come, they told me, when they had but *too much* occasion to claim my *promise*; for that they were now in want of *protection*, not for their *property* only, but even for their *lives*, and for securing the very *being* of the province. That for *three* years they had suffered, by the injustice of *Caius Verres*, every *hardship*, with which *daring impiety*, *rapacious insolence*, and *wanton cruelty* could distress a *miserable* and *helpless* people. It gave me no small concern, to find myself obliged either to falsify my *promise* to those, who had reposed a confidence in me, or to undertake the *ungrateful* part of an *accuser*, instead of that which I have always chosen, I mean of a *defender*. I referred them to the patronage of *Quintus Cæcilius*, who succeeded me in the *questorship* of the province. I was in hopes, I should thus get free of the disagreeable office, they had solicited me to engage in. But to my great disappointment, they told me, so far

PITY.

PROM.

INTR.

PITY.

ACCUS.

VEXAT.

DECLIN.

VEXAT.

Accus.

Apol.

Accus.

SELF-

VINDIC.

far from their having any hopes from *Cecilius*, their distresses had been heightened by him; and that he had, by his conduct, during his *questorship*, made their application to me more necessary, than, otherwise, it would have been. You see, therefore, Fathers, that I am drawn to engage in this cause by duty, fidelity, and commiseration for the distressed; and that, though I may seem to take the accusing side, it is, in fact, the defence of the oppressed; that I undertake, the defence of many thousands, of many great cities, of a whole province. And indeed, though the cause were of less consequence than it is; though the Sicilians had not requested my assistance; and though I had not been by my promise, and my connexions with that unfortunate people, obliged to undertake their defence, though I had professedly commended this prosecution with a view to the service of my country merely; that a man infamous for his avarice, impudence, and villainy, whose rapaciousness, and other crimes of various kinds, are notorious, not in Sicily only, but in *Achaia*, *Asia Minor*, *Cilicia*, *Pamphylia*, and even here at home; that such a man might, at my instance, be brought upon his trial, and receive the punishment he deserves; though I had had no other view in this prosecution, than that justice should be done upon a cruel oppressor, and the distressed be delivered; what Roman could have blamed my proceeding? How could I do a more valuable service to the commonwealth? What ought

ought to be more acceptable to the Roman people, to our allies, or to foreign nations? What more desirable towards securing the properties, privileges, and lives of mankind, than exemplary justice, inflicted on notorious abusers of power? Deplorable is the situation of the tributary states and provinces of the commonwealth. Oppressed, plundered, ruined, by those who are set over them, they do not now presume to hope for deliverance. All they desire, is a little alleviation of their distresses. They are willing to submit their cause to the justice of a Roman senate. But they, who ought to undertake their vindication, are their enemies. They, who ought to commence the prosecution against their oppressors, deserve, themselves, to be brought upon their trial for their own mal-administration.

PITY.

Accus.

It is sufficiently known to you, Fathers, that the law for recovery of tributes unjustly seized, was intended expressly for the advantage of the allied, and tributary states. For in cases of injustice done by one citizen to another, redress is to be had by action at common law. The present cause is, therefore, to be tried by the law of recovery. And, under the umbrage of that law, and in hopes of redress by it, the province of Sicily, with one voice, accuses Verres of plundering her of her gold and silver, of the riches of her towns, her cities, and temples, and of all she enjoyed under the protection of the Roman commonwealth, to the value of many millions, &c.

TRAC.
OF
EXPL.

Accus.

From

From his other Orations against Verres.

TEACH.
OF
EXPL.

AWL.
INFOR.

ACCUS.

APOL.

EXCIT.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy, your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance, but superior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, viz. That, in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one, whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependance upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. I have undertaken this prosecution, Fathers, at the general desire, and with the great expectation of the Roman people, not that I might draw envy upon that illustrious order, of which the accused happens to be; but with the direct design of clearing your justice and impartiality before the world. For I have brought upon his trial, one, whose conduct has been such, that, in passing a just sentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of re-establishing

ing the *credit* of such trials; of *recovering* what-
 ever may be *lost* of the *favour* of the *Roman people*;
 and of *satisfying* foreign *states* and *kingdoms* in
alliance with us, or *tributary* to us. I demand INSIST.
justice of you, *Fathers*, upon the *robber* of the ACCUS.
public treasury, the *oppressor* of *Asia Minor* and
Pamphylia, the *invader* of the *rights* and *privileges*
 of *Romans*, the *scourge* and *curse* of *Sicily*. If
 that *sentence* is *passed* upon him, which his *crimes* EXCIT.
deserve, your *authority*, *Fathers*, will be *venerable*
 and *sacred* in the *eyes* of the *public*. But if his
 great *riches* should *bias* you in his *favour*, I shall
 still gain *one point*, viz. To make it *apparent* to
 all the *world*, that what was *wanting* in this case
 was not a *criminal*, nor a *prosecutor*; but *justice*,
 and *adequate punishment*. And, to confess the APPRE-
 very *truth*, *Fathers*, though various *snare*s have HENS.
 been laid for me, by *sea* and *land*, by *Verres*,
 which I have partly avoided by my *own vigilance*,
 partly *baffled* with the *help* of my *friends*; I have
 never been so *apprehensive* of *danger* from him, as
now. Nor does my *anxiety* about my *own insuffi-*
ciency for conducting such a *trial*, nor the *awe*,
 with which so great a *concourse* of people *strikes*
 me, *alarm* my *apprehensions* so much, as the *wicked*
arts and *designs*, which I *know* he has framed,
 against *Marcus Glabrio* the *prætor*, against the
allied and *tributary states*, against the *whole sena-*
torial rank, and against *myself*. For he makes no ACCUS.
scruple publicly to declare, " That in his opinion,

" they

"they alone have reason to fear being called to
 "account, who have only amassed what is suf-
 "ficient for themselves. That, for his part, he
 "has prudently taken care to secure what will
 "be sufficient for himself and many others besides.
 "That he knows there is nothing so sacred, but
 "it may be made free with, nothing so well
 "secured, but it may be come at by a proper ap-
 "plication of money." It is true, we are so far
 "obliged to him, that he joins with his daring
 "wickedness, such bare-faced folly, that it must be
 "our own egregious and inexcusable fault, if we are
 "deceived by him. For, as those acts of violence,
 "by which he has got his exorbitant riches, were
 "done openly, so have his attempts to pervert judg-
 "ment, and escape due punishment, been public, and
 "in open defiance of decency. He has accordingly
 "said, that the only time he ever was afraid, was,
 "when he found the prosecution commenced against
 "him by me; lest he should not have time enough
 "to dispose of a sufficient number of presents in
 "proper hands. Nor has he attempted to secure
 "himself by the legal way of defence upon his trial.
 "And, indeed, where is the learning, the eloquence,
 "or the art, which would be sufficient to qualify
 "any one for the defence of him whose whole life
 "has been a continued series of the most atrocious
 "crimes? To pass over the shameful irregularities of
 "his youth, what does his quaestorship, the first public
 "employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one
 continued

continued scene of villainies; Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer; a consul stripped and betrayed; an army deserted and reduced to want; a province robbed; the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of those countries; in which houses, cities, and temples were robbed by him. There he acted over again the scene of his quaestorship, bringing, by his bad practices, Cneius Dolabella, whose substitute he was, into disgrace with the people, and then deserting him; not only deserting, but even accusing and betraying him. What was his conduct in his praetorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge? Let those, who suffered by his injustice, answer. But his praetorship in Sicily, crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years under the wisest and best of praetors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition, in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the

PITY.

R

Roman

Accus.

Roman senate, upon their coming under the protection of the *commonwealth*, nor of the *natural* and *unalienable* rights of *men*. No *inhabitant* of that *ruined country* has been able to keep possession of *any thing*, but what has either *escaped* the *rapaciousness*, or been *neglected* by the *satiety* of that *universal plunderer*. His *rod* has *decided* all *causes* in *Sicily* for these *three years*. And his *decisions* have *broke* all *law*, all *precedent*, all *right*. The *sums*, he has, by *arbitrary taxes*, and *unheard-of impositions*, *extorted* from the *industrious poor*, are *not* to be *computed*. The *most faithful allies* of the *commonwealth* have been *treated* as *enemies*. *Roman citizens* have, like *slaves* been *put to death* with *tortures*. The *most atrocious criminals*, for *money*, have been *exempted* from the *deserved punishments*; and *men* of the *most unexceptionable characters* *condemned*, and *banished*, *unheard*. The *harbours*, though *sufficiently fortified*, and the *gates* of *strong towns*, *opened* to *pirates* and *raiders*. The *soldiery* and *sailors*, belonging to a *province* under the *protection* of the *commonwealth*, *starved* to *death*. *Whole fleets*, to the *great detriment* of the *province*, *suffered* to *perish*. The *antient monuments* of either *Sicilian* or *Roman greatness*, the *statues* of *heroes* and *princes*, *carried off*; and the *temples* *stripped* of the *images*. The *infamy* of his *lewdness* has been *such*, as *decency* *forbids* to *describe*. Nor will I, by *mentioning particulars*, *put* those *unfortunate persons* to *fresh* *pain*,

pain, who have not been able to save their *wives* and *daughters* from his *impurity*. And these his *atrocious crimes* have been committed in so *public* a manner, that there is *no one*, who has *heard* of his *name*, but could *reckon up* his *actions*.

Having, by his *iniquitous sentences*, filled the *prisons* with the most *industrious* and *deserving* of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of *Roman citizens* to be *strangled* in the *goals*; so that the exclamation, "I am a *citizen of Rome*," which has often, in the most *distant regions*, and among the most *barbarous people*, been a *protection*, was of *no service* to them; but, on the contrary, brought a *speedier*, and more *severe punishment* upon them.

DEPRE-
CATION.
ACCUS.

I *ask*, now, *Verres*, what you have to *advance* against this *charge*? Will you pretend to *deny* it? Will you pretend, that any thing *false*, that even any thing *aggravated*, is *alleged* against you? Had any *prince*, or any *state*, committed the *same outrage* against the privilege of *Roman citizens*, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring *immediate war* against them? *What punishment* ought, then, to be *inflicted* upon a *tyrannical* and *wicked prætor*, who *dared*, at no greater *distance*, than *Sicily*, within *sight* of the *Italian coast*, to put to the infamous death of *crucifixion*, that *unfortunate* and *innocent* citizen, *Publius Gavius Cossanus*, only for his having *asserted* his privilege of *citizenship*, and declared

CHALL.

REMOR.

ACCUS.

PITY.

- his intention of *appealing* to the *justice* of his *country* against a *cruel oppressor*, who had *unjustly confined* him in *prison* at *Syracuse*, from whence he had just made his *escape*? The *unhappy man* arrested, as he was going to *embark* for his *native country*, is brought before the *wicked prætor*.
- ACCUS. With *eyes darting fury*, and a *countenance* distorted with *cruelty*, he orders the *helpless victim* of his *rage* to be *stripped*, and *rods* to be brought; *accusing* him, but without the least *shadow* of *evidence*, or even of *suspicion*, of having come to *Sicily* as a *spy*. It was in vain, that the *unhappy man* cried out, "I am a *Roman citizen*, I have *served* under *Lucius Prætorius*, who is now at *Panormus*, and will attest my *innocence*." The *blood-thirsty prætor*, deaf to all he could urge in his *own defence*, ordered the *infamous punishment* to be *inflicted*. Thus, *Fathers*, was an *innocent Roman citizen* publicly mangled with *scourging*; whilst the *only words* he uttered amidst his *cruel sufferings*, were, * "I am a *Roman citizen*." With these he hoped to defend himself from *violence* and *infamy*. But of so little service was this *privilege* to him, that while he was thus *asserting* his *citizenship*, the order was given for his *execution*—for his execution upon the *cross*!
- LAMEN. O *liberty*!—O *sound* once *delightful* to every *Roman ear*!—O *sacred privilege* of *Roman citizenship*!—once *sacred*!—now *trampled upon*!—But what then! Is it come to this? Shall an *inferior magistrate*,
- ACCUS.
- PITY.
- ACCUS.
- PITY.
- DEPRECATION.
- ACCUS.
- PITY.
- * DEPR.
- ACCUS.
- HORROR.
- LAMEN.
- EXCIT.
- to VINDIC.

magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

LXIV.

TERROR. DISCOVERY of secret Wickedness.

The ghost of Hamlet king of Denmark, murdered by his brother, in concert with his queen, appears to Hamlet his son. [*Shakesp.* HAMLET.]

ALARM.

START.

TREMOR.

Horatio. LOOK, my lord, it comes!

Hamlet. *Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!*—

Be thou a spirit of *health*, or goblin *damn'd*;
Bring with thee *airs* from *Heav'n*, or *blasts* from
hell,

Be thy intents *wicked* or *charitable*,

Thou com'st in such a *questionable* *shape*,

That I *will* speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,

King.

* Hamlet, standing in conversation with Horatio and Marcellus, is supposed to be turned from the place where the ghost appears, and is seen by Horatio. When Horatio gives the word, that the ghost appears, Hamlet turns hastily round toward it in great consternation, and expresses his fear in the first line, "*Angels and ministers, &c.*" Then, after a *long pause*, looking earnestly at the spectre, he goes on, "Be thou a spirit," &c. See *Fear*, p. 17.

¹ *Questionable*, means *inviting question*. The ghost appeared in a shape so interesting to the young prince, viz. That of his father, that he could not help venturing to speak to it, though with great reluctance from fear.

LESSONS.

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*King, Father, Royal Dane! O answer me,
Why thy bones, bears'd in canonized earth,
Have burst their cearments^{*}? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his pond'rous and marble jaws,
To cast thee forth again? What may this mean,
That thy dead corse again in waylike steel
Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous?*

EARN.

Say, why is this? What would'st thou have done for thee?

QUEST.

Ghost. ^h I am thy father's spirit, to earth return'd

HORROR

*Foul murder to disclose— Lift then, O Hamlet!—
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my garden,
A serpent stung me. So the ear of Denmark
Is, by a forged process of my death,
Grossly abused. But know, thou princely youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father dead,
Now wears his crown. Sleeping within an alcove,
On my security thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon distill'd,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The lep'rous poison, whose contagious nature*

COMPL.
of
INJURY,

R 4

Holds

^{*} *Cearments* are the medicated swathings put about a dead body, to preserve it longer from putrefaction; from *cera*, wax.

^h The speech of the ghost to be spoken without action, very slow and solemn, with little variation of voice, and in a hollow dreary tone.

Holds such an *enmity* with the *life* of *man*,
That with a *sudden vigour* it doth *curdle*
The *thin* and *wholesome blood*. So did it *mine*,
And *instantly* a *tetter* bark'd about,
Most *lazar* like, with *vile* and *loathsome crust*,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, *sleeping*, by a *brother's hand*,
Of *life*, of *crown*, of *queen*, at once bereft,
Cut off ev'n in the *blossom* of my *sins*;
No reck'ning made, but sent to my *account*,
With all my *imperfections* on my *head*.

EXCIT. If thou hast *nature* in thee, *hear it not*.
Let not the *royal bed* of *Denmark* be

AVERS. A couch for *siltbiness*, and *beastly incest*,
But howsoever thou pursu'st *redress*,

CAUT. Taint not thy *mind*, nor let thy *soul contrive*
Against thy *mother aught*. Leave her to *beav'n*,

ANQU. And to those *thorns*, that in her *bosom lodge*,
To *goad* and *sting* her. Fare thee well at once.
The *glow-worm* shews the *morning* to be *near*;
His *ineffectual fire* begins to *pale*.
Farewel. Remember me.

LXV.

EXHORTATION. REPROACHING.

The Athenians, being unsuccessful in the war against Philip of Macedon, assembled, in great dejection, in order to consult what measures were to be taken to retrieve their seemingly desperate affairs. Demosthenes endeavours to encourage them, by shewing them, that there was nothing to fear from Philip, if they prosecuted the war in a proper manner, [Demost. PHILIP. ORAT.]

ATHENIANS!

HAD this assembly been called together on APOL.
an *unusual* occasion, I should have waited to hear the opinions of *others*, before I had offered my *own*; and if what *they proposed* had seemed to me *judicious*, I should have been *silent*; if *otherwise*, I should have given my *reasons* for SUBMIS.
differing from those, who had spoken *before* me. APOL.
But as the subject of our present deliberations has been *often* treated by *others*, I hope I shall be excused, though I rise up *first* to offer my opinion. Had the schemes, *formerly* proposed, been *successful*, there had been *no occasion* for the *present* consultation.

First,

- ENCOUR. First, then, my countreymen, let me *intreat* you not to look upon the state of our affairs as *desperate*, though it be *unpromising*. For, as on *one* hand, to compare the *present* with times *past*, matters have indeed a very *gloomy aspect*; so, on the *other*, if we extend our views to *future times*,
- CON- I have good hopes, that the *distresses*, we are *now*cern. under, will prove of *greater advantage* to us, than
- HOPE. if we had *never fallen* into them. If it be asked, what *probability* there is of this; I answer; I hope it will appear, that it is our *egregious misbehaviour alone*, that has brought us into these *disadvantageous circumstances*. From whence follows the
- DOUBT. necessity of *altering* our conduct, and the prospect of *bettering* our *circumstances* by doing so.
- REPR. If we had *nothing* to *accuse* ourselves of; and yet
- DIREC. found our affairs in their *present disorderly condition*; we should not have *room* left even for the
- HOPE. hope of *recovering* ourselves. But, my countreymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how *gloriously* the *Lacedæmonian war* was
- REPR. *sustained*, in which we engaged in defence of our own rights, against an enemy *powerful* and *formidable*; in the *whole conduct* of which war *nothing*
- DIREC. happened *unworthy* the *dignity* of the *Athenian state*; and this within these *few years* past. My
- HOPE. *intention*, in recalling to your memory this part of our history is, To shew you, that you have no reason to *fear any enemy*, if your operations be
- DOUBT. wisely

LESSONS.

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wisely planned, and vigorously executed; as, on the contrary, that if you do not exert your natural strength in a proper manner, you have nothing to look for, but disappointment and distress; and to suggest to you, that you ought to profit by this example of what has actually been done by good conduct against the great power of the Lacedæmonians, so as, in the present war to assert your superiority over the insolence of Philip; which it is evident from experience, may be effected, if you resolve to attend diligently to those important objects, which you have, of late, shamefully neglected. The enemy has indeed gained considerable advantages, by treaty, as well as by conquest. For it is to be expected, that princes and states will court the alliance of those, who, by their counsels and arms, seem likely to procure for themselves, and their confederates, distinguished honours and advantages. But, my countreymen, though you have, of late, been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly; if you will even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities, and circumstances; the rich, by contributing liberally towards the expence of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army, and navy; if, in short, you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves, it is not yet too late, || with the help of Heaven, to recover what you have lost, and † to inflict the just vengeance

APPRE-
HENS.

EXCIT.

COUR.

REPR.

ENCOU.

REGR.

ENCOU.

EARN.

ENCOU.
|| REVER.
* REPR.
† COUR.

vengeance on your insolent enemy. *Philip* is but a mortal. He cannot, like a god, secure to himself, beyond the possibility of disappointment, the acquisitions he has made. There are those, who hate him; there are, who fear, and there are who envy him; and of these some, who seem most inseparably connected with him. These, your inactivity, obliges, at present, to stifle their real sentiments, which are in your favour. (But when will you, my countreymen, when will you rouse from your indolence, and betink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster? When irresistible necessity drives you? What think ye of the disgraces, which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity? Or do ye wait for somewhat, yet to come, more forcible and urgent?) How long will you amuse yourselves with enquiring of one another, after news, as you ramble idly about the streets? What news so strange ever came to Athens, as, That a Macedonian should subdue this state, and lord it over Greece? Again, you ask one another, "What, is Philip dead?" "No," it is answered, "but he is very ill?" How foolish this curiosity! What is it to you, whether Philip is sick, or well? Suppose he were dead. Your inactivity would soon raise up against yourselves another Philip in his stead. For it is not his strength, that has made him what he is; but your indolence; which has, of late, been such, that you seem neither

ther in a condition to take any *advantage* of the *enemy*, nor to *keep* it, if it were *gained* by others for you.

But what I have *hitherto* observed to your *re-* RECOL.
proach, will be of *no service* toward *retrieving* the
past miscarriages, unless I proceed to offer a *plan*
for raising the necessary *supplies* of *money*, *ship-*
ping, and *men*.

The orator then goes on to treat of ways and means. But that part of his speech being less entertaining, and his demands of men, money, and shipping, being pitiful, compared with the immense funds, and stupendous armaments, we are accustomed to, I leave it out. Afterwards he shews Philip's insolence by producing his letters to the Eubæans; and then makes remarks on them.

The present *disgraceful* state of your affairs, RECOL.
my countreymen, as it appears from the *insolent*
strain of the *letters* I have just read, may not,
perhaps, be a very *pleasing* subject, for your *re-*
flexions. And if, by *avoiding* the *mention* of *dis-* RELUC.
agreeable circumstances, their *existence* could be
prevented, or *annihilated*, there would be *nothing* to
do, but to *frame* our *speeches* so, as to give the
most *pleasure* to the *bearers*. But, if the unsea- APPRE-
sonable *smoothness* of a speech tends to *lull* a peo- HENS.
ple into a *fatal security*, how *shameful* is such *self-*
deceit!

- REPR. *deceit! How contemptible the weakness of putting off the evil day, and through fear of being shocked at the sight of what is disordered in our affairs, to suffer the disorder to increase to such a degree, as will soon be irretrievable! Wisdom, on the contrary, directs, that the conductors of a war always anticipate the operations of the enemy, instead of waiting to see what steps he shall take.*
- APPREHENS.
- COUR. *Superiority of genius shews itself by taking the start of others; as in marching to battle, it is the general, who leads, and the common soldiers, that follow. Whereas you, Athenians, though you be masters of all that is necessary for war, as shipping, cavalry, infantry, and funds, have not the spirit to make the proper use of your advantages; but suffer the enemy to dictate to you every motion you are to make. If you hear, that Philip is in the Chersonesus; you order troops to be sent thither. If at Pyle; forces are to be detached to secure that post. Wherever he makes an attack, there you stand upon your defence. You attend him in all his motions, as soldiers do their general.*
- CHID. *But you never think of striking out of yourselves any bold and effectual scheme for bringing him to reason, by being beforehand with him. A pitiful manner of carrying on war at any time: but, in the critical circumstances, you are now in, utterly ruinous. However you might trifle, so long as things were in a tolerable state of safety, you will not, I hope, think of going on in the same*
- REPR. with INDIGN.
- ROUS.
- SHAME.
- CONT.
- APPREHENS.

same way, now that the very *being* of the *state* is come to be *precarious*. I would willingly *flatter* myself with the hope, that things being come to a *crisis*, the hasty *strides* made by Philip toward the conquest of this *commonwealth* will prove the means of *defeating* his *design*. Had he proceeded *deliberately* and *prudently*, you seem so disposed to *peace*, that I do not imagine, you would have *troubled* yourselves about his taking a few *towns* and *provinces*, but would have given him leave, without *molestation*, to affront your *standards* and *flags* at his *pleasure*. But now, that you see him making *rapid advances* toward your *capital*, perhaps you may at *last* be *alarmed*, if you be not *lost* to all sense of *prudence*, *honour*, or *safety*.

HOPE.

SARCASM.

O *shame* to the *Athenian name*! We undertook this war against Philip, in order to obtain *redress* of *grievances*, and to force him to *indemnify* us for the *injuries* he had done us. And we have conducted it so *successfully*, that we shall, by and by, think ourselves *happy*, if we escape being *defeated* and *ruined*. For, *who* can think, that a prince, of his *restless* and *ambitious temper*, will not improve the *opportunities* and *advantages* which our *indolence* and *timidity* present him? Will he give over his *designs* against us, without being *obliged* to it? And *who* will *oblige* him? *Who* will *restrain* his *fury*? Shall we wait for *assistance* from some *unknown country*? In the name of all that is *sacred*, and

ROUS.

SHAME.

SARCASM.

APPRE-
HENS.

REMOR.

ALARM.

SOL.
INTR.

INDIGN.

CHARGE
with
REPR.
APPRE-
HENS.

and all that is *dear* to us, let us make an *attempt* with what forces we *can raise*, if we should not be able to raise *us many* as we would *wish*. Let us do *somewhat* to curb this insolent tyrant of his *pursuits*. (Let us not *trifle* away the time in *bearing* the ineffectual wranglings of *traitors*, while the enemy is *strengthening himself*, and we are *declining*, and our *allies* growing more and more *cold* to our *interest*, and more *apprehensive* of the *consequences* of continuing on our *side*.)

LXVI.

Villainous SURMISING. JEALOUSY.

Iago artfully endeavours to excite Othello to jealousy against his innocent wife Desdemona, to be revenged on Othello for a supposed injury. [Shakesp. OTHEL.]

QUEST.

Iago. DID Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

CRAFT.

Know of your love?

INDIFF.

Othello. He *did* from first to last. Why dost thou *ask*?

INSIN.

Iago. But for a *satisfaction* of my *thought*; No farther *harm*.

DOUBT.

Oth. Why of thy *thought*, Iago?

INSIN.

Iago. I did not *think* he had been *acquainted* with it.

LESSONS.

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- Oth. O yes; and went between us very often. DECL.
 Iago. Indeed? SURMIS.
 Oth. Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught from ANXIETY.
 that?
 Is he not honest?
 Iag. Honest, my Lord? SURMIS.
 Oth. Honest! ay, honest! ANX.
 Iag. My Lord—for aught—for aught— SURMIS.
 I know.
 Oth. What dost thou think of? ANX.
 Iag. Think of, my Lord! SURMIS.
 Oth. Think of, my Lord! Why dost thou ANX.
 echo me,
 As if there were some monster in thy thought SUSP.
 Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean some-
 thing.
 I heard thee say but now, thou lik'd'st not that;
 When Cassio left my wife: What didst not like? QUEST.
 And when I told thee, he was of my counsel, SUSP.
 In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, "In-
 deed!"
 And didst contract and purse thy brows together,
 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me, EARN.
 Shew me thy thought.
 Iag. My Lord, you know I love you. FAWN.
 Oth. I think thou dost. SUSP.
 And as I know, thou'rt full of honesty,
 And weigh'st thy words, before thou giv'st them
 breath,

S

Therefore

APPRE-
HENS.

Therefore these *steps* of thine fright me the more :
 For such things in a *false disloyal knave*
 Are *tricks of custom* ; but in a man, that's *just*,
 They're *distillations working from the heart*,
 Which *passion* cannot rule. Therefore I tell thee
 Thou dost *conspire* against thy friend, Iago,
 If thou but *think'st him wrong'd*, and mak'st his
 ear

EARN.
CHARG.

A *stranger to thy thought*.

PRET.
RELUCT.

Iago. I do *beseech* you,
 From one, that so *imperfectly* conceits,
 Your *wisdom* would not *build* yourself a trouble
 Out of my *scattering* and *unsure observance*.
 It were not for your *quiet*, nor your *good*,
 Nor for my *manhood, honesty, and wisdom*,
 To let you *know* my *thoughts*.

QUEST.

Oth. *What dost thou mean ?*

PRET.

Iag. Good name in man, or woman, dear my
 Lord,

RELUC.

Is the *immediate jewel* of their souls.

CONT.

Who *steals* my *purse*, *steals trash* ; 'tis *something*—
nothing—

'Twas *mine*—'tis *his*—it has been *slave* to *thou-*
sands :

CONC.

But he who *filches* from me my *good name*,
Robs me of *that*, which makes not *him* the
 richer,

And makes me *poor* indeed.

CHARG.

Oth. I'll *know* thy *thoughts*.

Iag.

Iag. You cannot, if my heart were in your band. REFUS.

Beware, my Lord, beware of jealousy, CAUT.
That ghastly green-ey'd monster, which doth make HORROR.
The meat it feeds on. The injur'd husband's
happy,

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his traitress:
But, oh, what cruel minutes tells he o'er, ANGU.
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves.

Oth. O misery! [Aside.]

Iag. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich
enough:

But wealth unbounded is as poor as winter,
To him, who ever fears, he shall be poor.— PRET.
I doubt, this hath a little dash'd your spirits. SYMP.

Oth. Not a jot; not a jot. Farewell. PRET.
If thou dost more perceive, let me know more. INDIFF.

[Exit Iago.]

Why did I marry? This honest fellow, doubtless, JEAL.
Sees, and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

He knows all qualities, with a learned spirit
Of human dealings!—Should I prove her faithless, ANGU.

S 2

Tho'

¹ Iag. You cannot, &c.] That is "I hardly know,
" myself, what to think; and yet I cannot help suspecting
" Cassio."

² —doth make the meat it feeds on.] That is, "Jealousy
" creates to itself, out of nothing, grounds of suspicion."

³ He knows all qualities, &c.] That is, "He knows the
" characters of men and women, and is learned in human
" nature."

THREA. Tho' that her *charms* were bodied with my heart,
I'd rend it into twain, to throw her from me.

LXVII.

COMPLAINT. INTREATING.

The speech of Adherbal, son of Micipsa, king of Numidia, complaining to the Roman senate, and imploring assistance against the violence of Jugurtha, adopted, and left co-heir of the kingdom, by Micipsa, with himself and Hiempsal, which last Jugurtha had procured to be murdered. [SAL. BELL. JUGURTHIN.]

FATHERS.

EXPLAIN-
ING.

SUBMIS.

IT is known to you, that king *Micipsa*, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to *Jugurtha*, his adopted son, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother *Hiempsal*, and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia; directing us to consider the senate and people of Rome, as proprietors of it. He charged us to use our best endeavours to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth in peace and war; assuring us, that your protection would prove, to us, a defence against all enemies, and would be instead of armies, fortifications, and treasures.

While

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing, but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father;—Jugurtha, —the most infamous of Mankind! —breaking through all ties of gratitude, and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth, procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne, and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Massinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villainy, to my distressful circumstances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration, That I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance, Fathers, for the services done you by my ancestors; not for any I have been able to render you in my own person. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deserve any thing at your hands, and has forced me to be burthensome, before I could be useful, to you. And yet, if I had no plea, but my undeserved misery, who, from a powerful prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, find myself, without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance against an enemy, who has seized my throne and kingdom; if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead, it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, the arbiters of the world, to protect

GRIEF.

COMPL.

GRIEF.

COMPL.

SURMIS.

INTR.

EXCIT.
to
VINDIC.

the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions, which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors, and from whence my grandfather, and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax, and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated, and Jugurtha in injuring me throws contempt on you.

LAMEN.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverse of fortune! O father Micipsa! Is this the consequence of your generosity; that he, whom your goodness raised to

HORROR.

LAMEN.

an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children! Must then, the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance; while we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood, and the only surviving son of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

GLIM.
HOPE.

HORROR.

Whitben

LESSONS.

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Whither — O whither shall I fly? If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue in my blood, those hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge, or for assistance, to any other court, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth gives me up? From my own family or friends, I have no expectations. My royal father is no more. He is beyond the reach of violence, and out of bearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation. But he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand, which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all, whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross; others have been given a prey to wild beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death.

ANGU.
DISTR.

DREAD.

HORROR.
DISTR.

GRIEF.

HORROR.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome, from that height of power, to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations

SUBM.

INTR.

SUBM.

CAN

HORROR. of him, who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons. I have been informed that

ACCUS. he labours by his emissaries, to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence, pretending, that I magnify my distress, and might, for him, have staid, in peace, in my own kingdom.

COMP. But, if ever the time comes, when the due vengeance, from above, shall overtake him, he will then dissemble in the very same manner as I do. Then he, who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

LAMEN. O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight.—But why should I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very person, who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipsa's family: but, as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries, which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood. But he

HORROR, lies in peace. He feels none of the miseries which

ANSW.

rend my soul with agony and distraction; whilst I am set up a spectacle, to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers! Senators of Rome, the arbiters of the world! To you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you; deliver a wretched prince from undeserved unprovoked injury; and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

VEHEM.
SOLICIT.

When I consider the situation of my affairs, I am sensible that I am in a very dangerous situation. I am surrounded by enemies, and I am in a very weak condition. I am in a very dangerous situation. I am surrounded by enemies, and I am in a very weak condition. I am in a very dangerous situation. I am surrounded by enemies, and I am in a very weak condition.

LXVIII.

ACCUSATION. PITY.

Pleadings of Lysias the orator in favour of certain orphans defrauded by an uncle, executor to the will of their father. [*Dion. Halicarn.*]

VENERABLE JUDGES!

SUBM.

APOL.

AVERS.

SUBM.

PITY.

AVERS.

PITY.

APOL.

PITY.

IF the *cause*, which now comes under your cognisance, were not of extraordinary importance, I should never have given my consent, that it should be *litigated* before you. For it seems to me *shameful*, that near *relations* should commence *prosecutions* against one another; and I know, that, in such trials, not only the *aggressors*, but even those, who *resent* injuries too *impatiently*, must appear to you in a *disadvantageous* light. But the *plaintiffs*, who have been *defrauded* of a very *large* sum of money, and *cruelly* injured by one, who ought to have been the *last* to *hurt* them; have applied to me, as a *relation*, to *plead* their *cause*, and *procure* them *redress*. And I thought, I could not *decently* excuse myself from undertaking the *patronage* of persons in such *distressful* circumstances, with whom I had such *close* *connections*. For the *sister* of the *plaintiffs*, the *niece* of *Diogeton* the *defendent*, is my *wife*.

When

When the plaintiffs *intreated* me, as they did APOL.
often, to *undertake* the *management* of the *suit*, I
advised them to *refer* the *difference*, between them
and their uncle the defendant, to *private arbit-* AVERS.
ration; thinking it the *interest* of *both* parties to
conceal, as much as possible, from the knowledge
of the *public*, that there was any *dispute* between
them. But as Diogiton *knew*, that it was *easy* ACCUS.
to *prove* him *guilty* of *detaining* the *property* of the
plaintiffs his nephews, he *foresaw*, that it would,
by no means, *answer* his *purpose*, to *submit* his
cause to the decision of *arbitrators*. He has,
therefore, determined to proceed to the utmost
extremity of *injustice*, at the *hazard* of the *conse-*
quences of a *prosecution*.

I most humbly *implore* you, venerable judges, SUBM.
to grant the plaintiffs *redress*, if I *show* you, as I INTR.
hope I shall in the most *satisfactory* manner, that
the defendant, though so *nearly* related to the PITY.
unhappy *orphans*, the plaintiffs, has treated them BLAME.
in *such* a manner, as would be *shameful* among
absolute *strangers*.

I beg leave to lay before you, venerable SUBM.
judges, the *subject* of the present *prosecution*, as
follows.

Diodotus and *Diogiton* were *brothers*, the chil- NARRA-
dren of the *same* father and the *same* mother. TION,
Upon their father's decease, they *divided* be-
tween them his *moveables*; but his *real* estate
they

they enjoyed conjunctly. Diodotus growing rich, Diogiton offered him his only daughter in marriage^a. By her Diodotus had two sons and a daughter. Diodotus happening afterwards to be enrolled, in his turn, to go to the war under Tbrasyllus, he called together his wife, his brother's daughter, and his wife's brother, and his own brother, who was likewise his father-in-law, and both uncle and grandfather to his children. He thought, he could not trust the care of his children in properer hands, than those of his brother. He leaves in his custody, his will, with five talentsⁿ of silver. He gives him an account of seven talents, and forty minæ besides, which were out at interest, and a thousand minæ, which were due to him by a person in the Chersonesus. He had ordered in his will, that, in case of his death, one talent, and the household furniture, should be his wife's. He bequeathed, farther, to his daughter, one talent, and twenty minæ, and thirty Cyzicentian stateres, and the rest of his estate equally between his sons. Settling his affairs thus, and leaving a copy of his will, he sets out along with the army. He dies at Ephesus. Diogiton conceals from his daughter the death of her husband. He gets into his hands the

^a Among the ancients, marriage was allowed between persons very nearly related.

ⁿ See, for the value of talents, minæ, drachmæ, and stateres, Gronov, DE PECUN. VET.

the will of his deceased brother, by pretending, that it was necessary for him to shew it as a voucher, in order to his transacting some affairs for his brother, during his absence. At length, when he thought the decease of his brother could not much longer be concealed, he formally declares it. The family goes into mourning. They stay one year at Piræum, where their moveables were. In this time the produce of all that could be sold, of the effects, being spent, he sends the children to town, and gives his daughter, the widow of his brother Diodotus to a second husband, and with her five thousand drachmæ, of which the husband returns him one thousand as a present. When the eldest son came to man's estate, about eight years after the departure of Diodotus, Diongion calls the children together; tells them, that their father had left them twenty minæ of silver, and thirty stateres. "I have laid out" (says he) "of my own money, for your maintenance and education, a considerable sum. Nor did I grudge it, while I was in flourishing circumstances, and could afford it. But, by unforeseen and irremediable misfortunes, I am reduced to an incapacity of continuing my kindness to you. Therefore as you" (speaking to the eldest son) "are now of an age to shift for yourself, I would advise you to resolve upon some employment, by which you may gain a subsistence."

PITY.

NARRATION.

ACCUS.
PRET.
CONC.

ADVIS.

The

SHOCK.

DISTR.

INTR.

ACCUS.

REMON.

NARR.

ACCUS.

The poor fatherless children were thunderstruck upon hearing this barbarous speech. They fled in tears, to their mother, and, with her, came to request my protection. Finding themselves stripped of the estate left them by their father, and reduced by their hard-hearted uncle and grandfather, to absolute beggary, they intreated, that I would not desert them too; but, for the sake of their sister, my wife, would undertake their defence. The mother begged, that I would bring about a meeting of the relations, to reason the matter with her father; and said, that though she had never before spoke in any large company, especially of men, she would endeavour to lay before them the distresses and injuries of her family.

Diogiton, being, with difficulty, brought to the meeting, the mother of the plaintiffs asked him, how he could have the heart to use her sons in such a manner. "Are you not, Sir," (says she) "the uncle and the grandfather of the two fatherless youths? Are they not the children of your own brother, and of your own daughter? How could they be more nearly related to you, unless they were your own sons? And, though you despised all human authority, you ought to reverence the gods, who are witnesses of the trust reposed in you by the deceased father of the unhappy youths."

She then enumerated the several sums, the property of the deceased, which had been received by Diogiton,

Diogenes, and charged him with them, producing authentic evidence for every particular. "You have driven" (says she) "out of their own house, the children of your own daughter, in rags, unfurnished with the common decencies of life. You have deprived them of the effects, and of the money left them by their father. But you want to enrich the children you have had by my step-mother; which, without doubt, you might lawfully and properly do, if it were not at the expence, and to the utter ruin of those, whose fortunes were deposited in your hands, and whom, from affluence, you want to reduce to beggary; impiously despising the authority of the gods, injuring your own daughter, and violating the sacred will of the dead."

REMON.

SEV.

CHARG.

The distressed mother having vented her grief in such bitter complaints as these, we were all, by sympathy, so touched with her afflictions, and the cruelty of her injurious father, that, when we considered, in our own minds, the hard usage, which the young innocents had met with, when we remembered the deceased *Diodotus*, and thought how unworthy a guardian he had chosen for his children, there was not one of us who could refrain from tears. And I persuade myself, venerable judges, that you will not be unaffected with so calamitous a case, when you come to consider, attentively, the various aggravations of the defendant's proceedings. Such unfaithfulness, in so solemn a trust, were it to

NARR.

PITY.

BLAME.

PITY.

ACCUS.

pass

WONDER.

pass unpunished, and, consequently, to become common, would destroy all confidence among mankind, so that nobody would know how, or to whom, he could commit the management of his affairs, in his absence, or after his death. The defendant, at first, would have denied his having had any effects of his brother's left in his hands. And when he found, he could not get off that way, he then produced an account of sums, laid out, as he pretended, by him for the children, to such a value, as is beyond all belief; no less, than seven talents of silver, and seven thousand drachmæ. All this, he said, had been expended in eight years, in the clothing and maintenance of two boys, and a girl. And when he was pressed to shew how their expences could amount to such a sum, he had the impudence to charge five oboli a day for their table; and for shoes, and dying their cloaths*, and for the barber, he gave in no particular account, neither by the month, nor by the year; but charged, in one gross sum, a talent of silver. For their father's monument, he pretends to have been at the expence of five thousand drachmæ, of which he charges one half to the account of the children. But it is manifest, that it could not cost twenty minæ. His injustice to the children appears sufficiently in the following article

* In those simpler ages, the cloth, or stuff, of which the cloaths of persons even of high rank, were made, was commonly manufactured, from the wool to the dying, at home.

article *alone*, if there were *no other* proof of it. He had occasion to buy a *lamb* for the feast of Bacchus, which cost, as he pretends, *ten drachmæ*; and of these he charges *eight* to the account of his *wards*.

Had the *defendant* been a man of any *principle*, Accus. he would have bethought himself of laying out to *advantage* the *fortune* left in his hands by the deceased, for the *benefit* of the fatherless children. Had he bought with it *lands* or *houses*, the children might have been *maintained* out of the yearly *rents*, and the *principal* have been kept *entire*. But he does not seem to have *once thought* of *improving* their fortune; but, on the contrary, to have contrived *only* how to *strip* them.

But the most *atrocious* (for a *single* action) of NARRA. all his proceedings, is what *follows*. When he was made *commander* of the *gallies*, along with *Alexis*, the son of *Aristodicus*, and, according to his *own* account, had been, on occasion of fitting out the *fleet*, and *himself*, at the *expence* of *forty-eight minæ*, out of his *own* private *purse*,— he charges his *infant-wards* with *half* this *sum*. Accus.

Whereas the state not only exempts *minors* from WOND. public *offices*, but even grants them immunity, for *one* year, at least, *after* they come of *age*. And when he had fitted out, for a voyage to the Adriatic, a ship of burden to the value of *two talents*, he told his *daughter*, the mother of his *wards*, that the adventure was at the *risque*, and
T
for

LESSONS.

ACCUS.

for the *benefit* of his *wards*. But, when the *returns* were made, and he had *doubled* the *sum* by the *profits* of the *voyage*,— the *gains* were, he said, *all his own*.— The *fortune* of his *wards* was to answer for the *damages*;— but was not to be at all the *better* for the *advantages*! If, in this manner, one is to trade at the *peril* and *loss* of others, and engross to *himself* the whole *profits*; it is not difficult to conceive how his *partners* may come to be *undone*, while he *enriches himself*.

AVERS.

To lay before you *all* the *particulars*, which have come to our knowledge, of this *complicated scene* of *wickedness*, would but *disgust* and *shock* you. We have *witnesses* here to *prove* what we have *alleged* against this *cruel invader* of the property of *helpless innocents*, his *own near relations*, entrusted to his *charge* by his *deceased brother*.

AFFIR.

PITY
with
BLAME.

[The witnesses examined.]

SUBM.

AFFIR.

ACCUS.

GRANT.

You have *heard*, venerable judges, the *evidence* given against the *defendant*. He himself *owns* the actual *receipt* of *seven talents* and *forty minæ* of the *estate* of the *plaintiffs*. To say nothing of what he *may have*, or rather *certainly has*, gained by the *use* of this *money*; I will allow, what every reasonable person will judge *more than sufficient* for the *maintenance* of *three children*, with a *governor* and a *maid*; a *thousand drachmæ* a *year*, which is something *less* than *three drachmæ* a *day*. In
eight

eight years, this amounts to *eight thousand drachma*. So that, upon balancing the account, there remain *due* to the *plaintiffs*, of the seven talents and forty minæ, *six talents and twenty minæ*. For the defendant *cannot pretend*, that the *estate* of the plaintiffs has suffered by *fire*, by *water*, or by *any other injury*, than what *himself* has done it.
[The rest is wanting.]

AFFIR.

LXIX.

CONSULTATION.

The speech of Satan, in his infernal palace of Pandæmonium, in which he proposes to the consideration of his angels, in what manner it would be proper to proceed, in consequence of their defeat, and fall. [Milt. PARAD. LOST. B. II.]

POW'RS, and Dominions! Deities of Heav'n!

MAJ.
with

For (since *no deep* within her gulph can hold
Celestial vigor, though *opprest* and *fall'n*)

DIS-
TRESS.

I give not *heav'n* for lost. From this *descent*
Celestial virtues rising will appear

COUR.

More glorious, and more dread, than from *no fall*,
And trust *themselves* to fear no *second fate*.

Me though *just* right, and the *fix'd laws* of *Heav'n*,
Did first create your leader, next free choice,

AUTHOR.

APPRE-
HENS.COMPL.
COUR.

CONFID.

With what *besides*, in council, or in fight,
 Hath been *atchiev'd* of merit; yet this *loss*
Thus far, at least, *recover'd*, hath much more
Establis'd in a *safe*, *un-envied* throne,
 Yielded with *full consent*. The *happier* state
 In *Heav'n*, which follows *dignity*, might draw
Envy from each *inferior*; but *who* here
 Will *envy* whom the *biggest* place *exposes*
Foremost to *stand* against the *Thund'rer's* aim
 Your *bulwark*, and condemns to *greatest* share
 Of *endless* pain. With this *advantage* then
 To *union*, and *firm* *faith*, and *firm* *accord*,
 More than can be in *Heav'n*, we now *return*
 To claim our *just* *inheritance* of *old*,
Surer to *prosper*, than *prosperity*
 Could have *assur'd* us, and by what *best* way,
 Whether of *open* war, or *covert* guile,
 We now *debate*. Who can *advise*, may *speak*.

LXX.

FIERCENESS. DESPERATION.

The speech of the fallen angel Moloch, exciting the infernal crew to renew the war against the Messiah.^p [Ibid.]

MY sentence is for open war. * Of wiles COUR.
 More inexpert, I boast not. Them let those *CONT.
 Contrive, who need; unworthy of our might.
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest, COUR.
 Millions, now under arms, who longing wait
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here CONT.
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place RAGE.
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny, who reigns
 By our delay!—^q No—let us rather choose, FIERCE.
 Arm'd with bell flames and fury, all at once COUR.
 O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms

T 3

Against

^p The author represents Satan's hostility as directed against the Supreme Being. But this seems (with all deference) to be incredible. For no created being can, without losing all use of reason, imagine itself a match for Omnipotence.

^q "No, let us," &c. to "But perhaps," can hardly be over-acted, if the dignity of the speaker be kept up in pronouncing the passage. At the words, "But perhaps," &c. the angel composes himself again.

Against our *torturer*. When to meet the *noise*
Of his terrific *engine*, he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for *lightning*, see
Black fire, and *horror*, shot with *equal rage*
Amongst his *angels*; and his *throne itself*
Mixt with *Tartarean sulphur* and *strange fire*,
His own invented *torments*.— But perhaps
The way seems *difficult*, and *steep*, to *scale*
With *adverse wing* against a *higher foe*.—

RECOL.

Let such *besink* them, if the *sleepy drench*
Of that *forgetful lake* benumb not *still*,
That, in our *proper motion*, we *ascend*
Up to our *native seat*. *Descent* and *fall*
To us is *adverse*. *Who* but *felt* of late

SLOW.

When our *fierce foe* hung on our *broken rear*,
Insulting, and *pursu'd* us through the *deep*;

* ARG.

With what *compulsion*, and *laborious flight*
We *sunk* thus *low*?— * *Th' ascent* is *easy* then.—
Th' event is *fear'd*.— Should we again *provoke*
Our *enemy*, some *worse way* he may find
To our *destruction*; if there be in *hell*
Fear to be *worse destroy'd*.— What can be *worse*
Than to dwell *here*, *driv'n* out from *bliss*, con-

COMP.

demn'd
In this *abhorred deep* to utter *woe*,
Where *pain* of *unextinguishable fire*
Must *exercise* us without *hope* of *end*,
The *vassals* of his *anger*, when the *scurge*
Inexorable, and the *torring hour*

Calls

Calls us to penance?—More destroy'd than thus
We must be quite abolish'd, and expire.

What fear we then?—What doubt we to in- FIERCE.
cense

His utmost ire; which, to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being.
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are, at worst,
On this side nothing. And by proof we feel
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

COMPL.
COUR.

MALICE.

FURY.

* The voice, instead of falling toward the end of this line, as usual, is to rise; and in speaking the word *revenge*, the fierceness of the whole speech ought, as it were to be expressed in one word.

LXXI.

CONSIDERATION. DISSUASION. DIFFI-
DENCE.

The speech of the fallen angel Belial, in answer
to the foregoing. [Ibid.]

DELIB.

I Should be much for open war, O peers!

APPRE-
HENS.

As not behind in bate; if what was urg'd

Main reason to persuade immediate war,

Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast

Ominous conjecture on the whole success;

When he, who most excels in feats of arms,

In what he counsels, and in what excels

Mistrustful; grounds his courage on despair,

And utter dissolution, as the scope

Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

ARG.

*But what revenge?—The tow'rs of Heav'n are
fill'd*

APPRE-
HENS.

With armed watch, that render all access

Impregnable. Oft on the bord'ring deep

Encamp their legions; or with flight obscure,

Scout far and wide into the realms of night,

Scorning surprize—Or could we break our way

By force, and at our heels all hell should rise

With blackest insurrection to confound

AWE.

Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy

All

All incorruptible would on his throne
 Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mold,
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair. We must exasperate
 Our conqueror to let loose his boundless rage,
 And that must end us; that must be our cure,
 To be no more.—Sad cure!—For who would lose,
 Tho' full of pain, this intellectual being,
 These thoughts, that wander through eternity,—
 To perish utterly; for ever lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion?—But will be,
 So wise, let loose at once his utmost ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unawares,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless—“Wherefore cease we then,”
 Say they, who counsel war; “we are decreed,
 “Reserv'd and destin'd to eternal woe.
 “Whatever doing, what can we suffer more?
 “What can we suffer worse?” *Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
 What, when we fled amain, pursu'd and struck
 By Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us; this place then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake? That sure was worse.
 What if the breath, that kindled these grim fires,

HORROR.

ARG.

COUR.

ANGU.

DESP.

*ARG.

TERROR.

APPRE-
HENS.

*Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? Or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again*

HORROR. *His red right hand to plague us? What, if all
Her stores were open'd; and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads, while we, perhaps,
Designing, or exporting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd,
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wrecking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean wrapt in chains,*

ANGU. *There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreliev'd,*

APPR. *Ages of hopeless and?—This would be worse.—*

DISSUAS. *War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades.—*

REMON. *"Shall we then live thus vile! The race of
with
Cont. "Heav'n*

"Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here

DISSUAS. *"Chains and these torments!"—Better these than
worse,*

ARG. *By my advice. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust,
That so ordains. This was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.*

CONT. *I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold,
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What*

*What yet they know must follow ; to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqueror. This is now
 Our doom ; - which if with courage we can bear, ENCOUR.
 Our foe supreme, in time, may much remit
 His anger, and, perhaps, thus far remov'd
 Not mind us, not offending, satisfy'd
 With what is punish'd ; whence these raging fires
 Will statken, if his breath stir not their flames,
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Their noxious vapour, or enur'd, not feel,
 Or chang'd, at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper, and in nature, will receive,
 Familiar, the fierce heat, and void of pain.
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,
 Besides what hope the never-ending flow
 Of future days may bring ; what chance, what change,
 Worth waiting. Since our present lot appears,
 For happy, dismal ; yet, for ill, not worst,
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe.*

LXXII.

SUBMISSION. COMPLAINT. INTREATING.

The speech of Seneca the philosopher to Nero, complaining of the envy of his enemies, and requesting the emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow circumstances, that he might no longer be an object of their malignity. [The substance is taken from *Corn. Tacit. ANNAL. xiv.*]

SUBMIS.

MAY it please the imperial Majesty of *Cæsar* favourably to *accept* the humble *submissions* and grateful *acknowledgments* of the *weak*, though *faithful* guide of his youth*.

GRAT.

It is now a great *many years* since I first had the honour of attending your imperial Majesty as *preceptor*. And your *bounty* has rewarded my *labours* with such *affluence*, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to *expect*, the *envy* of many of those

COMPL.

* Seneca was one of Nero's preceptors; and the emperor seemed, during the first part of his reign, to have profited much by his instructions. The egregious follies, and enormous, unprovoked cruelties he afterwards committed, of which his ordering Seneca to put himself to death, is among the most flagrant, seem hardly otherwise accountable, than by supposing that he lost the use of his reason.

those persons, who are always ready to *prescribe* to their *prince*, where to *bestow*, and where to *withhold* his *favours*. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, *Augustus*, bestowed on his *deserving favourites*, *Agrippa*, and *Mæcenæ*, *honours* and *emoluments* suitable to the *dignity* of the *benefactor*, and to the *services* of the *receivers*: Nor has his *conduct* been *blamed*. My *employment* about your imperial Majesty has, indeed, been purely *domestic*: I have neither *headed* your *armies*, nor *assisted* at your *councils*. But you know, Sir, (though there are *some*, who do not seem to *attend* to it) that a *prince* may be served in *different* ways, *some more*, others *less conspicuous*, and that the *latter* may be, to him, as *valuable* as the *former*.

APOL.

"But *what*," say my enemies, "shall a *private person*, of *equestrian rank*, and a *provincial* by *birth*, be *advanced* to an *equality* with the *patri- cians*? Shall an *upstart*, of no *name*, nor *family*, rank with *those*, who can, by the *statues*, which make the *ornament* of their *palaces*, reckon backward a *line* of *ancestors*, long enough to *tire out* the *fasti*? Shall a *philosopher* who has writ, for *others*, precepts of *moderation*, and *con- tempt* of all that is *external*, himself live in *afflu- ence* and *luxury*? Shall he purchase *estates*, and lay

PRIDE.

REMOR.

* The *Fasti*, or *Calendars*, or, if you please, *Almanacs*, of the ancients, had, as our *Almanacs*, tables of *kings*, *consuls*, &c.

"lay out money at interest? Shall he build palaces,
 "plant gardens, and adorn a country, at his own
 "expence, and for his own pleasure?"

GRAT.

APOL.

COMPL.

FATIGUE.

INTR.

GRAT.

INTR.

APOL.

Cæsar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince bestowed: nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of not refusing. Cæsar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the anxious. As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg, that Cæsar would kindly ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and unwhimsical. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa, and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæsar is in the flower of life. Long may he be equal to the toils of government. His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant, leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæsar's greatness, to have it said, that he bestowed favours on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, shewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them.

LESSONS.

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LXXII.

JEALOUSY.

Iago goes on to inflame Othello's jealousy (see pag. 256.) against his innocent wife. Othello is by him worked up to rage. [Shakesp. OTHEL.]

Iago. [Alone.] **I** Will in *Cassio's* lodging drop this handkerchief,
That *he* may find it; then persuade the Moor,
His wife did give it.—*Trifles light as air,*
Are to the jealous confirmations strong,
As proofs from holy writ. *This will work mischief.*
Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little action on the blood,
Burn, like the mines of sulphur.

[Othello appears.]

'Tis as I said.

Look where he comes! Not all the drowsy potions,
That e'er calm'd raging anguish to repose,
Shall medicine thee to that blessed sleep,
Which thou ow'd'st the past night.

Enter Othello. Does not see Iago.

Oth. Ha! False to me!

Iago.

PLOT-
TING.

MALICI-
OUS
JOY.

PERTUR-
BATION.

SOOTH-
ING.Iago. *How now, noble general? No more of that.*

RAGE.

Oth. *Avaunt! Be gone! Thou'st set me on the rack.*

PRET.

Better, *unknowing*, to be *much abus'd*,
Than but to *doubt* the *least*.

SURPR.

Iago. *How, my Lord?*REPR.
for lost
Repose.Oth. *What sense* had I of her unfaithfulness?ANGU.
of
GRIEF.I *thought not* of it; felt *no injury*;I *slept untroubled*; I wak'd *free and chearful*.O now, *farewell* for ever, *blessed peace*Of mind! *Farewell* the *tranquil breast*,The *plumed troops*, the *thunders* of the war,The *fire* of *valour*, and the *pride* of *triumph*.

PRET.

Othello is a *wicked woman's mock'ry*.

SURPR.

Iago. Is't *possible*, my Lord, you should be
thus...

RAGE.

Oth. *Villain! Be sure thou prove my love a*
traitress, [Catching him by the throat.]THREAT-
ENING.Or, by the *worth* of mine *eternal soul*,'Twere *better* for thee to have been born a *dog*,

PRET.

Than *answer* my wak'd *wrath*.

SURPR.

Iago. Is it *come to this*! Good *Heav'n* defend
me!

with

VEXAT.

PRET.

*Are you a *man*? Have you a *soul*, or *sense*?

REPR.

I've done. *Take my office*. — †*Wretched fool*,

of

INGRAT.

That liv'st to make thine *honesty* a *vice*!

PRET.

|| O *monstrous world*! What *times* are we fall'n
upon?

SELF-

ACCUS.

ASTON,

To

LESSONS.

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To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and henceforth
I'll love no friend; since love breeds such offence.

REPR.
OF
INGRAT.

[Going.]

Oth. Nay stay—thou should'st be honest.

RECOL.

Iag. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
That loses what it works for.

PRET.
sense of
INJURY.

Oth. In my anguish

I think my wife is honest, and think she is not.

APOL.

I think that thou art just, and that thou art not.

PER-

I'll have some proof. * Her name, that was as

TURD.
* REGR.

fresh

As Dian's * visage, is now begrim'd, and black,

As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,

FORT.

Poison, or fire, or suffocating steams,

I'll not endure it. Would I were but satisfy'd.

Iag. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion.

PRET.

I do repent me, that I ever started it.

CONC.

Oth. Give me a living reason, she's disloyal.

ANX.

Iag. I do not like the office:

PRET.

But since I'm enter'd in this cause so far,

RELUC.

Urg'd on by foolish honesty of friendship,

APOL.

I must go on, or bear the name of slanderer.

NARRA-
TION.

I lay in the same room with Cassio lately,

And being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep. There is a kind of men

EXPL.

U

So

* "Her name," that is, her character, or reputation.

* "Dian's visage." Diana is represented in the heathen mythology, as a goddess of extraordinary purity.

LESSONS.

- So loose of soul, that, in their sleep, will mutter
All their affairs. One of this kind is Cassio.
- LOVE. In sleep I heard him say, "*Sweet Desdemona!*
CAUT. "Let us be wary; let us *bide* our loves.
VEXAT. "O *curst* fate, that gave thee to the Moor."
RAGE. Oth. O monstrous! I will *tear* her limb from
limb.
- SOOTH. Iag. Nay; but be calm. This may be *nothing*
yet.
- QUEST. She may be honest still. But tell me this,
Have you not sometimes seen a *handkerchief*
Spotted with *strawberries*, in your wife's hand?
- ALARM. Oth. I gave her *such* a one. 'Twas my *first*
gift.
- ACCUS. Iag. That I knew not. But *such* a *handkerchief*
(I'm sure, it was the same) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
- DESPE- Oth. O that the slave had *twenty thousand*
RATION. *lives!*
One is too poor—too weak for my revenge.
- Iag. Yet be patient, Sir.
- BOUND. Oth. O blood, blood, blood,
FURY. Hot, reeking blood shall wash the *pois'nous* stain,
Which fouls mine honour. From this hour, my
thoughts
Shall ne'er look back, nor ebb to *humble* love,
- HORROR. 'Till a capacious, and wide revenge,
Equal to their gross guilt, *swallows* them up.
- PLOT- Come, go with me apart. I will *withdraw*,
ING. To furnish me with some *swift* means of death
For

LESSONS.

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For the fair *forç'refs*, and her smooth *adulterer*.—
From hence, thou'rt my *lieutenant*.

Iag. As you will, Sir.

GRAT.

PRET.

ACKNOWL.

LXXIV.

CRAFT. FOOLISH FEAR. VEXATION.

Mascarille, a crafty servant in the interest of Leander, his master's son, contrives to send his old master into the countrey, and, in the mean time, persuades his friend Anselm, that he is dead, suddenly; and, on that pretext, borrows of him a sum of money for Leander.

[See *Moliere*, L'ETOURDI.]

Anf. **WHAT**, my good friend Pandolf dead!

SURPR.

Masc. I don't wonder the news

CONC.

surprises you.

Anf. To die so very suddenly!

SURPR.

Masc. It is a very hurrying way of doing things, to be sure. But who can make people live, you know, if they will die?

CONC.

Anf. But how does your young master take it?

QUEST.

Masc. Take it! why worse, than he would a kicking. He welters on the ground, like a wounded adder, and says he will absolutely go into the same grave with his dear papa. If it were not, that they who take on so violently, do not, for the most part, hold it long, I should

WHIM.

GRIEF.

APOL-
GY.

expect him to go quite *compompous* about it.—
But—a—you must know, Sir, that we are all
in a *pucker* at our house. The old gentleman
must be *buried*, you know, and that requires
some of the *ready*. And my *young master*, if he
were in his *best wits*, knows no more than a
broomstick, where to find a *penny* of *money*. For
you know, the *old one*, rest his soul, kept all that
same as *snug*, as if he had thought the *day-light*
would melt it. Now, Sir, you will do us a *great*
kindness, if you will be so good as to help us
with a *score*, or two, of *pietes*, till we can turn
ourselves *round* a little,

ASK.

FAV.

ANX.

AVAR.

RESOL.

Ans. Hum—[*aside*] He will have a *good*
estate. And will not *grudge* to pay *handsome*
interest. [To Masc.] I will *come* to him *imme-*
diately, and bring the *money* with me; and try to
comfort him a little. [He goes. Gives the money.
Is deceived by an artificial corpse laid out on
the bed. Returns full of anxiety.]—*Lawkaday!*

ANX.

ALARM.

what a *sad* thing *this* is. He was but *sixty-eight*,
or *sixty-nine*; about the *same* age with *myself*.

It *frightens* me to *think* of it. Suppose I should
die suddenly too. I believe I had better think

COUR.

of *repenting*, and making my *peace*. It is true,
he was a little *asthmatic*, and, thank God, *no*
body has *better* *lungs*—hem—hem—hem—than

HASTE.

myself.—Well, but I must go, and send neigh-
bour *Cloakum* the *undertaker*, as I promised.
[Going. He meets the supposed dead man,
who

who had been stopped on his way to his country-house, by persons, who informed him of the falshood of the reports, which had occasioned his setting out.] *Ab! mercy on my soul!*

SUD.

What is *that*! My old friend's *ghost*! They say, none but *wicked folks walk*. I wish I were at the *bottom* of a *coal-pit*! *Law*! How *pale*, and how *long* his *face* is grown since his *death*. He never was *handsome*. And *death* has improved him very *much* the *wrong way*.—*Pray*, do not come *near* me. I *wished* you very *well*, when you was *alive*. But I could never *abide* a *dead man* *cheek* by *jowl* with me. *Rest* your *soul*! *Rest* your *soul*, I *pray*! *Vanish*, *vanish*, in the *name* of . . .

FEAR.

INTR.

TREM.

Pandolph. What the *plague* is the *matter*, old friend! Are you gone out of your *wits*. I came to ask your *advice*; but . . .

WONDER.

Anf. Tell me, then, *pray*, without coming a *step* *nearer*, what you would have me do for the *repose* of your *soul*. *Ab, ab, eb, eb*, *mercy* on us!

INTR.

no nearer, *pray*! If it be only to take your *leave* of me, that you are come *back*, I could have *excused* you the *ceremony* with all my *heart*. [Pandolph comes nearer, to convince Anfelm, that he is not dead. He draws back, as the other advances.] Or if you—*mercy* on us—*no nearer*

TREM.

pray,—or if you have *wronged* any body, as you always *loved* *money* a little, I give you the *word* of a *frighted christian*, I will *pray*, as long

PROTEST.

as you please, for the deliverance and repose of your departed soul. My good, worthy, noble friend, do, pray, disappear, as ever you would wish your old friend Anselm, to come to his senses again.

MIRTH. Pand. [laughing.] If I were not most confoundedly out of humour, I could be diverted to a

REMOM. pitch. But prithee now, old friend, what is in the wind; that you will have me to be dead?

SUSP. This is some contrivance of that rogue Mascarille; I guess by what I have just found out of his tricks.

[FEAR. Ans. Ah, you are dead, too sure. Did not I see your corpse laid out upon your own bed, and

REMOM. Pand. What the duce! I am dead, and know nothing of it! But don't you see, that I am not dead?

FEAR. Ans. You are clothed with a body of air, which resembles your own person, when you was alive—only—you'll excuse me—a good deal

INTR. plainer. But, pray, now, don't assume a figure more frightful. I am within a hair's breadth of losing my senses already; and if you should turn yourself into a giant with sawcer-eyes, or a black horse without a head, or any of the ugly shapes—I ask pardon—you apparitions sometimes put on, I am sure I should go clean o' one side at the first glimpse of you. Pray, then, in the name of the blessed virgin, and all the saints, male and female, be so good as to vanish quietly, and leave your

your poor frightened old friend wit enough to keep him out of a mad-house.

Pand. This is undoubtedly that rogue *Mascarille's* manufacture. He has, for some gracious purpose, contrived to send me to the country on a fool's errand, and I suppose, in my absence, he has to answer some other pious end, persuaded you, that I am dead. Come, give me thy hand, and thou wilt be convinced, I am not dead, more than thyself. VEXAT. ENCOU.

Ans. [drawing back.] What was it I saw laid out upon the bed then? RELUCT.

Pand. How should I know? It was not I, however. ENCOU.

Ans. If I were sure, you are not dead, I should not be afraid to touch you: but the hand of a dead man must be so co—o—o—ld! RELUC. SHUDD.

Pand. Prithee now, give over. I tell you, it is nothing but *Mascarille's* invention. [He seizes Anselm's hand, who screams out.] ENCOU.

Ans. Ab! Saint Anthony preserve me!—Ab—ab—eb—eb—Why—why—after all, your hand is not so co—o—o—ld, neither. Of the two, it is rather warmer than my own. Can it be, though, that you are not dead? TERR. Return. COUR.

Pand. Not I. ENCOU.

Ans. I begin to question it a little myself. But still my mind misgives me plaguily about the corpse I saw laid out upon your bed. If I could but find out what that was— RECOL.

ENCOU.

Pand. *Pshaw, prithee, what signifies it what it was? as long as you see plainly, I am not dead.*

RECOL.

Ans. *Why yes, as you say, that is the point. But yet the corpse upon the bed haunts me. But — [pauses] I'll be bang'd, if it be not as you say.*

VEXAT.

Mascarille is a rogue. But, if you be not dead, I am in two sweet scrapes. One is, the danger of being dubbed Mascarille's fool. The other of losing fifty pieces, I furnished him for your interest.

DISCOV.

Pand. O, you have lent him money, have you? Then the secret is out.

APOL.

Ans. *Yes; but you know, it was upon the credit of your estate, and for your own personal benefit. For, if you had been dead, you must have been buried you know. And Mascarille told me, your son could come at no ready cash, you know. So that, I hope, you will see me paid, you know.*

REFUS.

Pand. I'll be bang'd if I do. I have enough to pay on that score, otherwise.

VEXAT.

Ans. *I'll pluck off every single grey hair, that is upon my old foolish head. — What! to have no more wit, at this time of life! — I expect nothing else, than that they should make a farce in praise of my wisdom, and act me, till the town be sick of me.* [Exeunt different ways.]

LXXV.

EXHORTATION.

The speech of Galgacus the general of the Caledonii⁷, in which he exhorts the army he had assembled, in order to expel the Romans, to fight valiantly against their foes under Jul. Agricola. [Corn. Tacit. VIT. AGRIC.]

COUNTREYMEN, and FELLOW-SOLDIERS!

WHEN I consider the *cause*, for which we COUR.
 have *drawn our swords*, and the *necessity*
 of striking an *effectual blow*, before we *sheath*
 them again, I feel joyful *hopes* arising in my mind,
 that *this day* an *opening* shall be made for the
restoration of British liberty, and for *shaking off*
 the infamous yoke of Roman slavery. Caledonia VEXAT.
 is yet free The *all-grasping power* of Rome has COUR.
 not yet been able to seize *our liberty*. But it is
 only to be *preserved* by *valour*. By *flight* it
cannot: for the *sea confines* us; and *that* the WARN.
 more *effectually*, as being *possessed* by the *fleets* of
 the *enemy*. As it is by *arms*, that the *brave* ac-
 quire *immortal fame*, so it is by *arms*, that the
sordid

⁷ The Caledonii were, according to Ptolemy, the inhabitants of the interior parts of what before the union was called Scotland, new North-Britain.

ENCOUR.

sordid must defend their *lives* and *properties*, or lose them. You are the very *men*, my friends, who have hitherto set *bounds* to the unmeasurable *ambition* of the *Romans*. In consequence of your inhabiting the more *inaccessible* parts of the island, to which the shores of those countries on the continent, which are *enslaved* by the *Romans*, are *invisible*, you have hitherto been *free* from the common *disgrace*, and the common *sufferings*. You ly almost out of the reach of *fame* itself. But

WARN.

you must not expect to enjoy this untroubled *security* any longer, unless you bestir yourselves so *effectually*, as to put it out of the *power* of the *enemy* to search out your *retreats*, and *disturb* your *repose*. If you do not, *curiosity* alone will set them a *prying*, and they will conclude, that there is somewhat *worth* the *labour* of *conquering*, in the *interior* parts of the *island*, merely because they have *never* seen them. What is *little known*, is often *coveted*, because so *little known*. And you are not to expect, that you should escape the *ravage* of the general *plunderers* of *mankind*, by any sentiment of *moderation* in them. When the *countries*, which are more *accessible*, come to be *subdued*, they will then force their way into *those*, which are *harder* to come at. And if they should conquer the *dry land*, over the *whole world*, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the *ocean*, to see, whether there be not certain *unknown regions*, which they may *attack*, and *reduce* under sub-

ACCUS.

jection

jection to the Roman empire. For we see, that if a country is thought to be powerful in arms, the Romans attack it, because the conquest will be glorious; if inconsiderable in the military art, because the victory will be easy; if rich, they are drawn thither by the hope of plunder; if poor, by the desire of fame. The east and the west, the south and the north, the face of the whole earth, is the scene of their military achievements; the world is too little for their ambition, and their avarice. They are the only nation ever known to be equally desirous of conquering a poor kingdom as a rich one. Their supreme joy seems to be ravaging, fighting, and shedding of blood; and when they have unpeopled a region, so that there are none left alive able to bear arms, they say, they have given peace to that country.

HORROR.

Nature itself has peculiarly endeared, to all men, their wives, and their children. But it is known to you, my countrymen, that the conquered youth are daily draughted off to supply the deficiencies in the Roman army. The wives, the sisters, and the daughters of the conquered are either exposed to the violence, or at least corrupted by the arts of these cruel spoilers. The fruits of our industry are plundered, to make up the tributes imposed on us by oppressive avarice. Britons sow their fields; and the greedy Romans reap them. Our very bodies are worn out in carrying on their military works; and our toils are rewarded by them

TEND.

HORROR.

ACCUS.

COMPL.

them with *abuse* and *stripes*. Those, who are born to *slavery*, are *bought* and *maintained* by their master. But this unhappy country pays for being enslaved, and feeds those who enslave it. And our portion of *disgrace* is the *bitterest*, as the inhabitants of this island are the *last*, who have fallen under the *galling yoke*. Our native bent against *tyranny*, is the *offence*, which most *sensibly* irritates those *lordly usurpers*. Our *distance* from the seat of government, and our *natural* defence by the surrounding ocean, render us *obnoxious* to their *suspensions*: for they know, that *Britons* are born with an *instinctive love* of *liberty*; and they conclude, that we must be *naturally* led to think of taking the *advantage* of our *detached situation*, to *disengage* ourselves, *one time or other*, from their *oppression*.

Thus, my countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, *suspected* and *bated*, as we ever must be by the *Romans*, there is no *prospect* of our enjoying even a *tolerable state* of *bondage* under them. Let us, then, in the name of all that is *sacred*, and in defence of all that is *dear* to us, resolve to *exert* ourselves, if not for *glory*, at least for *safety*; if not in *vindication* of *British honour*, at least in defence of our *lives*. How near were the *Brigantines* to shaking off the *yoke*—led on too by a woman?

= The Brigantines, according to Ptolemy, inhabited what is now called Yorkshire, the bishoprick of Durham, &c.

woman? They burnt a Roman settlement: they attacked the dreaded Roman legions in their camp. Had not their partial success drawn them into a fatal security, the business was done. And shall not we, of the Caledonian region, whose territories are yet free, and whose strength entire, shall we not, my fellow-soldiers, attempt somewhat, which may shew these foreign ravagers, that they have more to do, than they think of, before they be masters of the whole island?

REG.

COUR.

But, after all, who are these mighty Romans? Are they gods; or mortal men, like ourselves? Do we not see, that they fall into the same errors, and weaknesses, as others? Does not peace effeminate them? Does not abundance debauch them? Does not wantonness enervate them? Do they not even go to excess in the most unmanly vices? And can you imagine, that they, who are remarkable for their vices, are likewise remarkable for their valour? What, then, do we dread?—Shall I tell you the very truth, my fellow-soldiers? It is by means of our intestine divisions, that the Romans have gained so great advantages over us. They turn the mismanagements of their enemies to their own praise. They boast of what they have done, and say nothing of what we might have done, had we been so wise, as to unite against them.

CONT.

REMOW.

COUR.

REG.

What is this formidable Roman army? Is it not composed of a mixture of people from different countries; some more, some less, disposed to military achievements;

CONT.

- achievements; some more, some less, capable of bearing fatigue and hardship. They keep together, while they are successful. Attack them with vigour: distress them: you will see them more disunited among themselves, than we are now. Can any one imagine, that Gauls, Germans, and,—*
- REGR. *with shame I must add, Britons, who basely lend, for a time, their limbs, and their lives, to build*
- COUR. *up a foreign tyranny; can one imagine, that these will not be longer enemies, than slaves? or that such an army is held together by sentiments of*
- CONT. *fidelity, or affection? No: the only body of union among them is fear. And, whenever terror ceases to work upon the minds of that mixed multitude, they, who now fear, will then hate, their tyrannical masters. On our side there is every possible incite-*
- COUR. *ment to valour. The Roman courage is not, as ours, inflamed by the thought of wives and children in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. The Romans have no parents, as we have to reproach them, if they should desert their in-*
- CONT. *firm old age. They have no country here to fight for. They are a motley collection of foreigners, in a land wholly unknown to them, cut off from their native country, hemmed in by the surrounding ocean, and given, I hope, a prey into our hands, without all possibility of escape. Let not the sound of the Roman name affright your ears. Nor let the glare of gold or silver, upon their armour, dazzle your eyes. It is not by gold, or silver,*
that

that men are either *wounded* or *defended*; though they are rendered a *richer prey* to the *conquerors*. Let us boldly *attack* this *disunited rabble*. We shall find among *themselves* a *reinforcement* to our army. The *degenerate Britons*, who are *incorporated* into *their forces*, will, through *shame* of their *country's cause* deserted by them, quickly leave the *Romans*, and come over to us. The *Gauls*, remembering their *former liberty*, and that it was the *Romans* who *deprived* them of it, will *forsake* their *tyrants*, and join the *assertors* of *freedom*. The *Germans* who remain in their army, will follow the *example* of their *countreymen*, the *Ufipii*, who so lately *deserted*. And *what* will there be *then* to *fear*? A few *half-garrisoned forts*; a few *municipal towns* inhabited by *worn-out old men*, *discord* universally prevailing, occasioned by *tyranny* in those who *command*, and *obstinacy* in those who should *obey*. On our side, an *army united* in the *cause* of their *country*, their *wives*, their *children*, their *aged parents*, their *liberties*, their *lives*. At the *head* of this *army*—I hope I do not offend against *modesty* in saying, there is a *General* ready to *exert* all his *abilities*, such as they are, and to hazard his *life* in leading you to *victory*, and to *freedom*.

COUR.

CONT.

COUR.

APOL.

ENCOUR.

I conclude, my *countreymen*, and fellow-soldiers, with putting you in mind, that on your *behaviour this day* depends your future *enjoyment* of *peace* and *liberty*, or your *subjection* to a *tyrannical*

tyrannical enemy, with all its grievous consequences,
When, therefore, you come to engage—think of
your ancestors—and think of your posterity.

LXXVI.

DOUBTING. VEXATION. AFFECTATION OF
LEARNING. COMPULSION, &c.

[See *Moliere's MARRIAGE FORCE*.]

Longhead solus, with an open letter in his hand.

VEXAT.

APPRE-
HENS.

APOL.

BLAME

APPRE-
HENS.

COUR.

RECOL.

DES.

DOUBT.

DES.

APPRE-
HENS.

I WAS *wrong* to proceed so far in this matter
so *basily*. To *for* the very day, and then *fail*.
Her father will *prosecute* me, to be sure, and will
recover *heavy damages* too, as he *threatens* me.
But then, *what* could I *do*? Could I *marry* with
the *prospect* I had *before* me. To tell me, she
married to get *free* from *restraint*, and that she
expected, I should make *no enquiry* into her *con-*
duct, more than *she* would into *mine*! If she *speaks*
so *freely* before marriage, how will she *act* after?
No, no, I'll *stand* his *prosecution*. Better be a
beggar, than a *tuckold*.—But hold.—Perhaps I
am more *afraid* than *hurt*. She might mean
to *lose* *innocent freedom*.—She is a *charming* girl.
But I am *thirty* years *older* than *she* is.—I would
wish to *marry* her; but I should not like what I
am *afraid* will be the *consequence*. *What resolution*
shall

LESSONS.

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shall I take? I'll be *bang'd*, if I know *what* to do. On one hand, *beauty* inviting; on the other, *cuckoldom* as ugly as the *d-l*. On one hand, *marriage*; on the other, a *law-suit*. I am in a *fine dilemma*. —*Lancelot Longbeard! Lancelot Longbeard!* [striking himself on the forehead.] I'll tell you *what*, old friend, I doubt you are but a *simpleton* all this *while*, that you have been thinking yourself a little *Solomon*. I'll e'en go and *consult* with some *friends*, what I must do. For I cannot determine, within *myself*, whether I had better try to *make it up* with the family, and *go on* with my intended *marriage*, or set them at *defiance*, and resolve to have *nothing to do* with *matrimony*. — If any body advises me to *marry*, I'll *venture* it, I think. Let me see, what *wise, sagacious* people are there of my *acquaintance*? — Oh — my two neighbours, Dr. *Neverout*, and Dr. *Doubty*; men of *universal learning*! I'll go to them *directly*. — And here is Dr. *Neverout* coming out of *this house* very *fortunately*.

Neverout, [talking to one in the house.] I tell you friend, you are a *filly fellow*, *ignorant* of all *good discipline*, and fit to be *banished* from the *republic of letters*. I will undertake to *demonstrate* to you by *convincing arguments*, drawn from the writings of *Aristotle himself*, the *philosopher of philosophers*, that, *ignarus es*, you *are* an *ignorant* fellow; that *ignarus eras*, you *was* an *ignorant* fellow; that, *ignarus fuisti*, you *have been* an *ignorant*

ANXI.

DES.

APPR.

VEXAT.!

ATTEND.

DOUBT.

TROU.

CONSID.

RESOL.

ANGR.

APPR.

OF

LEARN.

ignorant fellow; that, *ignarus fueras*, you *had been* an ignorant fellow; and that, *ignarus eris*, you *will be* an ignorant fellow, through all the genders, cases, numbers, voices, moods, tenses, and persons, of all the articles, the nouns, the pronouns, the verbs, the participles, the adverbs, prepositions, interjections, and conjunctions.

WONDER. Longh. Somebody must have used him very ill, to make him call so many *hard names*. Dr.

CIVIL. Neverout, your servant. A word with you, if you please, Sir.

CONT. Nev. You pretend to *reason*! You don't so much as know the first *elements* of the art of *reasoning*. You don't know the difference between a *category* and a *predicament*, nor between a *major* and a *minor*.

CIVIL. Longh. His *passion blinds* him so, he does not see me. Doctor, I *kiss* your hands. May one

CONT. Nev. Do you know, what a *blunder* you have committed? Do you know what it is to be guilty of a *syllogism* in *Balordó*. Your *major* is *foolish*, your *minor* *impertinent*, and your *conclusion* *ridiculous*.

ENQU. Longh. Pray, Doctor, what is it, that so *disturbs* your *philosophy*?

ANG. Nev. The most *atrocious provocation* in the world. An *ignorant fellow* would defend a *proposition* the most *erroneous*, the most *abominable*, the most *execrable*, that ever was *uttered*, or *written*.

Longh.

LESSONS.

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Longh. May I ask, *what it is?*

ENQU.

Nev. Mr. Longhead, all is *ruined*. The world is fallen into a *general depravity*. A degree of *licentiousness*, that is *alarming*, reigns *universally*; and the *governors of states* have reason to be *ashamed* of themselves, who have *power* in their hands for maintaining good order among mankind, and *suffer* such *enormities* to pass *unpunished*.

APPRE-
HENS.

REPR.

Longh. *What* is it, pray, Sir?

ENQU.

Nev. Only *think*, Mr. Longhead, only *think*, that in a *christian country*, a person should be allowed to use an expression *publicly*, that, one would think, would *frighten* a *nation*, an expression, that one would expect to raise the *devil*! Only think of—"The *form of a bat*!"—*There*, Mr. Longhead, *there's* an expression for you! Did you think you should have *lived* to bear such an expression as—"The *form of a bat*!"

ACCUS.

AMAZ.

Longh. *How*, Sir? I don't understand wherein the *barm* of such an *expnession* consists.

ENQU.

Nev. I *affirm*, and *insist* upon it, with *hands* and *feet*, *pugnis et calcibus*, *unguibus et rostro*, that to say, "The *form of a bat*," is as *absurd*, as to say, that, *datur vacuum in rerum natura*, there is a *vacuum* in *nature*. [Turning again to the person, with whom he had been disputing in the house.] Yes, *ignorant creature*, a *bat* is an *inanimate* substance, and; therefore, *form* cannot be *predicated* of it. Go, *illiterate wretch*, and read

POSIT.

DISP.

CONT.

LEARN.

PRIDE.

LESSONS.

Aristotle's chapter of *qualities*. Go, study *Aquinas*, *Burgersdicius*, and *Scheiblerus*, of the *ten predicaments*. Go; and then say, "The form of a *bat*," if you dare.

SATISF.

Longh. O, I thought, Doctor, something worse, than all *this*, had happened.

APPRE-

HENS.

OSTEN.

of

LEARN.

Nev. What would you have worse, unless a comet were to come from beyond the orbit of *Saturn*, and either burn the world by its near approach; drown it by attracting the sea, and raising a tide three miles high; or force it from its orbit by impinging against it, and make it either fly out into infinite space, or rush to the sun, the centre of our system. Except *this*, what can be worse, than confounding language, destroying qualities, demolishing predicaments, and, in short, overturning all science from the foundation. For Logic is the foundation of science.

APPRE-

HENS.

CONS.

INTR.

Longh. Why, it may be a bad thing, for what I know. But, pray, Doctor, let a body speak with you.

ANG.

Nev. [To the person in the house.] An impertinent fellow!

INTR.

Longh. He is so; but I want your advice, Doctor, in . . .

ANG.

Nev. A blockhead!

INTR.

Long. Well, I own, he is so; but no more of that, pray, good Doctor.

PRIDE.

Nev. To pretend to dispute with me!

Longh.

LESSONS.

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Longh. He is very much in the *wrong*, to be sure. But now let me ask you a *question*, Doctor. You must know, Sir, that I have been thinking of *marrying*. Only I am a little *afraid* of that, you *know* of; the *misfortune*, for which *no body* is *pitied*. Now, I should be glad, you would, as a *philosopher*, give me your *opinion* on this *point*.

CONS.

INTR.

ASK.

ADV.

Nev. Rather than *admit* such an *expression*, I would *deny* *substantial forms*, and *abstract entities*.

ANG.

Longh. *Plague* on the man! He *knows nothing* of what I have been *saying*. Why, *Dr. Neverout*; I have been *talking* to you, this *hour*, and you give me *no answer*.

VEXAT.

INTR.

Nev. I ask you *pardon*. I was engaged in supporting *truth* against *ignorance*: but now I have *done*. If what I have said will not *convince*, let the *ignorant* be *ignorant still*. What would you *consult* me upon?

APOL.

Longh. I want to *talk* with you about an affair of *consequence*.

INTR.

Nev. Good. And what *tongue* do you intend to use in the *conversation* with me?

ENQU.

Longh. What *tongue*? Why, the *tongue* I have in my *mouth*.

WOND.

Nev. I mean, what *language*; what *speech*? Do you intend to talk with me in *Latin*, *Greek*, or *Hebrew*?

ENQU.

Longh. Not I. I don't *know* one of them *W* from *another*.

W.

X 3

Nev.

ENQU. Nev. Then, you will use a *modern* language, I suppose, as the *Italian*, perhaps, which is *sweet* and *musical*.

VEXAT. Longh. No.

ENQU. Nev. The *Spanish*, which is *majestic* and *sonorous*.

VEXAT. Longh. No.

ENQU. Nev. The *English*, which is *copious* and *expressive*.

VEXAT. Longh. No.

ENQU. Nev. The *High Dutch* is but an *indifferent* language. You won't, I suppose, make use of it in this conversation.

VEXAT. Longh. No.

ENQU. Nev. And the *Low Dutch* is worse still. Will you talk to me in *Turkish*; it is a *lofty* language.

VEXAT. Longh. No.

ENQU. Nev. What think you of the *Syriac*, the *Arabic*, the *Chaldaic*, the *Persian*, the *Palmyrene*? Do you choose any of them?

VEXAT. Longh. No.

ENQU. Nev. What language then?

VEXAT. Longh. Why, the *language* we are talking now.

SATIS. Nev. Oh! You will speak in the *vernacular* tongue? If so, please to come on the *left side*.

LEARN. The *right ear* is for the *foreign*, and the *learned* languages.

VEXAT. Longh. Here is a deal of ceremony with such sort of people. I want to *consult* you, Doctor, about an affair of *consequence*.

Nev.

LESSONS.

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Nev. O! I *understand* you. You want my *AFFECT.*
opinion upon some of the *difficulties* in *philosophy*, *LEARN.*
as, for example, Whether *substance*, and *accident*,
are terms *synonymous*, or *equivocal*, with regard to
the *being*?

Longh. *No*; that is *not it*. *VEXAT.*

Nev. Whether *Logic* is an *art*, or a *science*. *AFFECT.*

Longh. *No, no*. I don't care a *halfpenny*, *VEXAT.*
which.

Nev. If it has for its object the *three opera-* *AFFECT.*
tions of the *mind*, or the *third* only.

Longh. That is not the *affair*. *VEXAT.*

Nev. Whether, properly speaking, there are *AFFECT.*
six categories, or only *one*?

Longh. I don't care, if there were *six bushel* *VEXAT.*
of *catechisms*. That is not what I *want*. I
am

Nev. Perhaps you want to know, whether *AFFECT.*
the *conclusion* is of the *essence* of the *syllogism*.

Longh. *No, no, no*. It is not about *any such* *VEXAT.*
point; but

Nev. Whether the *essence* of *good* is *appetibi-* *AFFECT.*
lity, or *suitableness*?

Longh. I am going to tell you my *business*, *VEXAT.*
if

Nev. You would know, perhaps, if the *good*, *AFFECT.*
and the *end* are *reciprocal*?

Longh. *Not a bit*. *VEXAT.*

Nev. Whether the *end* *influences* us by its *real* *AFFECT.*
essence, or by its *intentional*?

VEXAT. Longh. No, no, it is quite another affair, I tell you.

AFFECT. Nev. You must explain yourself, then; for I have mentioned the most difficult points, and those, that are commonly agitated in the schools in our times.

VEXAT. Longh. I should have told you my business an hour ago, if you would have heard me.

AFFECT. Nev. Pronounce then.

INTR. Longh. { The affair, I want to consult

AFFECT. Nev. together. { Speech was given to man on
 { you about, Dr. Neverout, is *this*; I have had
 { purpose, that by it he might express his thoughts;
 { thoughts of marrying a young lady, who is very
 { and as the thoughts are the images of things, so
 { handsome, and much to my liking. I have asked
 { words are the images of our thoughts. Make
 { her father's consent, and he has granted it. Only
 { use, therefore, of words to explain to me your
 { I am afraid
 { thoughts.

IMPAT. Longh. Plague on this everlasting talker. Who is like to be the wiser for him; if he will not so much as bear what one has to say to him? I'll go to Dr. Doubty. Perhaps he will be more reasonable.—And, very fortunately, here he comes.

JOS.
CIVIL. I will consult him at once.—Dr. Doubty, I beg your wise advice about a matter of great concern to me.

Doubt.

LESSONS.

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Doubt. Be pleased, good Mr. Longhead, to AFFECT.
alter your *phraseology*. Our *philosophy* directs to LEARN.
give out no *decisive propositions*; but to speak of
all things with *uncertainty*; and always to *suspend*
our judgment. Therefore you ought not to say,
—"I beg your advice," but,—"I seem to
"beg it."

Longh. I seem! What signifies talking of SURPR.
seems; when I am here on the spot with you?

Doub. That is *nothing* to the purpose. You AFFECT.
may imagine a *thousand things*, in which there is
no reality.

Longh. What! is there *no reality* in my WOND.
being here talking with Dr. Doubty?

Doub. It is *uncertain*; and we ought to *doubt* AFFECT.
of every thing. You appear to my *external senses*
to be here, as I, perhaps, to yours. But *nothing*
is certain. All things are doubtful.

Long. Sure, Dr. Doubty, you are disposed WOND.
to be merry. Here am I: there are you: here is
no *seem*; no *uncertainty*; nothing *doubtful*; but all
as plain, as the nose on your face. Let us, for CHID.
shame, drop these *whims*, and talk of my *business*. INTER.
You must know, Dr. Doubty, that I have had
thoughts of *marrying*, and should be glad of your
opinion and *advice*.

Doub. I don't know, that you have had AFFECT.
thoughts of *marrying*.

Longh. But I tell it you. VEXAT.

Doub. That may be, or it may not be. AFFECT.

I

Longh.

ANX. Long. The young lady I had made choice of, is very *young*, and very *handsome*.

AFFEC. Doubt. That *may be*, or it *may not be*.

ANX. Long. Do you think, I shall do *wisely* in *marrying* her?

AFFEC. Doubt. You may do *wisely*, for aught I *know*, or you may do *unwisely* for aught I *know*.

ANX. Long. I am very much in *love* with the young lady.

AFFEC. Doubt. That is *not impossible*.

ANX. Long. But, as she is *much* younger than *me*, I am *afraid* of, you *know what*.

AFFEC. Doubt. You may be *afraid*, for aught I *know*.

ANX. Long. Do you think, I should run the hazard of being a *cuckold*, if I should *marry* her?

AFFEC. Doubt. There is no *natural impossibility* in it. But, if you should, you may, *perhaps*, not be the *first*, nor the *last*. But *all things* are *uncertain*.

ANX. Long. But what would you *do*, if you were in *my place*, Dr. Doubty?

AFFEC. Doubt. It is *uncertain*, as *all things* are.

ANX. Long. But what do you *advise me* to *do*?

INDIFF. Doubt. What you *please*.

VEHAT. Long. I shall go *mad*.

INDIFF. Doubt. I *wash my hands* of it.

ANG. Long. A *plague* on the old *dreamer*!

INDIFF. Doubt. *Happen what will*, I am *clear*.

PASS. Long. I'll *make you change your cuckoo-note*, you old philosophical *bumdrum*, you—
[beats him]—I will—[beats him] I'll *make you*
say

LESSONS.

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say somewhat else, than "All things are doubtful;
"all things are uncertain—" [beats him] I will,
you old fussy pedant.

Doub. *Ab!—ob!—eb!*—What beat a phi- COMPL.
losopher!—*Ab!—ob!—eb!*

Longh. Be pleased, Dr. Doubty, [mimicking STIFF.
the Doctor,] to alter your phraseology. Your phi-
losophy directs you to give out no decisive propo-
sitions; but to speak of all things with uncertainty,
and always to suspend your judgment. Therefore,
you ought not to say,—“I have been beaten;”
but—“I seem to have been beaten.”

Doub. I will have you prosecuted with the ANG.
utmost rigor of the law. THREAT.

Longh. I wash my hands of it. INDIFF.

Doub. I will shew the marks of the blows I ANG.
have received from you.

Longh. You may imagine a thousand things, INDIFF.
in which there is no reality.

Doub. I will go directly to a magistrate, and ANG.
have a warrant for you. [Exit Doubty.]

Longh. There is no natural impossibility in it. INDIFF.

Enter Captain Pinkum, with two swords in one
hand, and a cane in the other.

Pink. Mr. Longhead, I am your most obedient, RESP.
most humble servant.

Longh. Sir, your servant. INDIFF.

Pink. Sir, I have the honour of waiting on RESP.
you, to let you know, that, as you was pleased
to

to *disappoint* us yesterday, which was the day fixed by *yourself* for your *marriage* with my *sister*, you and I must *settle* that *affair* in an *honourable* way.

VEXAT. Longh. Why, Sir, it is with *regret*, that I *failed* you; but . . .

RESP. Pink. *Ob!* Sir, there is *no harm* as we shall *order* matters.

VEXAT. Longh. I am *sorry* it so *happens*. But some little *scruples* chanced to come into my *mind* about the *difference* between our *ages*, which, you know, is pretty *considerable*. And I *put off* the *marriage* for a little time, only that I might *consider* of it, and *advise* with my *friends*. And now, that the *day* is *past*, I think it may be *better* for us *both*, that it be *let alone*, *altogether*.

RESP. Pink. Sir, as you *please*. You know it is not an *object* of any *consequence*. But, Sir, *what* I have done myself the honour of *waiting* on you *for*, is, only to beg the *favour* of you, Sir, to *choose* which you please of these two *swords*.

AFFIR. They are both *good*, I *assure* you, Sir, and as *fairly matched*, as I could. If my *judgment* deserves any *regard* you need not *hesitate* long. *Either* of them is *very fit* for a gentleman to be *run through* with.

SURPR. Longh. Sir, I don't *understand* you.

RESP. Pink. O, Sir, I *wonder* at *that*. The thing is not *hard* to be *understood*. It is no more than *this*, Sir, that if a gentleman promises a lady *mar-*

riage,

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riage, and, especially, if he *fixes* the day, and fails of performing his contract, the relations of the lady (whose character, and fortune in life are injured by it, you know, Sir) generally think it proper to commence a prosecution against the gentleman; and the law gives, in those cases, heavy damages. My father had thoughts of prosecuting you, Sir, as he wrote you. But as law is tedious, we chose rather, Sir, upon second thoughts, to vindicate the honour of our family in a more expeditious way. Therefore, if you please, Sir, I will endeavour to whip you through the lungs in the neatest manner now practised in the army. And I offer you your choice of one of these two swords to defend yourself with. This, you must own Sir, is treating you genteelly. For, you know, I could run you through the body now, without giving you the opportunity of defending yourself. —Please, Sir, to make your choice.

Longh. Sir, your humble servant. I shall REFUS.
make no such choice, I assure you.

Pink. Sir—you must, if you please, fight me. RESP.
You shall have fair play, upon my honour.

Longh. Sir, I have nothing to say to you. REFUS.
[Going.] Sir, your humble servant.

Pink. O dear Sir [stopping him] you must. RESP.
excuse me for stopping you. But you and I are not to part, till one or t'other drops, I assure you, Sir.

Longh.

Longh. *Mercy on us! Was ever such a bloody-minded fellow!*

Pink. Sir, I really have a little *business* upon my hands; so that I must beg, you will give me leave to *run you through* as soon as possible.

REFUS.

Longh. But I don't intend, that you shall *run me through* at all. For I will have *nothing* to say to you.

RESP.

Pink. If you mean, Sir, that you *won't fight* me, I must do myself the honour of telling you, that you are in a little *mistake*, Sir. For the order of such things is *this*, Sir. First, a gentleman happens to *affront* another gentleman or a family, as you have done *ours*, Sir. Next, the gentleman *affronted*, or *some one* of the family, in order to *vindicate* their honour, challenges to *single combat*, the gentleman who did the injury, as I have done *you*, Sir. Then the gentleman who did the *injury*, perhaps, *refuses to fight*. The other proceeds to take the *regular course* of beating, [counting on his fingers] *bruising, kicking, cuffing, pulling by the nose and ears, rolling in the dirt, and stamping* on him, till the *breath* be fairly out of his body, and there is an *end* of him, and of the quarrel, you know. Or if the gentleman, who happened to do the *injury*, will *fight*, which, to be sure, is doing the thing *genteelly*, you know; why then, *one, or t'other*, is decently *run through* the body, and there is an *end* of the matter *another way*,
you

EXPL.

LESSONS.

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you know. Now, Sir, you see plainly, that my proceedings are *regular*, and *gentleman-like*—*gentleman-like—absolutely*. So, Sir, *once* more, and but *once* more, will you be pleased to accept of *one*, or *t'other*, of these two *swords*?

REFUS.

Longh. *Not I*, truly.

REFUS.

Pink. Why then, Sir, the first *step* I am to *take*, you know, is, to *can*e you, which I humbly beg *leave* to *proceed* to *accordingly*. [Canes him.]

RESP.

Longh. *Ah!*—*eb!*—*ob!*

COMPL.

Pink. Then, Sir, the *next* operation is *cuffing*—no, I am *wrong*; *kicking* is *next*. [Kicks him.]

RESP.

Longh. *Hold, hold*. Is the *d—l* in you? Oh! I am *bruised* all over!

COMPL.

Pink. Sir, I *ask* you *pardon*, if I have *offended* you: I did not *mean* it, I assure you, Sir. All I *want*, is to *vindicate* the *honour* of our *family*. If you had *fulfilled* your *contract*, you had *spared* me all this *trouble*. Besides, I am really *pressed* for *time*; therefore must take the liberty of *proceeding*, as *expeditiously* as *possible*, to the *remaining* *operations* of *cuffing* you, *pulling* you by the *nose*, and *ears*, *rolling* you in the *dirt*, and *stamping* the *breath* out of your *body*. Come, Sir, if you please.

RESP.

HASTE.

Longh. *Hold* a little, *pray*,—*Ob!*—my *bones* are *bruised* to *jelly*.—Is there *no way* of *compounding* this *affair* but by *blood* and *murder*?

RESP.

INTR.

COMPL.

INTR.

Pink. O yes, Sir. You have only to *fulfil* your *contract*, and *all* will be *well*.

RESP.

I

Longh.

- DISTR.** Longh. [aside.] What the *duce* must I *do*?—
I had better be *cuckolded*, I believe, than *trod* to
RELUC. *death*.—[To him] I am *willing*—I am *willing*
—to perform the *contract*.—Ob! my poor bones!
Ob!
- RESP.** Pink. Sir, you are a *gentleman* every *inch* of
JOY. you. I am very *glad* to find you are come to a
COM-PLAIS. *right* way of thinking. I *assure* you, Sir, there is
no man in the *world*, for whom I have a *greater*
regard, nor whom I should *rather* wish to have
INVIT. for a *brother-in-law*. Come, Sir, the *ceremony*
shall be performed *immediately*. [Exeunt.]

LXXVII.

WARNING. BLAMING. COMMENDATION.
INSTRUCTION.

The substance of Isocrates's Areopagitic oration,
which is celebrated by *Dion. Halicarn.* Tom. II.

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- APOL.** I DOUBT not, Athenians, but many of you
will *wonder* what should excite me to address
you upon public affairs, as if the state were in
immediate danger, whilst, to you, we seem to be in
perfect safety, a general *peace* prevailing, and the
commonwealth secured by formidable *fleets* and
armies, and strengthened by powerful *allies*, and
tributary

tributary states, to support the public expences, and co-operate with us in every emergency. All which circumstances seeming to be in our favour, I suppose most of those who now hear me, imagine, we have nothing to do, but congratulate ourselves on our happiness, and enjoy ourselves in peace; and that it is only our enemies, who have any thing to fear. I, therefore, take for granted, Athenians, you do, in your own minds, despise my attempt to alarm you; and that, in your imaginations, you already grasp the empire of all Greece. But what would you think, my countreymen, if I should tell you, it is on account of the seemingly favourable circumstances, I have mentioned, that I am apprehensive. My observation has presented me so many instances of states, which at the very time they seemed to be at the height of prosperity, were in fact upon the brink of ruin; that I cannot help being alarmed at the security, in which I see my country at present sunk. When a nation is puffed up with an opinion of her own strength and safety; it is then that her counsels are likely to be rash and imprudent, and their consequences fatal. The condition of kingdoms, as of individuals, is variable. Permanent tranquillity is seldom seen in this world. And with circumstances the conduct both of individuals, and of nations, is commonly seen to change. Prosperity generally produces arrogance, rashness, and folly. Want, and distress, naturally suggest prudent and moderate resolutions.

TRI-
UMPH.

CONT.

PRIDE.

ALARM.

CAUT.

INSTR.

solutions. Therefore it is not so *easy*, as at first view it may seem, to determine, *which condition* is, for the purpose of *real happiness*, the most to be desired for *individuals*; or, with a view to *national prosperity*, *which state* one should wish *public affairs* to be in, during his *own life*; and that of his *children*; whether of perfect *superiority to danger and fear*, or of *circumstances* requiring *caution, frugality, and attention.* For *that condition*, which is most desired by mankind; I mean, of perfect *prosperity*, generally brings with it the *causes* and the *fore-runners* of *misfortune*; whilst *narrower circumstances* commonly lead on to *care, prudence, and safety.* Of the *truth* of this *observation*, *better proofs* cannot be desired, than those, which the *histories* of our *own commonwealth*, and of *Lacedæmon*, furnish. Was not the *taking* of our *city*, by the *barbarians*, the very *cause* of our *applying*, with such *diligence*, to the *arts* of *war and government*, as set us at the *head* of *Greece*? But, when our *success* against our *enemies* misled us into the *imagination*, that our *power* was *unconquerable*, we soon found ourselves on the *verge* of *destruction.* The *Lacedæmonians*, likewise, from inhabiting a few *obscure towns*, came, through a *diligent attention* to the *military art*, to *conquer Peloponnesus.* And, upon this, *increasing* their *power* by *sea and land*, they were soon *puffed up* to such a height of *pride and folly*, as brought *them* into the *same dangers*, which we had

ARG.

APPRE-
HENS.

ARG.

CONT.

had run into. Whoever attends to these particulars, and yet thinks our commonwealth in a *safe condition*, must be extremely *thoughtless*; especially as our affairs are now in a *worse* state, than at the *period* I refer to: for we have both the *envy* of the *other states* of Greece, and the *hostility* of the king of Persia, to fear.

ARG.

APPRE-
HENS.

When I consider these things, I am in doubt, whether I should conclude, that you have *lost all care* for the public safety; or that you are, *not indifferent*, but wholly *ignorant* of the present *dangerous* state of our affairs. May it not be said, that we have *lost* the cities of *Thrace*; that we have *squandered* above a *thousand talents* in military pay, by which we have got *nothing*; that we have drawn upon ourselves the *suspicion* of the *other states* of Greece, and the *enmity* of the *barbarous king*^a; and that we are necessitated to take the side of the *Thebans*, and have *lost* our own *natural allies*? And for these signal *advantages*, we have twice appointed public *thanksgivings* to the gods; and shew, in our deliberations, the *tranquillity*, which could only be proper, if all were in *perfect safety*. Nor is it to be *wondered*, that we fall into *wrong measures*, and consequent *misfortunes*. Nothing is to be *expected* to go right in a state, unless its governors know how, by *prudence* and *sagacity*, to *consult* the *general advantage*. Fortune may, *occasionally*, bring

BLAME.

CONT.
ALARM.

BLAME;

INSTR.

Y 2

partial

^a Of Persia.

BLAME.

partial success, and temporary prosperity: but upon this there can be no dependence. When the command of all Greece fell into our hands, in consequence of the naval victory gained by Conon and Timotheus, we could not keep what we were in actual possession of. The very constitution of our commonwealth is gone wrong, and we have not the least thought of entering upon ways and means to set it right; whilst we all know, that it is not the surrounding of a city with high and strong walls, nor assembling together a multitude of people, that makes a great and flourishing state; but wholesome laws, a wise police and a faithful administration.

INSTR.

DESIR.

How much, therefore, is it to be wished, that the commonwealth could be brought back to the condition, in which the wise legislation of Solon placed it (than whom no one ever had the good of the people more at heart) and to which Clisthenes restored it, when enslaved by the thirty tyrants, whom he expelled; re-establishing the commonwealth in the hands of the people, according to the original constitution.

INSTR.

BLAME.

It is notorious, that, in the happier times, when the republic was administered according to the original constitution, there was not, as since, a nominal liberty, with a real tyranny; but that the people were accustomed to other principles, than those, which now lead them to consider democracy as the same with anarchy, liberty with licentiousness; and that their happiness consists

consists in the *unpunished violation* of the laws. In *those times*, the *equal distribution* of justice, which prevailed, brought adequate *punishment* upon those, who deserved it, and conferred the due *honours* upon such as had *earned* them by their *virtue*. *Preferment*, to stations of power and trust, was not, in *those days*, open to *all promiscuously*. They, who appeared to the public to have the *best claim* by merit and character, obtained them. For they *wisely* considered, that to promote to *high stations* men of superior *eminence* for *virtue*, was the *likeliest* means to excite a *general emulation* among persons of *all ranks*, even to the *lowest*; as the people are constantly observed to *form* their *manners* upon the model of their *superiors*. Instead of the *public treasures* plundered to fill the *coffers* of *private persons*; it was common to see *large sums* of *private wealth* *voluntarily contributed* for defraying the *public expence*. In *those times*, the *difficulty* was, to prevail with the persons *qualified* for filling important stations, to *assume* them: whereas in *our days*, all are *aspiring* to *preferment*, *worthy* and *unworthy*, *qualified* and *unqualified*. In *those times*, they, who *refused*, were the *most solicited*, to assume high stations; as it was considered, that *merit* is commonly *diffident* of *itself*. In *our days*, they, who *elbow others*, and *thrust themselves forward*, obtain the most *readily* what they, by this *very conduct*, shew themselves the most *unworthy* of.) Our ancestors did not look upon a place of

COM-
MEND.

BLAM.

COMM.

INSTR.

BLAM.

COMM.

BLAM.

COMM.

BLAM.

CONT.

COMM.

CONT.

COMM.

authority as an *emolument* ; but as a *charge* : the successor did not enquire what his predecessor had *gained*, while he held his employment ; but what he had left *undone*, that the *deficiency* might be *supplied*, as soon as possible. They held it proper, that the administration should be trusted to those, who had the *most* to *lose*, in case of a subversion of the state ; but so, that *no riches*, or *power*, should *screen* any person from an enquiry into his *conduct*, nor from *suffering adequate punishment*, in case of *delinquency*. The *rich* thought extreme *poverty* in the *lower people* a *reflexion* upon *them*, as having *failed* in their *patronage* of them ; and the *poor*, far from *envying* the *wealth* of their *superiors*, *rejoiced* in it, considering the *power* of the *rich* as *their protection*. Sensible of the supreme *importance* of right *education* toward the happiness of a state, they bestowed the *strictest attention* upon forming the *manners* of the *youth*, to *modesty*, *truth*, *valour*, and *love* of their *country*. Nor did they think it sufficient to lay a *foundation* of good *principles* in the minds of young people, and *leave* them, after they were *grown up*, to *act* as they *pleased* : on the contrary the *manners* of *adult persons* were more strictly inspected, than those of the *youth* ; and the general *censorship* was vested in this very *court* of *Areopagus*, of which *none* could be *members*, but persons *eminent* for their *birth*, and their *virtues* ; so that it is not to be wondered, that

t. 1. 1.

this court bore, at that time, a character superior to that of all the other councils of Greece.

It is from ignorance, that they speak, who CONT.
 would persuade us, that there is *nothing more necessary* toward making a state great and happy, than a body of *good laws*. The laws, by which our commonwealth was governed in her most flourishing times, were *known to all the other states of Greece*, and they might *adopt as many of them, as they pleased*. But were all the other states of Greece— was any of them— upon as *advantageous a foot as the Athenian republic?* What chiefly tends to the establishment of a state, REMON.
 is, a police founded in *habitual modesty, temperance, integrity, valour, and patriotism*. The general prevalence of these dispositions in a people, is not brought about by *laws or sanctions*; but by *education, example, and a judicious exertion of the discretionary power, which is, and ought to be, in the hands of magistrates*; whereby they *discountenance vice, without directly punishing it, and draw the subjects into that voluntary rectitude of behaviour, which force will never produce.* INSTR.
Laws heaped upon *laws*, and *sanctions* added to *sanctions*, shew an *unruly and perverse* disposition in the people, who would not *otherwise require such various terrors to restrain them.* CONT.
 The *facility* of governors appears in their shewing, that they have the address to plant their laws in the *hearts of a tractable and obedient people.* COMM.

INSTR.

most tremendous sanctions will be incurred by men of ungovernable dispositions: but those, whose minds have received, from education, and good police, a proper bent, will behave well, though left to themselves. The business, therefore, is not so much, to find ways of punishing offenders, as to form the minds of the people so, that they shall have no disposition to offend.

SELF-DEF.

APOL.

I hope no Athenian, who hears me this day, will shew such malice, as to accuse me of attempting to promote innovations. To advise, that we should return to the institutions of our ancestors, is, surely, a very different matter from proposing innovations. And to propose the re-establishment of those arts of government, which we know to have been judicious, from their producing the most desirable effects, is far enough from shewing a love of novelty. Experience may teach us, if we be disposed to learn, what we have to expect, if we go on in the track, we are now in; and what the consequences will be, if we restore the commonwealth to the condition in which our wise

ALARM.

ENCOUR.

INSTR.

REPR.

ancestors established and maintained it. Let us attend to the effects which our conduct will have upon those, we are most concerned with, viz. the other states of Greece, our rivals, and the Persians our enemies. (The truth is too notorious to be dissimulated: we have, by our misconduct, and neglect of the public concerns, brought matters to such a pass, that part of the rival states despise, and part hate us.)

us. And, as for the *Persian* monarch, we have his sentiments of us in his letters.

I have in perfect sincerity declared to you, Athenians, as far as my judgment reaches, the precarious state of the commonwealth at present; with its causes, and cure. You will shew your wisdom, and your patriotism, by taking into your serious consideration these important objects, and setting yourselves with speed and diligence to find out, and carry into execution, the most proper and effectual means of redressing those evils, which, otherwise, will draw after them the most ruinous consequences.

APOL.

ADVERS.

ALARM.

LXXXVIII.

BLUNT REPROOF. WARNING. OFFERING
FRIENDSHIP.

The speech of the Scythian ambassadors to Alexander, who was preparing war against them.
[2. Curt. xii.]

IF your person were as gigantic, as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia: from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war

RESP.

WARN.

NOTA

CONT.

WARN.

MARA

REMON.

COUR.

war with *woods* and *snows*, with *rivers* and wild *beasts*, and to attempt to *subdue nature*. But have you considered the usual *course of things*? Have you reflected, that *great trees* are many *years* *growing* to their height, and are *cut down* in an *hour*. It is foolish to think of the *fruit only*, without considering the *height* you have to *climb*, to come at it. Take care, lest, while you *strive* to reach the *top*, you *fall* to the ground with the *branches*, you have laid *bold on*. The *lion*, when *dead*, is *devoured* by *ravens*; and *rust consumes* the *hardness of iron*. There is nothing so *strong*, but it is in *danger* from what is *weak*. It will, therefore, be your *wisdom*, to take care how you venture beyond your *reach*. Besides, what have you to do with the *Scythians*, or the *Scythians* with you? We have never invaded *Macedon*: why should you attack *Scythia*? We inhabit *vast deserts*, and *pathless woods*, where we do not want to hear of the *name of Alexander*. We are not disposed to *submit* to *slavery*; and we have no ambition to *tyrannize* over *any nation*. That you may understand the *genius* of the *Scythians*, we present you with a *yoke of oxen*, an *arrow*, and a *goblet*. We use these *respectively* in our commerce with *friends*, and with *foes*. We give to our *friends* the *corn*, which we raise by the labour of our *oxen*. With the *goblet* we join with them in pouring *drink-offerings* to the *gods*; and with *arrows* we attack our *enemies*. We have *con-*
quered

quered those, who have attempted to tyrannize over us in our own countrey, and likewise the kings of the Medes and Persians, when they made unjust war upon us; and we have opened to ourselves a way into Egypt. You pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia: you have seized Syria: you are master of Persia: you have subdued the Bactrians; and attacked India. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct? You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you. While you were subduing them, the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve no other purpose, than to find you employment by producing new wars. For the business of every conquest is twofold; to win, and to preserve. And though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect, that the nations, you conquer, will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible. For what people chooses to be under foreign dominion? If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business. Your army is loaded with the cumbrous

Accus.

REMON.

INSTR.

WARN.

COUR.

WARN.

THREA.

REMON.

ADV.

WARN.

REPR.

CONT.

ADV.

REPR.

OFF.

FRIEND.

INSTR.

spoils of many nations. You will find the poverty of the Scythians, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and, at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp. For the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. Why should we put you in mind of the vastness of the country you will have to conquer? The deserts of Scythia are commonly talked of in Greece; and all the world knows, that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns, or plantations. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep, with strict attention, what you have gained. Catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, "That fortune has no feet; and is furnished only with hands, to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those, to whom she has been bountiful." You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Hammon. It suits the character of a god, to bestow favours on mortals; not to deprive them of what they have. But, if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus shew more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects, which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself. You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have, in us, a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There

is

is *nothing* between us and *Bactria*, but the river *Tanais*; and our territory extends to *Thrace*, which, as we have heard, borders on *Macedon*. If you decline attacking us in a *hostile* manner, you may have our *friendship*. Nations, which have never been at *war*, are on an *equal footing*. But it is in *vain*, that *confidence* is reposed in a *conquered* people. There can be no *sincere friendship* between the *oppressors* and the *oppressed*. Even in *peace*, the *latter* think themselves *entitled* to the *rights of war* against the *former*. We will, if you think good, enter into a *treaty*, with you, according to *our manner*, which is, not by *signing*, *sealing*, and taking the *gods to witness*, as is the *Grecian custom*; but by doing *actual services*. The *Scythians* are not used to *promise*; but to *perform* without *promising*. And they think an *appeal* to the *gods superfluous*; for that those, who have *no regard* for the *esteem of men*, will not *hesitate* to *offend the gods* by *perjury*. You may therefore *consider* with *yourself*, whether you had better have a people of *such a character* (and so *situated*, as to have it in their power either to *serve* you, or to *annoy* you, according as you *treat* them) for *allies*, or for *enemies*.

OFF.

WARN.

OFF.

BLUNT.

ADV.

LXXIX.

OUTCRY. EXAMINATION. SELF-DEFENCE.
CHIDING. LAMENTATION. THREATENING.
REFUSAL. RELUCTANT COMPLIANCE.

[See *Moliere's L'AVARE.*]

OUTCRY. Scrapely. *THIEVES! Robbers! Thieves! Robbers! Thieves! Robbers! Traitors!*

LAMEN. *Murderers! Justice! Help! I am robbed! I am ruined! I am dead! I am buried! O my money, my money! My guineas! My golden guineas! My thousand guineas! My precious treasure! My comfort! My support! My life! My all is gone, plundered,*

EXTR. *robbed, carried off, strong-box and all! O that I had*

DISTR. *never been born! O that the earth would open, and swallow me up alive! [Throws himself down on the floor. Lies sometime, as stupified with the fall. Then gathers-himself up.] Ob! ob! ob! Who has done this? Who has robbed me? Who has got my money? Where is the thief? the murderer, the traitor? Where shall I go to find him? Where shall I search? Where shall I not search? Is he gone this*

OUTCRY. *way? [Running to the right.] Is he gone that way? [Running the contrary way.] Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief. Here is nobody. Are they all gone out of the house? They have robbed me,*
and

LESSONS.

335

and are all gone off. My son, my daughter, my servants, are all concerned; they have conspired together to ruin me.—*Heb* [Lift'ning] what do you say? Is he caught. Villain! [Catching himself.] I have you.—*Alas*, I have caught myself. I am going out of my senses; and that is not to be wondered at.—I will go to a magistrate. I will have every body examined, that ever was in my house. I will have half the town imprisoned, tried, and hanged; and if I cannot, with all this, recover my money, I will hang myself.

LIST.

SEIZ.

LAMENT.

DISTR.

Returns with Justice Nosewell.

Just. Nosewell. Let me alone. I know what I have to do, I'll warrant you. This is not the first piece of roguery I have found out. If I had but a purse of ten guineas for every fellow, I have been the hanging of, there are not many of his Majesty's Justices of the peace, would carry their heads higher. There were, you say, in your strong-box?

AFF.

WISD.

QUEST.

Scr. A thousand guineas well told.

LAM.

Nose. A thousand guineas! A large sum!

WOND.

Scr. A thousand guineas of gold. Hoo, boo, boo! [Weeps.]

WEEP.

Nose. Have you any suspicion of any particular person?

QUEST.

Scr. Yes, I suspect every body.

LAM.

Nose. Your best way, Sir, will be, to keep very quiet, and not to seem to suspect any one, till you can

AFF.

WISD.

can

can lay bold of some proof, or presumption, at least. Then you may proceed to the rigor of the law. [While they are talking without the door of Scrapely's house, James, the cook, comes out, and speaks with his face from them, leaving directions with the scullion boy.]

DIREC. James. You *understand* me, Jack. I shall be *back presently*. Kill him *directly*. Put him in *boiling water*. Scrape him, and *hang him up*.

ANG. Scr. What, the *rogue* who has *robbed* me? Do *hang* him, *drown* him, *burn* him, *flay* him *alive*.

SUBM. James. I mean a *pig*, Sir, that is come from Mr. Rackum, your honour's worship's *steward* in the *country*.

ANG. Scr. *Pig* me no *pigs*, Sir. I have *other* things to think of than *pigs*.— You may be the *rogue*, for what I *know* of. A *cook* may carry off a *strong-box*, as soon as *another man*. *Examine* him, *pray*, good Mr. Justice Nofewell.

APP. Nose. Don't *frighten* yourself, friend. I am not a man, who loves to *blaze* things *abroad*.

SUBM. James. Sir, your honour, I ask your honour's *pardon*; I am a little *hard* of *bearing*, your honour. Often *hot*, and often *cold*, your honour. Your honour's worship *sups* this evening with my master's honour's worship, I suppose, and your honour's worship would, mayhap, like to have a little *plate* of something *tossed up* to your honour's

honour's worship's *liking*, mayhap. If your honour's worship pleases to let me *know* what your honour's worship *fancies*, I will do my best to *please* your honour's worship. FLAT.

Nosew. *No, no*, my business with you is *quite* another matter. Friend, it will be your *wisdom*, not to *conceal* any thing from your *master*. It will be the *better* for you. AFF. WISD.

James. Sir, your honour, I *assure* your honour's worship, I will do my very *best* to *please* your honour's worship upon my *honour*. If there is a *better* way than another, I will *use* it, as far, as I have *minterials* and *ingrattitudes*. I wish my master's honour's worship would go to the expence of a few *morrels* and *truffles*, and a little *right East India catchup*. *There's* your high *flavour*, your honour. And our niggardly *steward*, *hang* him, downright *spoils* my master's honour's worship. I could engage to send up as *pretty* a little *collation*, as your honour's worship could wish to *sit down* to, if that *narrow-hearted soul*, *Rackum*, our *steward*, did not *clip* my *wings* with the *scissars* of his *niggardliness*. FLAT. DES. FLAT. ACCUS. FLAT. ACCUS.

Scr. Hold your *tongue*, you scoundrel. We don't want to hear your *nonsense* about *eating*. Hold your *tongue*, and *answer* to the *questions*, which Justice Nosewell is going to put to you about the *money*, I have *lost*, and which I suppose you have *taken*. ANG.

Z

James.

SURPR.

James. *I take your honour's worship's money, Sir! Mercy defend me from thinking of such a thing!* I did not so much as know, that your honour's worship had lost any money.

SELF-
DEF.

THREAT.

Scr. *Yes, you rogue, I have lost money, and I'll have you and twenty others, hang'd, if I don't recover it.*

ANX.

SELF-
DEF.

James. *Mercy defend me, your honour. Why should your honour's worship suspect me of such a thing? Did your honour's worship ever know me rob your honour's worship of a farthing, or a farthing's worth?*

AFF.
WISD.

DIR.

Nosew. *Hold, Mr. Scrapely. There is no need of scolding. My clerk shall administer to him the oath. Here, Mr. Longscroll, administer the oath to this man. Not the common oath. No body minds kissing the book now-a-days. Give him the great oath. [Clerk comes forward.]*

AFF.

AUTH.

AUTH.

FEAR.

AUTH.

TREM.

AUTH.

TERR.

AUTH.

FRIGHT.

INTR.

Clerk. *Fall down on your knees before his worship, and say after me. [James kneels before the Justice, in great trepidation.] May the d—l.*

James. *May the d—l.*

Clerk. *The great d—l.*

James. *The gre—e—e—at d—l.*

Clerk. *The great d—l of d—ls.*

James. *The gre—e—e—at d—l of d—ls.*

Clerk. *With his great iron claws.*

James. *With his gre—e—e—at iron—Ab!*

Mercy defend me, your noble honour's worship, I am

am frightened out of my wits! I can't say any more of this dreadful oath. I expect the d—l to come up through the ground before my very nose in a minute. I'll tell your honour's worship all the whole truth without the oath, if your honour's worship will but give me a little time to fetch breath.

Nosew. Rise then, James. Don't frighten yourself; but frankly confess the foul fact like an honest christian. [To Scrapely.] I knew he would not trifle with the great oath. We shall have a full confession presently.

AFF.
WISD.

James. Why then—why then—I confess the foul fact frankly, and like an honest christian, that I do not know, who has taken my master's worship's money, no more than the child that was unborn forty years ago, as I am a sinner to be saved for ever and ever and amen.

SELF-
DEP.

Nosew. O that won't do, James. You must kneel down again, and take all the whole great oath. And, if you won't give up the truth, my clerk shall write your mittimus to prison, James.

AFF.
WISD.
THR.

James. O mercy defend me! O your noble honour's worship, have mercy on a poor harmless criminal, that is as innocent of the fact he is convicted of, as your honour's worship, or your honour's worship's clerk, there where he stands. If I ever do such a thing again, your worship shall hang me twenty times over. For I am sure, I never touched my master's honour's worship's money, nor

FRIGHT.

SELF-
DEP.

any *man's money*, in all my *born days*, in an *unfair* or *unconscionable* way, saving your honour's worship's *presence*, and my master's honour's worship's *presence*, and

Enter Smoothly leading in Mariana, Scrapely's daughter.

SUBM. Smooth. *Behold*, Sir, your *son* and *daughter* present themselves to beg your *pardon*, *favour*, and *bleffing*.

ANG. Scr. My *son* (if you be my *son*) and my *daughter* may *hang* themselves. That is *all* the *bleffing* I

LAMEN. have to *bestow* on *them*, or *myself*. O my *dear strong-box*! O my *lost guineas*! O *poor*, *ruined*, *beggared old man*! *Hoo, hoo, hoo*! [Weeps.]

WEEP.

SUBM. Smooth. Sir, if you please to *look* upon our *union* with a *favourable eye*, no *uneasiness* about your *strong-box* need *trouble* your *repose*. It shall be *forth-coming* immediately.

PROM.

SURPR. and JOY. Scr. *What* do you *say*? My *strong-box*? With *all* that was in it? The *thousand guineas*? The *whole thousand*? Shall it be *forth-coming*? If you make your *words good*, you shall *eat* my *daughter*, if you please, and my *son* too.

SELF-DEF. James. I *told* your honour's worship, I knew *nothing* of your honour's worship's *money*.

DES. JOY. Scr. *Where* is my *precious, precious treasure*, my *life*, my *joy*, my *all*?

BLAM. with SUBM. Mar. Sir, your *unreasonable anxiety* about *money*, which appears on the *present*, as on many

many former *occasions*, in your *lamentations* about what, to a man of your *fortune*, are *trifles*, has been the cause of *constant anxiety* to yourself, and all your *family*, and has *forced* me upon what I am *ashamed* of. This *worthy gentleman* has long had a *regard* for me, *much* above my *deserving*. He has always *declared*, that he desired *no fortune* with me. Your *excessive penury* denied me the *decencies* of *dress* suitable to your *daughter*. I thought myself *entitled* to *some* part of what you can *very well* spare. I took the liberty of having your *strong-box* seized, that I might *have wherewith* to furnish myself suitably to the *daughter* of a man of *fortune*, and the *bride* of a man of *fortune*. His *generous heart* could not bear the *thought* of my *taking* any thing from you, which you did not *choose* to give me. He therefore *insists* upon my delivering you *up* the *strong-box*, if you *require* it. But I am in *hopes*, Sir, you will not only *grant* me the *trifling sum* contained in it, but allow me a *fortune* suitable to your *estate*, and to the *gentleman's*, who is so *kind* as to marry me *without* the *prospect* of any.

APOL.

GRAT.

EST.

BLAME.

with

SUBM.

APOL.

EST.

INTR.

Scr. *Where* must I *have* it? Can I *make* money? *Where* is my *strong-box*? If this gentleman has *married* you *without* a *fortune*, let him *keep* you *without* a *fortune*. *Where* is my *strong-box*? He cannot say, I ever *promised* him a *fortune* with you. *Where* is my *strong-box*?

PEEV.

Enter Mr. Sagely.

PFM.

Sage. Mr. Scrapely, *this gentleman*, my nephew, has, in consequence of a long mutual affection between him and your daughter, married her *this day*. He has a fortune sufficient to maintain his lady and family, without any addition by marriage; and he desires nothing with your daughter. But it is well known, you can afford to give her a fortune, I insist upon it, though he is indifferent about the matter, that you sign this bond, which is ready filled up, for twenty thousand pound, which is much less than you ought to give with your daughter to such a son-in-law.

AFFEC.
SURPR.
MIS.

Scr. Mr. Sagely! are you out of your wits? I twenty thousand pound! Where should I have the tenth part of twenty thousand pound?

THREAT.

Sage. Harkye, Mr. Scrapely, [takes him aside] I know enough of your tricks, your smuggling, your extortion, and the like (you know, I know enough of them) to hang you. If, therefore, you don't directly sign this bond, I will go and lay the informations against you before the proper persons; so that before you be a day older, you may depend on being safe in custody.

VEXAT.
FEAR.
MIS.

Scr. [Aside.] O d—l on him. He has me, I feel the noose under my left ear already. [To him.] Why, Mr. Sagely, twenty thousand pound is a great sum. How should I raise twenty thousand pound?

LESSONS.

343

pound? I believe I might, with the help of some friends, raise two thousand; but

Sage. Will you *sign* and *seal directly*; or shall I go, and *inform directly*? I ask you only this *once*. [Going.]

THREAT.

Scr. *Hold*; you are so *hasty*. Let me see the *bond*. [Aside.] I wish I had you in a *private place*, and a *knife* at your *throat*; I'd soon *spoil* your *informing*. [To him.] I will *sign* and *seal*. But I know not where the *money* is to *come from*.

FEAR.

MADNESS.

VEXAT.

COMPL.

James. Now, Sir, I hope you are *satisfied* I am entirely *conscious* of meddling with your honour's worship's *money*; that I am a *conscionable* man, and not such a *rogue*, as your honour's worship [makes a long pause] was pleased to *take* me for.

SELF-
DEF.

LXXX.

DISSUASION.

The wise advice of Charidemus, an Athenian exile at the court of Darius, when he was asked his opinion of the event of the warlike preparations making by Darius against Alexander. [2, Curt. L. III.]

PERHAPS your majesty may not *bear* the *truth* from the mouth of a *Grecian* and an *exile*; and if I do not declare it *now*, I *never will*;

APOL.

Z 4

perhaps

- perhaps I may never have another opportunity.
- WARN. Your majesty's *numerous army*, drawn from *various nations*, and which *unpeoples the east*, may seem *formidable* to the *neighbouring countries*. The
- CONT. *gold*, the *purple*, and the *splendor of arms*, which *strike the eyes of beholders*, make a *shew*, which *surpasses the imagination of all*, who have not seen
- ALARM. it. The *Macedonian army*, with which your majesty's forces are going to contend, is, on the contrary, *grim*, and *horrid of aspect*, and clad in
- COMM. *iron*. The *irresistible phalanx* is a body of men, who, in the field of battle, *fear no onset*, being practised to *hold together, man to man, shield to shield, and spear to spear*, so that a *brazen wall* might as soon be *broke through*. In *advancing*, in *wheeling to right or left*, in *attacking*, in every exercise of arms, they act as *one man*. They answer the *slightest sign* from the *commander*, as if *his soul* animated the *whole army*. Every soldier has a knowledge of war sufficient for a *general*. And *this discipline*, by which the *Macedonian army* is become so *formidable*, was *first established*, and has been *all along kept up*, by a fixed *contempt* of what your majesty's *troops* are so *vain of*, I mean, *gold and silver*. The *bare earth* serves them for *beds*. Whatever will satisfy *nature*, is their *luxury*. Their *repose* is always *shorter than the night*. Your majesty may, therefore, *judge*, whether the *Thessalian, Acarnanian, and Aetolian cavalry*, and the

the *Macedonian phalanx*,—an army, that has, in spite of *all opposition*, over-run half the world,—CONT.
 are to be *repelled* by a *multitude* (however *numerous*) armed with *slings*, and *stakes* hardened at the *points* by *fire*. To be upon *equal terms* with ADV.
Alexander, your majesty ought to have an army composed of the *same* sort of *troops*. And they are *no where* to be *had*, but in the *same* countries, which *produced* those *conquerors* of the *world*. It is therefore *my opinion*, that, if your majesty were to apply the *gold* and *silver*, which now so *superfluously* adorns your *men*, to the purpose of *hiring* an army from *Greece*, to contend with *Greeks*, you might have *some chance* for *success*; otherwise ALARM.
 I see *no reason* to *expect* any *thing* *else*, than that your army should be *defeated*, as *all* the *others* have been, who have encountered the *irresistible* *Macedonians*.

LXXXI.

A SERMON^b.TEACH-
ING.

THE end of preaching is twofold; To *instruct* mankind in the sacred *truths* contained in *scripture*; and, To *persuade* them to *live* agreeably to the *laws* of the *Christian* religion. It is, therefore, my present purpose, my brethren, to endeavour, with the Divine assistance, to promote your spiritual and temporal happiness, by desiring your attention to what shall be spoken to you from the following passage of the Epistle of the Apostle Paul to Titus, the second chapter, and eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth verses.

“ The *grace* of *God*, which bringeth *salvation*,
 “ hath appeared to *all men*, teaching us, that,
 “ *denying*

^b I did not know where to find a *single* sermon containing a sufficient *variety* of *species* of *matter*, for *exercising*, generally, the *talents* of a *preacher*. The reader will perceive, that this discourse is composed with a direct view to *expression* or *delivery*. And whoever has considered the *strain* of the popular addresses of the *prophets* and *apostles*, and of the *Fathers*, and best *French* preachers, to say nothing of the *orations* of *Demosthenes*, *Cicero*, and the rest, will not, I hope, be offended at a *vivacity* of remonstrance, and description, unusual in our *English* sermons; which are, *otherwise*, the best,

“ *denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we*
 “ *should live soberly, righteously, and godly,*
 “ *in this present world, looking for the blessed*
 “ *hope, and glorious appearance of the great*
 “ *God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ.*”

We may represent to ourselves the great *Apostle* of the Gentiles *speaking* as follows: for it is, I think, probable, he meant what follows:

“ The favour of God, to which we owe all,
 “ that we enjoy, or hope for, particularly our
 “ *deliverance* from Heathen *ignorance* and *immo-*
 “ *rality*, and the prospect of *future rescue* from
 “ the *tyranny* of *Satan*^c, and from *death*^d; this
 “ *Divine goodness* is, in the *Christian revelation*,
 “ *gloriously displayed* before *mankind*; the new
 “ religion being established upon the unque-
 “ *stionable evidence* of *miracles*, *prediction*, and
 “ its own *internal character*, and that of its di-
 “ *vine Author*, and of its *propagators*, who are COUR.
 “ ready to lay down their *lives* in attestation of
 “ the truth of his *resurrection* from the *dead*^e;
 “ of the *reality* of which they are *sure* beyond a
 “ *possibility* of *mistake*, and cannot be suspected
 “ of a design to *deceive others*, having *no worldly*
 “ *temptation* to *propagate*, but *much* to *conceal*, or
 “ *deny the fact*.

“ And

^f Acts xxvi. 18,

^d Heb. ii. 14, 15,

^e Acts i. 3.

“ And this heavenly religion giveth full *satisfaction* to the anxious and inquisitive mind
 “ upon the most *interesting subjects*; where the
 “ *light of nature*, and the *sagacity of philosophers*
 “ had left men in *great uncertainty*, as, Wherein
 “ the *chief good* of man *consisteth*: *Who* is the only
 “ Object of *worship*, and *how* he is to be *accept-*
 “ *ably worshipped*: Of the *other orders* of beings,
 “ *inferior* to the one indivisible and unoriginated
 “ *Supreme*, but *superior* to us; and how we are
 “ *concerned* with them: How *evil*, and, parti-
 “ cularly, *death*, came into God's world: Of the
 “ future *redress* of the *disorderly state*, in which
 “ this world is at *present*: The *will of God*, or
 “ *duty of man*, fixed by laws *authoritatively pro-*
 “ *mulgated*: What will be the *effect* of *repentance*
 “ and *reformation*: *How*, and *when*, the *good*,
 “ and the *wicked* are to receive their respective
 “ *retributions* of reward and punishment: The
 “ *possibility of rising* from the *dead*, *demonstrated*
 “ by *actual resurrections*, especially that of *Christ*
 “ *himself*: That the *whole human species* is to be
 “ *raised* from the *dead*, in *bodies*, and that the
 “ *beaten notions* of *Elysian fields*, and of *Tartarus*,
 “ as well as of *transmigration* of some *souls* into
 “ *other bodies*, without end, and of the *re-union* of
 “ *others* to the *Deity*, are *fables* and *fictions*; and
 “ that all mankind are to be judged at *one time*,
 “ and that this is to be done by *Christ*: That the
 “ *retribution*

“ retribution for the *virtuous* is *glory, honour,*
 “ and *immortality*; and of obdurate *wickedness,*
 “ final *destruction* from the presence of God,
 “ and the glory of his power; *both* sentences
 “ *irreversible.*

“ And the new religion inculcates in the most
 “ powerful manner, the necessity of *forsaking* the
 “ *impious superstitions,* and *vicious abominations,*
 “ *allowed,* or not *reformed,* by the *beaten religions,*
 “ as the *worship* of *deified* men, and of innumerable
 “ imaginary *gods* and *goddesses,* *celestial, terrestrial,*
 “ and *infernal,* with *rites absurd, obscene, and*
 “ *cruel;* the *promiscuous, excessive, and unnatural*
 “ *indulgence* of *fleshy lust;* the arbitrary violation
 “ of the matrimonial union by causeless separa-
 “ tion; the horrid practices of *exposing children;*
 “ of *self-murder;* of inflicting *arbitrary revenge,*
 “ and the like. And this blessed religion doth
 “ also prohibit, in general, the indulgence of
 “ *every wicked disposition* (for its authority
 “ reacheth to the *heart*) and *every wicked pract-*
 “ *ice;* all *malice, hatred, envy, injustice, selfishness,*
 “ *pride, covetousness, intemperance, lasciviousness,*
 “ *anger, revenge, backbiting, lying, craft, unchari-*
 “ *table zeal, impiety, profane swearing, blasphemy,*
 “ *obscenity, idleness, sedition, rebellion, and neglect* of
 “ public and private religion. The Christian law
 “ forbiddeth all *unwarrantable* pursuit of the
 “ three great objects of the desires of wicked and
 “ *worldly*

AVERS.

TEACH.

“worldly men, viz. *riches, power, and pleasure*;
 “and it requireth the *faithful and unreserved*
 “performance of our *whole threefold duty*.

“First, That which respecteth *ourselves*, The
 “due *regulation* of every *passion, appetite, and in-*
 “*clination* of our nature; and a proper attention
 “to, and careful *cultivation* of, all our *powers,*
 “*bodily, and mental,* so that the *wise ends* of the
 “beneficent *Giver* of them may *best* be an-
 “*swered,* and the *least disappointed*: therefore no
 “one can justly pretend to be a *sincere proselyte*
 “to the new religion, who does not study to be
 “*humble, meek, forgiving, pure in heart, sincere,*
 “*diligent* in improving his *knowledge and virtue,*
 “*courageous* in the cause of *truth, temperate, fru-*
 “*gal, industrious, decent, cautious, fearful of offend-*
 “*ing, penitent* for his *weaknesses, heavenly-minded,*
 “and *richly furnished* with every *grace and virtue,*
 “*flourishing, and growing, and rising to higher and*
 “*higher degrees of perfection* continually.

“The second head of duty required by the
 “new religion, is, That which respecteth our
 “*fellow-creatures, viz. The conscientious ob-*
 “*servance of justice, negative and positive,* as to
 “the interests of the *body, the soul, the reputation,*
 “and the *worldly estate* of our neighbour; and
 “over and above mere *justice, a generous disposi-*
 “*tion to shew kindness* on every proper occasion,
 “and in every prudent manner, to *all* within
 “our *reach*; and the discharge of every *relative*
 “duty

" duty according to our respective situations of
 " governors, subjects, countrymen, parents, children,
 " husbands, wives, masters, servants, and the rest.

" The third head of duty required by the
 " new religion, is, That which respecteth our
 " Creator, viz. *Thinking, and speaking and acting*
 " in the constant fear, and sense of the universal
 " presence, of Almighty God; with love and grati-
 " tude to Him for all his goodness to us, especially
 " for his last and best gift, the Christian religion;
 " worshipping Him in spirit and truth, both pub-
 " licly and privately; obedience to all his laws;
 " acceptance, upon due examination, of the blessed
 " religion of his Son, and adherence to it in spite
 " of the terrors of persecution, with an unreserved
 " submission to its heavenly precepts; sincerely
 " repenting of, and thoroughly reforming all our
 " faults; with gratitude to our illustrious Deli-
 " verer from Satan, sin, and death, and observance
 " of his institution for commemorating his suffer-
 " ings and death.

VENE-
 RATION.

" And this heavenly religion teacheth us to
 " expect the future glorious appearance of its
 " divine Author, to restore this ruined world, to
 " put an end to the tyranny of Satan^b, to abolish
 " death,

^a The gospels, and particularly that by St. Matthew, in
 the 5th, 6th and 7th chapters of which we have the peculiar
 laws of christianity summed up, was not, probably, at this
 time, written.

^b Rev. xxi.

“ death, and to judge the whole human race, both
 “ those, who shall then be alive, and also all,
 “ who have lived in all parts of the earth, from
 “ the creation of man; who shall universally be
 “ restored to life, by the same power, which first
 “ gave them life; and to reward them according
 JOY. “ to their respective characters, to fix the penitent
 “ and virtuous in a state of safety and everlasting
 HORROR. “ happiness, and condemn the obdurate to utter
 “ destruction.”

ALARM. This is, in part, the vast and weighty sense of
 the passage of Scripture, from which I have
 chosen to speak to you at this time. And what
 is there, my Christian brethren, of consequence to
 us, with regard either to our peace of mind here,
 or our happiness hereafter, that is not virtually
 comprehended in this short passage of three verses?
 What various matter for consideration is here sug-
 FEAR. gested? To think of the state we are at present in,
 and of the task prescribed us, of which you have
 heard only the principal heads, which task if we
 do not labour to perform, with the fidelity which
 becomes those, who know, that the all-piercing eye
 is upon them, it were better we had never been
 born—to think of this, is it not enough to make
 JOY. us tremble at ourselves?—To consider the pros-
 pect we have, and the hope set before us, if we
 endeavour, with sincere diligence, to act worthily
 our part—is it not enough to overwhelm us with
 EXCIT. rapture? If we are not stocks and stones, if we have
 in

in us either *hope* or *fear*, *desire* of our own *happiness* or *horror* at the thought of *misery* and *ruin*; here is what ought to *alarm* us to the *highest pitch*. There is not *one* here present, whose condition may not hereafter be *blissful* or *calamitous*, beyond *imagination*. And *which* of the two it *shall be*, depends upon every *individual himself*. Then surely no man, who *thinks* for a *moment*, can imagine, that the period of our present existence, however *transient*, is to be *trifled* with. No one, who has ever heard of a future *appearance* of a general *Judge*, as in the text, can think it a matter of *indifference* what *life* he *leads*. Hear the *voice* of inspiration, on this important point: "Be not *deceived*. God is not to be *mocked*. "Whatsoever a man *soweth*, that he shall also *reap*¹. God shall render to every man according to his *works*; to them, who by *patient continuance* in *well-doing*, seek for *glory*, *honour*, *immortality*, and *everlasting life*; but to them, who are *contentious*, and obey not the *truth*, but obey *unrighteousness*; *indignation* and *wrath*, *tribulation* and *anguish* upon every *soul*, that worketh *wickedness*, of the *Jew first*, and *also* of the *Gentile*; for there is *no respect* of *persons* with God²."—What can be more *awful*, than this *warning*! It is not for *vain parade*, like the *triumphant entry* of a *conqueror*,

ALARM.

¹ Gal. vi. 7.

² Rom. ii. 6.

A a

that

PROTES-
TATION.

ALARM.

REMON.

PROTES.

that the son of man is to come with the sound of the trumpet, attended with hosts of angels, and armed in flaming fire. Every one of us is interested in the solemn business of that dreadful day. It is

therefore, my Christian brethren, in the sincerity of my heart, and the agony of my soul¹, that I stand forth to warn you, in the name of the great and terrible One, who sitteth upon the throne of heaven, whose creatures we are, and to whom we must answer, and to declare to you without flattery, without reserve, that there is no safety, no chance of escape for you, but by a constant and faithful attention to the performance of every one of the duties I have mentioned to you, and a fixed aversion against every one of the vices I have pointed out, and all others. You have the word

of God for it. And his word shall stand; he will do all his pleasure^m; and the Judge of the earth will do what is rightⁿ. Would you have the preacher say smooth things? Would you have him betray the truth of God? Shall he, like a faithless hireling^o, leave his flock unwarned a prey to the Enemy of mankind? Would you have him heap on his own soul, the damnation of a whole people^p.

No, not for the riches of this wide world. By the help of God, I will be faithful to my trust. I will set before you life, and death, the blessing, and

¹ Rom. ix. 1, 2, 3.^m Isa. xlv. 10.^o Gen. xviii. 25.^p John x. 13.ⁿ Ezek. iii. 18, 19.

and the curse^d. It shall appear, in that day, when you and I shall stand before the general judgment-seat, that I have *done* the *duty* of my *office*, and, if you *listen not*, those *above*, who *now look on*, though to us invisible, shall *witness against* you, that you have *murdered* your own *souls*. WARN.

I would not have you imagine, that it is so ALARM.
easy a matter to *secure* your own *salvation*, as to render *care* on your part, and *apprehension* on mine, *unnecessary*. He, who *best knew*, has declared, that the way to *happiness* is *strait*, and the gate *narrow*; that the way to *destruction* is *broad*, and the gate *wide*; and that the *number* of those who shall reach *happiness*, will be *small*, compared with that of those, who shall go to *destruction*. Can I then address you with *indifference*, when I know FEAR.
that you are in *danger*?—But why should I say you?—I am *myself* in danger. Every individual, who shall come to salvation, will be one *escaped* from extensive *ruin* and *wreck*.

Yet I would not have you think, my Christian COM-
FORT.
brethren, that the charge of your souls is a *burden* too *grievous* to be *borne*; or your duty, a task *impossible* to be performed. Though it is true, that the *reward* offered, and the *punishment* threatned, by the Christian religion, are *motives sufficient*, if we think aright, to excite in us *desires* and *fears* to carry us through any *abstinence* from pleasure,

A a 2

^d Deut. xi. 26. ^d Mat. vii. 13. Luke xiii. 24.

or any *suffering* of punishment; though this is true, yet so *little* does our *kind* and *merciful* Lord deserve the character of a *hard task-master*, that all he requires of us— of us, who enjoy these *happy* times untroubled with the terrors of *persecution*—all he requires of us, is— To be *happy here*, and *hereafter*. Even in the life, that *now is*, I appeal to the *feelings* of every man of common decency in this assembly (for I hold not the abandoned *profligate* a judge of what *virtue* is, or what its *effect*) I appeal to every *heart*, that is not *hardened* beyond feeling, whether *virtue* is not, even in *this world*, its *own reward*? And I ask thy *conscience*, O sinner, whether *vice* be not its *own tormentor*? Canst thou say, the imaginary *pleasure*, the *profit*, and the *honour*, which *vice* bestows, are sufficient to *arm* thee against the *pang* of *guilt*? Does not its envenomed *sting* often pierce thee through that *weak*, though *threefold* *armour* of *defence*, to the very *soul*? What, then, dost thou *gain* by thy fatal attachment, if thou art not by it secured from *suffering*? Thou hast but *one objection*, and that, God knows, a *wretched one*, against a life of strict *virtue*; That it may chance to *deprive* thee of some fancied *pleasures*, and subject thee to certain imaginary *austerities*. Now, if thy favourite *vices* were capable of *affording* thee, at *present*, a *pleasure untainted*, *unpoisoned*, and of *securing* thee against all *pain*; and thou

ANGU.

REMOM.

thou knewest, that *virtue* is, in the present state, pure *misery*, thou might'st pretend, thy *scheme* of life had the whole *advantage* against a course of *virtue*, as far as *this world* goes; and for the next, thou might'st, if thou wert *desperate* enough, set it at *defiance*. But thou *darest* not pretend, that *vice* will yield thee, even in *this* life, the copious harvest of substantial *happiness* which *virtue* gives. Which of thy *lawless pleasures* affords, on reflection, an untroubled *enjoyment*? Does the *smile* of the great, bought with *perjury*, light up in thy soul the sunshine of *undisturbed tranquillity*? Does the *glittering trash*, by *unjust* means wrested from the *reluctant* hand of *industry*, satisfy the ever-craving *thirst* of gold? Does *lawless lust* indulged, does *virgin innocence* betrayed, do *broken marriage-vows*, yield, on reflection, a continual *feast* to thy mind? In *what condition* is thy *breast* from the moment of *conceiving* wickedness, to that of its *execution*? Does the *dark conspirator* enjoy himself in quiet? Can *happiness* dwell with *anxiety*, *tumult*, and *horror*? Will sweet *peace* take up her habitation with discordant *desires*, with warring *passions*, with *fear* of *discovery*, with apprehension of public *shame*, and exemplary *punishment*? Is the reflection on *revenge*, gratified by the shedding of *blood*, a subject of *calm enjoyment*? Why, then, is the *murderer* afraid to be alone? What is it, that *breaks* his *slumbers*, whilst all *nature* is at rest? Why does he *start* at every *noise*? What does he

CHAL.

HOMER.

TREPI.

see? With what does his scared *imagination* fill the void? Does not the horror of his *conscience* even raise the murdered out of the *earth* again? Whence came the frightful imaginations of *charnel-houses opening*, and *graves* casting forth their *dead*? What is it, but *guilt*, that presents the bloody *apparition* of the mangled innocent, dumb and ghastly before the eyes of the assassin? We know, that the *dead*, (excepting a few raised by miracle) are to *sleep* till the *resurrection*. Yet the murderer does not find himself *safe*, even when the hapless victim of his cruelty is *dust*. The pang of remorse proves so *intolerable*, that a *violent death* is *relief*. He flies from his internal *tormentor* to the *more friendly halter* or *dagger*. To deliver himself from his present ceaseless *gnawings*, he is content to *lose* this blessed *light*: he throws himself headlong into *eternity*, and, committing the crime, which *cuts itself off* from *repentance*, seals his own *damnation*. Such are the *fruits* of atrocious *wickedness*. Do not, therefore, O presumptuous sinner! I *charge* thee on thy *soul*, do not pretend, that the ways of *vice* are ways of *pleasantness*, or that her *paths* are *peace*. The *history* of *mankind*— thy own *feelings*— will give thee the *lie*.

DESP.

CHAR.

CONF.

Didst thou but *consider*, what *figure* thou makest in the eye of the *discerning* among thy *own species*, thou wouldst think of *altering* thy *conduct*. Thy *wisdom*

wisdom is easily understood to be at best but *low cunning*. Thy *honours* are but the applause of *SARCASM*. *fools*, dazzled by thy *riches*, or of *knaves*, who flatter thee for what they hope to gull thee of. Thy *arts* over-reach only the *weak*, or the *unguarded*. The eye of *experience* pierces the *cobweb veil* of *hypocrisy*; not to mention a more *penetrating eye*, which thou art sure thou *canst* not *deceive*. But go on, if thou *wilt*. Take the *advantage*, while thou *canst*, of thy *honest* neighbour, who *suspects* not thy *worthlessness*. It will not be long, that thou wilt have it in thy *power* to *over-reach* any one. *Craft* is but for a day. O fool! *whom* art thou *deceiving*? Even thy *wretched self*. And of *what* art thou *cheating thyself*? Of thy *reputation*, thy *prosperity*, and thy *peace*; to say nothing of thy *miserable soul*; which thou art *consigning* to the *Enemy of man*, for what thou hadst better, a thousand times, be *without*, if the *future consequences* were *nothing*. Remember I have told thee, what thou *acquirest* by *lawless means*, whether thou hast been used to dignify it by the name of *profit*, *pleasure*, or *honour*; the *wickedness* thou *drinkest* in with *greediness* will either *poison* thy *life*, or else must be *disgorged*, with the horrible pangs of *remorse*. Where then will be thy *gains*? I say therefore, were there *no state* ordained for us *beyond the present*, the *wisdom* of a man would direct his choice to *virtue*. To be conscious of that *cloudless serenity* within,

AWE.

SARCASM.

TEACH.

which proceeds from *passions subdued* under the superior authority of *reason*; to feast upon that *uninterrupted joy*, which this vain world can neither give, nor take away; to *blest*, and be *blessed*, to love, and be loved, to be eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame*, to be a *guardian angel* to his fellow-creatures; to serve *Him*, whose service is the *glory* of those, who sit *enthroned in heaven*†; to have neither *thought*, nor *wish*, which would not do him *honour*, if published before the *universe*—what sense of *dignity*, what *self-enjoyment* must not this *consciousness* yield?—I tell thee, thoughtless *libertine*! there is more *joy* in *repenting* of, and *flying* from *vice*, nay in *suffering* for *virtue*, than ever thou wilt taste in the *cloying draught* of *swinish impurity*‡. What, then, must be the *undisturbed fruition* of that which makes the *happiness* of every superior nature?

ALARM.
REVER.

But *this life is not all*. There *is*—there *is*, full surely, another state abiding us. The *soul* of man feels itself formed for something greater, than all that is here *below*; and it cannot think what is *noblest* in its nature to be given in *vain*. The power of *lifting* its thought to its *Creator*; the unconquerable *dread* of an *account* hereafter to be given; the *thirst* for *immortality* (to say nothing of that *surest proof* given by the Messenger of Heaven, who *showed* us, in *himself*, man actually raised from

* Job xxix. 15.

† Rev. iv.

‡ 2 Pet. ii. 22.

from the *grave to immortality*²) all these confirm, that there is a *life to come*. And if there is—*what is thy prospect, O remorseless obdurate.*

The *present state* would teach thee, if thou *wouldst be taught*, what will be *prevalent* in the *future*. The world is *now* under the moral government of the *One Supreme*. The *life to come* will be under the *same* direction. The *present state* of things, for the most part, brings on *vice*, the *present punishments* of *fear*, *remorse*, with *worldly shame*, and often bitter *poverty*, and *death*, from a *constitution shattered* by *vice*, or from the *iron hand* of *justice*. The *natural course* of *this world* rewards the *virtuous* with *peace of mind*, with *approbation* from every *worthy character*, and, generally, with *length of days*, *prosperity* and *affluence*³. What does this *conclude*? Is it not from hence evident, that, when the *temporary irregularity* of the *present state*, which hinders *equal retribution* from being *universal*, when the *influence* of the *Enemy*⁴ is at an end, under which this world *now groams*⁵, and, when, at the appointed time, *order* shall spring out of *confusion*; then, what now appears in *part*, will prevail *universally*; then *virtue* will rise *superior*, and *evil* be, for ever, *sunk* to its *proper place*.

REMON.

TEACH.

APPR.

JOY.

ARG.

To

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 20.

² Prov. iii. 16.

³ Mat. xiii. 39.

⁴ Rom. viii. 20—24.

ROUSING
SHAME.

GRIEF.

ROUS.

SHAME.

SOFTN.

RAZE.

REMON.

To a *generous* mind, there is little need of *terror*. Such are better won to *goodness* by the view of its *own* apparent *excellence*, which wants only to be *beld forth* to be *perceived*; is no sooner *perceived*, than *admired*. But, alas, I sadly fear, the *generous-minded* are but *few*. For, if otherwise, how could the number of the *wicked* be what *it is*. Every *hardened sinner* is one *lost* to all that is truly *great* or *worthy* in the rational nature. And are there *any* in this assembly, is there *one*, fallen to so *low* an *ebb* of *sentiment*, so *stupidified* beyond all *feeling*, as to go on to offend, without *remorse*, against the *goodness* of his *heavenly Father*? Think, wretched mortal, that thou art *insulting* the very *power*, which *supports* thee in thy *insolence* against *itself*. The gentle *mercy* of the Almighty, like the fructifying moisture of the spring, *droppeth* on thee from on high; and, instead of producing the fruit of *repentance* in thee, is, by thy *impiety*, dashed back in the *face* of *Heaven*. What could thy *best friend* on earth, what could pitying *angels*, what could the *Author* of all *good*, *do for thee*, that has *not been done*? Thy Creator hath given thee *reason*, to *distinguish* between *good* and *evil*; to know what is thy *life*, and what will seal thy *ruin*. He hath placed *conscience* in thy breast, to *warn* thee in the moment of thy *guilt*. He hath sent down to thee, Him, whom he had *dearest* in all *Heaven*, to give thee yet *ampler instruction* in the

LESSONS.

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the way to bliss. And the Son condescended to come with the same *willingness* as the Father sent him, though with the certain knowledge, that, like a *patriot* rising in defence of his *country*, his coming must *cost* him his *life*. The *richest blood*, that ever *flowed*, has been shed for thy *worthlessness*, and for such as thou art. *Shame* and *torture*, have been despised for the sake of bringing thee to good. And wilt thou grudge to *forego* a little *ordid pleasure*, to shew thyself *grateful* for all this *goodness*? Go with me then, to *Golgotha*, and *insult* thy *suffering Saviour* in his agonies. Behold there a *sight*, which the *Sun* would not *look upon*^a. View, with dry eyes, what made *angels weep*. *Harden* thy heart at an object, which *rent the rocks*^b, and brought the *dead* out of their *graves*^c. His *arms* stretched on the *curst*^d tree, invite thee to *bliss*. Though now *feeble* and *languid*, they will quickly *raise* a world from the grave, and lay the *angel of death* full low. I am not describing a *fancied scene*. The *witnesses* of the *death* and *resurrection* of Jesus have *sealed* the truth of what they *saw* with their *blood*. But canst thou find a *heart* to *crucify* him *afresh*^e, by *persisting* in the *crimes*, which brought on him this *cruel death*? If thou hast been so *wicked*, *de-think* thee of thy *obstinacy*. If thou dost, even now,

MOV.
PITY.

RE-
PROACH.

PITY.

AWE.

AFFIR.

REMON.

WARN.

ENCOUR.

^a Mat. xxvii. 45.

^c Ibid. 51.

^e Ibid. 53.

^b Gal. iii. 13.

^d Heb. vi. 6.

now, repent, he has *prayed* for thee, "*Father, for-
give them; for they know not what they do*."¹

FITY. — Behold how deadly *pale* his sacred counte-
nance! Cruel are the *agonies*, which *rend* his ten-
der frame. His *strength fails*; his *heart breaks*;
the strong *pangs* of *death* are on him. Now he
utters his *last solemn words*—— "*It is finished*."²

WEAK. *What is finished?* The *suffering* part, to which his
PATH. dear love for mankind, exposed him. The *rest*
QUEST. is *victory* and *triumph*; and the *salvation* of a
PITY. world will *reward* his glorious *toil*. But *what*
JOY. *salvation?* Not of the *obdurate*, with all their
PATH. *vices* about them; but of the heart-bleeding *peni-*
QUEST. *tent*, whose streaming sorrows have *washed* away
INFORM. his *impurity*, and who has bid a last *farewell* to
PITY. *vice*, and to every *temptation*, which *leads* to it.

AVERS. To such the blessed *gospel* which I preach,
CONF. speaks nothing but *peace*. For *them* it has no
terrours. Be of good *cheer*, then, my *disconsolate*,
broken-hearted mourner. Though thy *sins* have
been as *scarlet*, they shall be *white* as the *wool*,
which never received the *stincture*³. They shall
be *blotted out*, as if they were covered with a
*cloud*⁴. They shall no more come into *remem-*
*brance*⁵. For our *God* is *long-suffering*, and of
great mercy, and will *abundantly pardon*⁶.

O suffer

¹ Luke xxiii. 34.

² John xix. 30.

³ Isa. i. 18.

⁴ Isa. xlv. 22.

⁵ Ibid. lxx. 17.

⁶ Ibid. lv. 7.

LESSONS.

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O suffer then, my *unthinking fellow-creatures*, BROUCH.
*suffer the word of exhortation*¹. Every *encourage-*
ment, every invitation, is on the side of *virtue*. It
 has the promises of *this life*, and of that which is
*to come*². Let me beseech you by the *superior*
love of your Maker; by the *streaming blood* of
 the *Saviour*, and by the *worth* of your *immortal*
souls; to *cast off* your *ruinous vices*, and to *return*
 to *Him*, who is *ready to receive the returning sin-*
ner, and never *casts him out*, who *comes to Him*³.
Listen! Oh *listen* to *Him*, who *speaketh from*
Heaven. It is not the *voice of an enemy*. It is
 your *heavenly Father*, who *calls you*. Behold! AWR.
 the very *Majesty of the universe bends forward*
 from his *throne to invite you*. He *veils uncre-*
ated brightness, to *allure you to return to your*
own happiness. He proclaims himself the “*Lord*
 “*merciful, and gracious, long-suffering, and abun-*
 “*dant in goodness*.” He condescends to *assure*
 you with an *oath*, that he has *no pleasure in the*
*death of him, that dies*⁴. He *encourages*, he BROUCH.
threatens, he *promises*, he *remonstrates*, he *laments*,
 he *wooos* his wretched creatures, as if his *own un-*
changing happiness depended on theirs. He leaves
 the door of *mercy open*; he gives them *space to*
repent, he does not take them by *surprise*. *Re-*
turn— O yet *return* to the Father of spirits, my

poor

¹ Heb. xiii. 22.

² 1 Tim. iv. 8.

³ John vi. 37.

⁴ Exod. xxxiv. 6.

⁵ Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

PRIT. poor deluded wanderers. Whom have ye forsaken? What have you been in pursuit of? Whose conduct have you put yourselves under? You have forsaken the Fountain of your happiness. You have pursued your own ruin. You have given yourselves up to the guidance of the Enemy of souls. But it is not, even now, too late to retrieve all; all may yet be well, if you will yet be wise.

GRIEF. Can you shut your ears, and steel your hearts against all, that is tender? Are you determined on your own ruin? Must I then lose my crown of rejoicing? Must I be deprived of the joy of our mutual endless congratulations for our escape from

COMPL. the hideous wreck of souls? Must I reap no fruit of my labour of love? Shall the blessed message from Heaven prove your death, which was intended to be your life? If you will not listen to the still small voice, which now speaks to you from the mercy-seat, the time will quickly come, when your ears, if they were of rock, will be pierced by the thunder of that voice, which will terrify this great world from the throne of judgment. Think, O hardened offender, think, the

ALARM. time

^a 1 Thess. ii. 19.

^a 1 Thess. i. 3.

¹ The literal signification of the Greek word *εὐαγγέλιον*, which our English word Gospel (i. e. Good book) expresses but weakly.

^a 2 Cor. ii. 16.

^a 1 Kings xix. 12.

time will *quickly* come, when, as *sure* as thou *now* hearest this awful warning, thou *shalt* bear (—it would be thy wisdom to think thou *now* hearest—) the sound of that *trumpet*^b, which will startle the *silent* dust, and *break* the *slumbers*, which were begun before the general flood. Think, that thou beholdest the whole *species* around thee, *covering* the face of the *earth* beyond the *reach* of *sight*^c. Think of universal *trepidation*, and *amazement*^d, TERROR. to which all the *routed* armies, the *cities* sacked, the *fleets* dashed in *pieces*, the *countries* *whelmed* by *inundation*, and the *nations* *swallowed* by *earthquakes*, which make the terrors of *history*; are but the *diversions* of a *stage-play*. Behold the *heavens* involved in *flame*; the *brightness* of the *Sun* *extinguished* by the superior lustre of the *throne*; and the *heavens* and the *earth* ready to fly away from the terrible face of *Him*, who sitteth upon it. Imagine *thyself* called *forth*; thy *life* and *character* *displayed* before *men* and *angels*. Thy GUILT. *conscience* *awakened*^e, and all thy *offences* full in the eye of thy *remembrance*. What will then be thy *defence*, when thy various un-cancelled *guilt* is *charged* upon thy *soul*? No frivolous *shuffle* will ALARM. *blind* the avenging *Judge*. The very *counsel* *now* *rejected* by thee against *thyself*^f, if thou hadst never had another invitation to *repentance*, will *condemn*.

^b 1 Cor. xv. 52. ^c Rev. xx. 12. ^d Rev. vi. 14, 15, 16.
^e Rev. xx. 11. ^f Ibid. 12. ^g Luke vii. 30.

condemn thee; the very *warning* given thee *this day*, will be thy *undoing*.

HORROR.

To attempt a *description* of the *terrors* hid under those dreadful words, "Depart from me ye *curst!* into everlasting *fire*, prepared for the *Devil* and his *angels*;" to reach, as it were, over the *brink* of the bottomless *pit*, to look down where ten thousand *volcanes* are *roaring*, and millions of miserable *beings* *tossed* aloft in the fiery *whirlwind* of the *eruption*; what *employment* would this be for *human imagination*? But what *human imagination* can conceive, how *fearful* a thing it is to *fall* into the *bands* of the *living God*? When we see a raging *hurricane* *tear* up the rooted *oaks*, and *shake* the *antient hills*, on which they grow; when we hear of the mountainous *ocean's* *dashing* with ease, the strong-jointed *ships* in pieces, *overflowing* a *continent*, and *sweeping* whole *towns* before it; when we see the black *thunder-cloud* pour down its *cataract* of *fire*; whose *burst* *shivers* the *massy tower*, or *solid rock*; or when we read of the *subterraneous explosion's* *heaving* up the *ground*, *shattering* *kingdoms*, and *swallowing* *nations* *alive* to one *destruction*; do not such scenes exhibit to us, a tremendous view of *power*? And whose *power* is it, that works these terrifying effects? The *laws* of *nature* are the *living energy* of the *Lord* of *nature*. And what art thou, wretched

FEAR
with
WOND.

REMOR.

WORM,

worm of earth, to resist such power? But what we see at present, is but part of his ways^k. What the direct exertion of omnipotence against his hardened enemies will produce; what the condition of those will be, who stand in the full aim of its fury—where is the imagination to be found equal to the conception, or tongue to the description, of such terrors? Yet this may be the situation of some, now known to us.—O frightful thought!—O horrible image!—Forbid it, O Father of mercy! If it be possible, let no creature of thine ever be the object of that wrath, against which the strength of thy whole creation united would stand but as the moth against the thunder-bolt!—Alas, it is not the appointment of Him, who would have all saved, that brings destruction on any one. On the contrary, it is his very grace that brings salvation^l. He has no pleasure in the death of him, who will die. It is the rebellion of the Enemy, and the unconquerable obduracy of those, who take part with him, that hath given a being to the everlasting fire, which otherwise had never been kindled^m.

FEAR.

APPRE.

HORR.

EARN.

DEPRE-
CATION.

GRIEF.

But let us withdraw our imagination from this scene, whose horror overcomes humanity. Let us turn our view to joys, of which the supreme joy is, That every one of us, if our own egregious fault and folly hinder not, may be partaker of them. Every one of us may, if he will, gain his portion in that state, which the word of truth holds forth to

RELIEF.

JOY.

^k Job xxvi. 14. ^l Tit. ii. 11. the text. ^m Mat. xxv. 41.

DE-
LIGHT,

RAPT,

SER.
REMON.CON-
CERN.

CHARA,

the present weakness of human understanding under all the emblems of *magnificence* and *delight*, *To walk in white robes*^a; to *eat of the fruit of the tree of life*^a; to *sit on thrones*^a, and to *wear crowns*^a, to be *clothed with the glory of the firmament of Heaven, and of the stars*^a; what do these images present to our understandings, but the promised *favour of the One Supreme*; the *approbation of the general judge*; the *total purification of our nature*; and an assured establishment in *immortal honour and felicity*. *This, and much more, than eye hath seen, or ear heard, or heart conceived*^a, is laid up for those, who properly receive that saving *grace of God*, which hath appeared to all men; who study to live *soberly, righteously and godly*, in this present world, as those, who look for the *blessed hope, and future glorious appearance of our Saviour Jesus Christ*.

Thus have I (my dear fellow-creatures, and fellow-christians; my flock, for whose inestimable souls I am to answer to the great Shepherd) thus have I, in much *weakness*, but in perfect *integrity of heart*, endeavoured to *excite you, and myself*, to a more strict *attention*, than I fear is commonly given, to the *care of all cares, the business of all businesses*, I have, for this purpose, given you, in
an

^a Rev. iii. 4. vi. 11. vii. 9, 13, 14. ^a Rev. ii. 7, xxii. 2, 14.
^a Rev. iii. 21. ^a Rev. ii. 10. iii. 11. 1 Pet. v. 4. Jam. i. 12.
^a 2 Tim. iv. 8. 1 Cor. ix. 25. ^a Dan. xii. 3. ^a 2 Cor. ii. 9.
^a Tit. ii. 11, 12, 13.

an explanatory *paraphrase* on the text, an abridged *view* of your threefold duty. I have fairly *warned* you of your *danger*, if you *neglect* or *violate*, habitually, any part of it. I have put you in mind, that it is but *too common* to *neglect* the *great salvation*, whilst with a *reasonable diligence*, and at *no greater expence* of *hardship*, or *suffering*, generally with *less*, than *vice* exposes men to, it might be made *sure*. I have *appealed* to your own *feelings*, whether *virtue* be not the *best wisdom*, if there were *no future state*. I have laid before you some of the *arguments* for the *reality* of a *world to come*, with a *view* of the *probabilities*, from what we see in the *present state*, of what will be the *immensely different consequences* of *virtue*, and of *vice*, in the *future*. I have tried to *rouse* your sense of *gratitude*, and of *shame*. I have set your *suffering Saviour* before your view. I have invited you in the name of your *heavenly Father* to return to him and to your own happiness. I have entreated you by your *regard* (—I hope you are not *altogether without regard*) for your weak, but faithful *pastor*, the servant of your souls. I have put you in mind of the *future appearance* of your *Saviour*, and *Judge*; and of the *sentences* of *approbation*, and *condemnation*, under *one*, or *other* of which, every *human individual* will be *comprehended*, from which there is *no appeal*. If *these considerations* be not *sufficient* to stir up, in your minds, a sense of *danger*,

WARN.

REMOR.

ARG.

ROUS.
sense of
GRAT.
and
SHAME.
BESEECH.

MOD.
ALARM.

GRIFF.

B b 2

PITY
with
VENER.

danger, and of duty, I know not what more, I can, at present, do for you, but to retire, from this place of public instruction, to my closet, and there to pour out my soul for you before the Father of spirits, that He, who has access to all hearts, may touch your hearts with such prevailing influence, that the great end of preaching may be gained with you, in spite of that fatal indifference, and obstinacy, which so often baffles all human power and art.

TENDER.
VENER.

I commit the salvation of your precious souls to the great Overseer of souls^a. To Him, as to the Restorer of this ruined world, the Conqueror of Satan^b, the Abolisher of death^c, the Light of mankind^d, and the future Judge of the quick and the dead, be ascribed, by every being in Heaven, and on earth^e, blessing and honour, and power, to the glory of God^f the Father Almighty, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose supreme and unequalled dominion is over all, from everlasting to everlasting. Amen.

^a 1 Pet. ii. 25. ^b Mat. xii. 29. ^c 2 Tim. i. 10.
^d John viii. 12. xii. 46. ^e Rev. v. 13. ^f Phil. ii. 11.

CONCLU.

CONCLUSION.

I HOPE the judicious reader will think the labour, I have bestowed in collecting, and altering, where proper, the foregoing LESSONS, not wholly lost. Though a greater number of passages might have been put together, (which likewise must have enhanced the bulk and price of the book) I hope it will be owned, that this collection affords such a competent variety, that whoever can express, or deliver, properly, all the matter contained in these LESSONS, need be at no great loss in speaking any kind of matter, that can come in his way.

There are in the LESSONS several humours, or passions, for expressing which there are no directions nominally given in the ESSAY: but in the ESSAY there are directions for expressing the principal humours, or passions, which commonly occur, and the others are generally referable to them. For example, there is not in the ESSAY such an article as HYPOCRISY which occurs in the LESSONS, page 200: but there is AFFECTATION of piety, in the ESSAY, page 22, which is the same thing under a different name, and so of others, which every reader's understanding will enable him to trace out, with the help of the INDEX.

Masters of places of education, and private tutors, may easily enlarge the practice of their pupils, on the plan here given, to what extent they please; this part of education being, like all others, endless. The youth may be directed to translate from the ancients, especially the orators, and then, the master correcting their translations, and marking the emphatical words with lines under them, and the various humours, or passions, on the margin, they may be instructed to commit the substance of them to memory, so as to be able, without having too often recourse to their papers, to speak them with ease and gracefulness, and with propriety as to tone of voice, looks, and gesture.

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